

THIS I BELIEVE

*The personal philosophies of one hundred thoughtful
men and women in all walks of life*

With a foreword by

EDWARD R. MURROW

Edited by

EDWARD P. MORGAN

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HAMISH HAMILTON

LONDON

First published in Great Britain 1953

by Hamish Hamilton Ltd

90 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1

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Second Impression 1954

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

BY EBENEZER BAYLIS AND SON LTD., WORCESTER, AND LONDON

To

MARGOT TREWOR WHEELOCK

.

who was responsible for *This I Believe*.

She chose Joseph Fort Newton's creed
as hers, and lived it.



"We must take time, take pains, have a plan, form spiritual habits, if we are to keep our souls alive; and now is the time to begin. A man to whom religion is a reality, and who knows what is meant by 'the practice of salvation,' keeps his balance, because the living centre of his life is spiritual. He cannot be upset, nor shaken. The same hard knocks come to him as to others, but he reacts to them by the central law of his life. He suffers deeply, but he does not sour. He knows frustration, but he goes right on in his kindness and faith. He sees his own shortcomings but he does not give up, because a power rises up from his spiritual centre and urges him to the best."

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

Easter

FOREWORD

IN THE AUTUMN of 1940, when Britain stood alone, when the bombers came at dusk each evening and went away at dawn, I observed a sign on a church just off the East India Dock Road; it was crudely lettered and it read: 'If your knees knock, kneel on them.' I quoted that sign in a broadcast to America that night, but did not fully understand it. For even in those dark days I could observe no more kneeling or knocking knees than at the time of the Anschluss or Munich. The imminence of disaster brought no spiritual revival. And yet, at a time when most men save Englishmen despaired of England's life, there was a steadiness, a confidence and determination that must have been based on something other than a lack of imagination.

As the months wore on, and the nights lengthened, and the casualty lists mounted, I became more concerned to try to understand what sustained this island people: what belief or what mythology caused them to stand so steady in their shoes. In part, it was ignorance of their own weakness; in part, it was a reluctance to appear obvious by expressing doubt as to the ultimate outcome. But at bottom this calm confidence stemmed from a belief that what they were defending was good; that Englishmen had devised a system of regulating the relationship between the individual and the state which was superior to all others, and which would survive even though cold military calculations concluded that the state was doomed.

There was little logic in this British belief. Unconsciously, they dug deep into their history and felt that Drake, Raleigh, Frobisher, Hawkins, Cromwell and all the rest were looking down at them, and they were obliged to appear worthy in the eyes of their ancestors. But above everything else, they believed. They believed not only in themselves but that they were fighting against evil things and the fight was worth while.

No democracy has been nearer the fire and survived than was Britain in that long winter. And one reason for survival was that the nation did not betray the things in which it believed. After Italy entered the war, one of the few murder cases to reach the Law Lords on appeal was decided. An Italian citizen, long resident in Britain, had been convicted by the lower courts of killing a British seaman in Soho. The High Court reversed the verdict, set the Italian free, and in the pubs, and in Parliament, on the buses, and in newspaper offices this was regarded as the normal functioning of British justice.

At a time when German bombers were coming through in the

daylight over London, when the Germans were expected on the beaches the first foggy morning, the House of Commons, which might have been destroyed with all its members by one well-placed enemy bomb, devoted two days to discussing the conditions under which enemy aliens were being held in the Isle of Man. For the House of Commons was determined that, though the Island fell, there would be nothing resembling concentration camps in Britain, and the rights under law of enemy aliens would not be abused. That is what the British collectively believed.

No man can measure or transmit the degree or detail of another man's belief. But it is possible on occasion to report it. The night after the Munich agreement was signed, I sat with Jan Masaryk, the Czechoslovak Ambassador, in his London embassy. It was the anniversary of his father's death. We had finished a broadcast to America at four in the morning; we both felt that the Munich agreement meant that war was inevitable. But Jan believed that somehow, some way, the forces of evil would be defeated. Speaking of Hitler and Mussolini, he said: 'I assure you, God will not let two such heathens control Europe.' His belief, at that time, was greater than my own.

Nearly six years later, when we entered that foul concentration camp of Buchenwald with bodies still stacked in the courtyard, I discovered that the hatred of Czech for Czech, Pole for Pole, was much greater than their hatred for their German captors and butchers. For they believed, these miserable, emaciated Czechs and Poles, in different things; their faith in the future of their country walked down different roads. It was the hatred of Communist for non-Communist, and there was no room for compromise. They believed in different things, and even the imminence of death and the ties of common citizenship could not break that difference in belief. I saw that same thing later in the first summer of the war in Korea when South Korean troops refused to obey the orders of American commanders to withdraw, although both their flanks were exposed. They believed in the cause for which they were fighting; and they fought and believed until they were overrun and killed. It was a difference in belief in the things regarded as worth being killed for that divided the Czechs and Poles in the concentration camps, that divided the North and South Koreans.

I would suppose that men believe what they believe as a result of inheritance, indoctrination, the number of calories they are able to consume, the climate in which they live, the ideas they acquire from others. No route map can be drawn showing how an individual has reached the beliefs he now holds. No man can draw a chart for another which will lead that other to tranquil and tenable beliefs. Conversely, there is no road block that cannot be surmounted or by-passed by the active mind determined to follow the truth wherever it may lead him. And

there is as yet no law preventing a man from defending what he believes, although civilized social intercourse requires that he respect the beliefs of those who disagree with him.

I have been a reporter for much of my adult life, using the instruments of radio and television. But these are mass media where the speaker is remote from his audience. It is rather like putting letters in a rusty mail box and never being sure that anyone comes to collect them. The job of a reporter who can never see the eyes of his listeners is to provide information upon which opinion and belief can be based. The only way of discovering what people believe is to ask them. We have discovered in preparing this series of statements that most people have never attempted to reduce to writing what they believe and why. Almost without exception they have told us that this is the most difficult piece of composition they have undertaken—to say, in a few hundred words, what they believe to be the important and permanent landmarks they have found in their journey so far upon this minor planet.

There was a time when sermons by great preachers and editorials by distinguished editors were the subject of prolonged and considered discussion in social gatherings. There was also a time when the writing of letters was an art so well developed that some of the letters were worth keeping and later being published between covers. But the speed of modern communication has largely turned conversation into assertion, and letter-writing into telegrams. The reporter and the listener, or the reader, are overrun and smothered, trampled down by the newest event before they can gain perspective on the one that just passed by. It has become a cliché to say that modern man has been debased and materialized by the circumstances of his daily life.

We do, it is true, live in a society that is materialistic and mechanistic, where most of the goods we use are mass produced. We employ the same phrases, buy nationally advertised products, wear nationally branded hats and suits; in America the majority of newspaper editors have abdicated to the syndicated columns. The voice of one broadcaster is heard from one end of the country to the other. There exists a real danger that the right of dissent, the right to be wrong, may be swamped because the instruments of communication are too closely held. We face the risk of forgetting that to-day's minority may become tomorrow's majority, and that every majority in a free society to-day was not so long ago a minority.

The matter of what men believe became of great importance to me when I first discovered that a friend of mine had been killed, not because of what he had done, but because he insisted upon retaining and agitating for his beliefs. I have known many men who have travelled many roads that brought them to beliefs ranging from

Catholicism to Communism. I have never yet heard a man express what he believed in a fashion that failed to interest me. Most of the contributions in this book reflect an abiding belief in the importance and the inviolability of the individual spirit; they reflect a belief in the dignity of the individual and the conviction that any belief worthy of an individual must be hammered out by that individual on the anvil of experience and cannot be packaged and delivered by print, radio, or television.

Occasionally in recent times there has occurred something which has underlined and re-emphasized the independence of the individual and the mystery of what he believes and how he reaches that belief. It happened in England in the late war; it happened with many people with faith enough to regard their beliefs as more important than their lives.

This volume is no publishers' effort to tell you what you should believe. It is rather a compilation of experience and incident which may help you to recognize some of the signposts that have been meaningful to others.

For my own part, I remain fascinated by the manner and method by which people reach their beliefs and, at the same time, gratified by the demonstrable fact that their beliefs are not predictable. Four years ago, in the 1948 Presidential campaign, many of us, reporters, readers and listeners alike, were enthralled by something that wasn't true. The pollsters told us what we would do. We almost came to believe that the hopes, the fears, the prejudices, the aspirations of the people who live on this great continent could be neatly measured and pigeonholed, figured out with a slide rule. As individuals we didn't count; we were just little dots on a graph. The pollsters turned out to be wrong; we were not predictable, and regardless of the political consequences, their error restored to each of us a little dignity and some mystery as to why we believe what we do. This experience re-emphasized the importance and the inscrutability of the individual. We are not predictable, we are not robots. The individual is unpredictable, and in the area of what he believes, he is still sovereign.

At a time when the tide runs toward a shore of conformity, when dissent is often confused with subversion, when a man's belief may be subject to investigation as well as his action, we have thought it useful to present these brief statements by people who have attempted to define what it is that they believe.

EDWARD R. MURROW

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THE POWER OF AN IDEA

SUPPOSE YOU could sit down every day for 100 days with some deeply thoughtful man or woman, a different one each day, while he opened his heart and mind to you. As he talked, you would learn what were his inmost beliefs, how he arrived at them, and how they have influenced his life.

YOU would consider that an exciting experience, would you not, a rare privilege? Beyond that, you would find it helpful in formulating your own personal beliefs, in arriving at your own sense of values—to the enrichment of your own life. Well, here you have that opportunity.

For this book is the summation of an idea at once so simple, so basic, and apparently desired by so many people that it has exploded wherever anyone has taken the time to listen, to read and think. If ever a book were published by popular demand, this is it. Thousands of people, including hundreds of educators and no fewer than sixteen publishers, after hearing 'This I Believe' on the air or reading it in the newspapers, wrote in to urge its appearance between covers.

'This I Believe' began—and continues—as a radio programme. It is broadcast in the United States 2200 separate times each week from 196 of the most powerful radio stations. It reaches 39,000,000 people in the United States alone—on an average of twice a week. This makes it the most listened-to radio programme in the world. It is broadcast 900 times a week on 150 stations abroad, and over the 'Voice of America' weekly in six languages. It reaches men and women of the armed forces in Korea, in Germany, and around the world daily. In addition, American newspapers carry 'This I Believe' some 8,500,000 times weekly—it appears once a week in 85 leading dailies. The State Department is currently offering it abroad to the most important papers in every country with which diplomatic relations are maintained—some 97 countries. It is being used regularly in hundreds of schools and classrooms. And yet—to paraphrase a once-famous radio line—this is only the beginning.

Let me tell you how it started.

'This I Believe' was launched in 1949 at a business luncheon of four men. The conversation began with the truism that among people generally material values were gaining and spiritual values declining.

The reasons were obvious: the uncertainty of the economic future, the shadow of war, the atom bomb, any service for one's self or loved ones, the frustration of young people facing the future. Seldom has there been a time when an inventory of one's personal beliefs and sense of values seemed to be more needed. For the individual's credo contains the seeds of the strength and happiness of the family, the community and the nation.

What could be done? The group of four decided to start 'This I Believe'. It was planned to have a chosen number of men and women unfold their personal philosophy, tell what they deem important in life, and give the personal rules by which they run their own lives—in a 5-minute radio programme daily, and a 600-word newspaper article weekly. Edward R. Murrow, one of the men at the luncheon, agreed to introduce the guests—business men, lawyers, physicians, writers, educators, baseball players, actors—men and women of many races, colours and faiths, people known and unknown, people in all walks of life, but all successful in their chosen profession and in their adjustment to life and living.

'This I Believe' has no connection with any church—it is run by laymen. Each personal philosophy is of spiritual significance—it touches directly or indirectly upon the basic principles taught by every church. Yet there are 75,000,000 people in the United States not associated with any church and this book is for them too.

What is the purpose of the book? Of what practical value is it? How can it serve you? It is obvious that the most important job any person has to do is to run his own life. Everyone has the responsibility of developing his talents, his knowledge, his understanding in order to contribute to the work of the world in some way. But beyond this, his whole life, that which constitutes *him*, is based on his beliefs. These need not be religious only, or even mainly, though faith in a Supreme Being usually forms a part of the creed of most thinking people. But they *are* the cornerstone of daily living—the answer to the question, 'How can I help myself to a fuller, happier and more contented life?' Too many people never do find the answer to this question.

I believe this has been the hardest to write of any book I know. A hundred people of character have searched within themselves and tried to tell you honestly what they found. This is hard to do, and many of the writers are themselves dissatisfied with their telling. So to you, the reader, I say: Try always to see not just the words, but to see *through* them—to the meaning beyond.

The beliefs of the men and women in this book—of anyone—will change importantly over the years. Very positive beliefs of young people change through experience, so that in later years they look back and say, 'How could I have thought that so important?' But this is natural and good. The only wrong is in not letting your beliefs grow as you grow. For example, the beliefs presented here range in point of age from those of a twenty-year-old girl student looking forward to life—a promising one—to those of a former President of the United States, who at seventy-eight looks back on life—a full one.

Thousands of books have been written on the subject of 'What is my place in the world?'—'What are my obligations?'—'Why should I live and how?' Most of these have been exhortations or preachments or special pleadings, ending in 'You must do this or else!' 'This I Believe' sells nothing. It asks nothing. It seeks only to stimulate—and to help.

This is a book for the home bedside and for the soldier's knapsack, for reading and for pondering. It will fail of its purpose if it does not open your mind and suggest that you try charting your own belief. It will succeed if it does. Thousands have dug deep and found gold. May you do likewise!

WARD WHEELOCK

THIS I BELIEVE

SIR NORMAN ANGELL

I BELIEVE that the judgments upon which depend the character of human society are dictated largely by emotional forces, latent in everyone, that are blind and evil, as well as good. I believe that at critical junctures, as so often in the past, the evil will prevail over the good, unless we face, more honestly than we have done heretofore, the stark fact that these irrational forces do exist within us, and do need the conscious control and direction of disciplined thought and reason.

I believe men capable of this self-discipline, once they recognize the need for it. I believe in this capacity for emotional discipline because we may see it achieved daily within narrow limits, as in a court of law where judge and jury trying an accused whose opinions they may find distasteful, set aside their natural emotions of hostility and apply cold reason to the interpretation of the evidence. But we evade this responsibility to rise above emotion, instinct, passion, wherever collective conflicts like those of nationalism, race, class war, political partisanship, are involved.

In those fields we have seen, in our own generation, irrational passion rising to the point of hallucination and insanity: the German nation, educated and cultured beyond most, engaged in the wholesale massacre—by gas and other means—of millions of human beings because they belong to the race which gave the world Jesus Christ; Russians, exterminating on an even larger scale in Arctic slave camps millions of other Russians for the crime of coming from the wrong social class, or expressing some heresy contrary to Moscow's dogma of the moment. We have seen Japanese exterminating Chinese; Chinese themselves massacring other Chinese for being Communists, or for not being Communists; Moslems in India killing Hindus, Hindus killing Moslems.

The passions of blind destruction here displayed are no greater than those revealed in the wars of one Christian sect with another; in the massacre of Protestants by Catholics on a St. Bartholomew's eve; or of Catholics by Protestants in the Cromwellian campaigns of Ireland. We cannot condemn the *auto-da-fé* and forget the negro lynchings; or cite the terrors of a Christian Inquisition and forget the terrors of anti-

Christian Revolutions, whether in the France of the Enlightenment or the Russia of the Marxist paradise.

I believe that we can overcome these baser forces of the human spirit only if we recognize without evasion or complacency the fact of their presence within us. The navigator who complacently assumes that rocks and shoals do not exist will lose his ship. The condition of safe navigation is to discover and chart the reefs and shoals. If we have no belief in the danger we can have no sense of responsibility concerning it.

The old problem of making reason prevail over unreason, has been made a new one by the coming of the atom bomb, a tool of destruction the fanatics of the past did not possess. If the old passions and fanaticisms are to remain undiminished, then that tool will be used, and urbanized civilization will be extinguished, leaving the way of life to be determined by the savages of the sheltered jungles and the nomads of inaccessible desert spaces.

SIR NORMAN ANGELL, author and lecturer, received his formal education at the Lycée de St. Omer in France and at Geneva. Much of his youth was then spent in the western United States where he engaged in ranching and prospecting.

Pursuing an early interest in journalism, he returned to Europe and became correspondent for various American newspapers. Later he held important posts with the *Paris Daily Mail* and with *Foreign Affairs*. From 1929 to 1931, he served as Member of Parliament for North Bradford.

A prolific writer, he is the author of many books, including *The Great Illusion* (which has been published in many countries), *For What Do We Fight?*, *Let The People Know*, and *The Steep Places*. In 1933, Sir Norman was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. He lives in Surrey and maintains another residence in New York.

VISCOUNTESS ASTOR

IF ANYBODY had told me as a child in Virginia that one day I was going to be the first woman to sit in the House of Commons I would have thought them daft, but if I had told people the things I prayed for as a child in Virginia, they would have thought me daft. I can never remember a time that I didn't pray. I had a blind faith in God, and I believed in goodness, and I saw it so much around about me. First the unselfish goodness of my mother, and then the goodness of my old Mammy who was on intimate terms with Jesus. She was always talking to Mr. Jesus. She was one of the best people that ever lived.

And then another thing I believe in is discipline. I was early taught that crime didn't pay. I was spanked and put to bed, and made to know right from wrong, and yet I don't remember ever having any resentment against my parents.

But my basic beliefs have always been two things: in the Bible and the mission of the English-thinking people. You ask me why that is? Well, I'll tell you why. It was because I was taught the Bible from the time I was a child, and I was also taught that why the English-speaking people are what they are is because they have translated the Bible into the common language, and then they became an uncommon people. But I believe the English-thinking people are the hope of the world to-day. I know it isn't a popular belief—and it's just a popular belief that all men are born equal. I don't believe that all men are born equal. Anything more unequal than man the world's never seen. They haven't got the same parents, they haven't got the same environment. Nor do I believe in the common man. I believe in the *uncommon* man. And I believe that's the whole of the Christ's message. You have got the right to be what you claim. But until you claim the fatherhood of God, until you do, you won't get the brotherhood of man. You may be God's child, but you may be a millionaire's child and if you don't know Him you will be a pauper. And the world's full of paupers because they don't believe in God.

I don't believe this is a dark age though; it may be a very light age, it may be the lightest age we have ever had. Bernard Shaw reminded me once that more people had heard about God and religion than ever before in the history of man, because there were more people who

could read now than ever before, and they got it on the radio and now on the television. Well that's encouraging. And the second encouraging thing is that the two best-sellers in the world to-day are the Bible, and the second one, *Science and Health* with a key to the Scriptures by Mary Baker Eddy, an American woman of Scotch descent, whose vision has brought light and understanding to the world and restored the healing of sickness and sin.

Now this is a scientific age, and people will only believe what they can prove, and they're quite right. There's no good believing in mathematics until you can understand it and do the sum. People throughout the world in all countries are reaching out for something and God's there. And some day, and it may be nearer than we know, when we realize the fatherhood of God we will get the brotherhood of man, and then we will get peace on earth. I don't believe that civilization is going to fail if it's based on the Christ's message.

VISCOUNTESS ASTOR, Nancy Witcher, is the daughter of the late Chiswell Dabney Langhorne of Mirador, Greenwood, Virginia. In 1906 she married Viscount Astor. They have four sons and a daughter. After coming to this country, she became the centre of a brilliant intellectual circle, counting such notables as George Bernard Shaw among her close friends.

Viscountess Astor achieved fame in 1919 by becoming the first woman Member of Parliament. From that year until 1945, she represented Plymouth, Sutton Division. She took an active part in parliamentary debate and is remembered as an ardent advocate of many celebrated causes, notably that of total abstinence.

Her honours include the degree of Doctor of Laws conferred on her by both the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Virginia (1928) and the University of Birmingham (1930), and the degree of Doctor of Literature from Reading University (1937). Among her published works is *My Two Countries* (1923).

PROFESSOR A. J. AYER

IN PHILOSOPHY, I am an empiricist. I believe that it is only experience that can decide the truth of any proposition about a matter of fact. Certainly, intellectual constructions can serve as a means to knowledge: without them the discoveries of modern science could hardly have been made. But I maintain that their scientific function is solely instrumental: in the last resort the only way to discover what the world is like is to go out and look. Reason may guide the search, but it is sensation, not reason that supplies the evidence. Neither do I think that there is any other kind of evidence available. I disagree with those philosophers who suppose that by the exercise of some mysterious faculty of intuition one can penetrate to realms beyond the familiar world of the senses. I do not believe that any such realms exist.

For science to be possible there must be some uniformity in nature, but there is also much diversity. Were it not for this diversity, no laws could be discovered: for it is only on the assumption that some events are independent that the scientist is able to prove that any are connected. Now I do believe in the validity of scientific method, and this is one of the reasons why I cannot accept what has been called 'the one big clock' view of the universe. I see it rather, if one must use this misleading metaphor, as a multiplicity of little clocks, with various mechanisms, bearing no necessary relation to one another, and serving as a whole no discoverable purpose; and of the existence of a personal creator I see no evidence at all. Neither do I think it in the least degree probable that there is any personal survival after death. Not only do I not hold any form of religious belief, but I do not consider the want of it to be a misfortune. I would have men place their values and try to secure their own and others' happiness in this world. To look for divine support seems to me a counsel of despair. In my opinion the choice of values is a decision that each of us has ultimately to make for himself. I hold that knowledge and art are to be valued for their own sake, that the chief rule in conduct is the concern for human happiness: that pleasure is in the main a good and pain an evil. I believe in intellectual, political and racial tolerance. These are familiar liberal principles: but I also think that the best way now to secure and extend their operation is that of democratic socialism.

On the whole, my view of the world is optimistic. In spite of wars and rumours of wars, of the prevalence of disease and starvation, and of cruelty and injustice, I believe that the lot of the average man is better than it was a century ago. I do not by any means think that further progress is inevitable, but I believe that with the growth of knowledge, which can, after all, be put to other purposes than those of mutual destruction, there is a fair hope that it will continue to be achieved.

ALFRED JULES AYER published, when he was only twenty-six, his provocative book, *Language, Truth and Logic*, now considered to be a milestone in the development of that branch of philosophy known as logical positivism.

Born in London in 1910, Professor Ayer was educated at Eton College and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he won first class honours. Afterwards, he acted as lecturer in philosophy and received his Master's degree in 1936. Now Grote Professor of the Philosophy of Mind and Logic in the University of London, he was visiting professor at New York University, 1948-9.

During the last war, he served first as a Captain in the Welsh Guards and then as Military Attaché at the British Embassy in Paris. Returning, he was appointed Dean of Wadham College, Oxford, 1945-6. Others of his published works include *The Foundations of Empirical Knowledge* (1940) and *British Empirical Philosophers* (1952).

SIR GERALD BARRY

TO BEGIN with, I believe there is a terrible, corrosive *lack* of belief in our Western world to-day; and that it is this lack of belief that is making us all so frightened and unhappy and driving the world to the verge of self-destruction. It affects both individuals and whole communities: I know it affects me. Speaking in terms of world affairs, there was a time, before the Second World War, when I knew ~~exactly~~ what I believed—'when the world issues seemed crystal clear.' One was happy then. To-day I find the issues have become blurred and confused; but I believe that at such times in history as this, a particular and enhanced value attaches to tolerant, honest, liberal thought and behaviour. Throughout this long confusion and amid the rising roar of propaganda there is a temptation to surrender to a comfortable extreme, and to begin to debase great and honourable words—words like 'justice', 'democracy' and 'freedom'—by bandying them about to justify an emotion rather than to define a principle. I believe that to do this is to share in a betrayal of our intellectual heritage—I'm sorry if that sounds sententious, but it is the best way I can find of saying what I mean. I remember once hearing my father, an Anglican priest, say that there is only one deadly sin and that is the sin of Despair.

Coming now to more personal or religious beliefs, I am not able to believe the Christian faith as I was taught it as a child, but like most other people I accept and try to live by many Christian principles. I think perhaps the greatest single contribution of Christianity to the world is its insistence on the sanctity of the individual, and I find myself taking comfort and delight in the dignity, the courage and amazing goodness of simple people. I do not ask whence, or why, it proceeds, this goodness and I am quite as ready to accept the existence of some controlling creative Mind as not to do so. Disbelief is at least as difficult as belief. I am not, anyhow, a philosopher by nature and when pondering the mysteries of Creation and the Universe I am apt to be content with wonder.

I don't believe in personal survival after death, and this is a consolation to me, for I should be frightened or bored by the prospect of a disembodied eternity.

It follows, I suppose, that the only reason I have to fear death is

simply that it will mean the end of a wonderful experience, for life is obviously something to be enjoyed, and I believe we are almost under an obligation to enjoy it to the fullest extent of which we are capable—to use every moment of it to the utmost of our intelligence and our energies, to add something to its happiness, its beauty or its wisdom. I believe profoundly in the creative value of human love. I have found very much happiness in my own life in work, and especially in working with others, in the creative stimulus and fellowship of the team. But I know that the truest happiness can proceed only from the serenity of the private heart, and that when a man comes to his end it is in terms of this alone, not of his public achievements, that his success or failure is to be measured.

SIR GERALD BARRY was born in a Norfolk village on 20 November, 1898. After receiving his early education at Marlborough, he went up to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, as a Scholar. The First World War terminated his University days and he joined the Royal Flying Corps. By 1918, he held a Captain's commission.

After the war, Fleet Street beckoned and he began his journalistic career. From 1921 until 1930, he was associated with the *Saturday Review*, first as assistant editor, then as editor. In 1930 he founded the *Week-end Review* which he edited until 1934. Following that, he was editor of the *News Chronicle* for eleven years.

In 1945 he addressed an open letter to Sir Stafford Cripps, suggesting that Britain hold a national exhibition. As a result, in March 1948, he was appointed Director-General of the Festival of Britain. For his work on this monumental project, he was created a Knight Bachelor in 1951.

ANEURIN BEVAN

THERE ARE some subjects that simply ask to be bogged down in meaningless generalities. This is one of them. You can say, for instance: 'I believe in the good, the beautiful and the true.' And when you have said it, what precisely have you said? Life never shapes the problem for us in those terms. The problem is always more immediate and particular. What in a given situation is beautiful, good, or true? ~~Can~~ you can say again: 'I believe in doing my duty.' But life would indeed be easy if it were always clear what our duty is. Usually there is a conflict of duties as there is of loyalties. In order to serve one you often have to abandon the others. I remember a man saying to me during the last war that he had no use for rebels. Then I asked him how he would describe a German living in Germany and working for the defeat of the Nazis? Judged by conventional standards, the man was a rebel and a traitor. But judged in the wider context of humanity he was a hero. All you can really say here is that a man ought not to betray his first loyalty. The fact is that few people do. The problem is one of deciding which is the first loyalty from among a number of competing ones. And the higher the intelligence, the wider the knowledge, the keener the imagination, then the more loyalties there will be competing for our allegiance, and of course, the deeper the spiritual struggle involved in sorting them out.

This is the foremost problem of our time. Many old traditions and strongly rooted beliefs are now being eroded by swiftly moving social changes. Those struggles in society are reproduced in the hearts of all who are aware of them. In a democratic community the burden of choice is cast on the individual citizen. Quite often he finds this burden insupportable. He is then ready to have it taken from him by some authority to which he can give unquestioning obedience. Here is the point where dictatorship offers relief. It also explains the infinite nostalgia expressed in the hymn:

*'Change and decay in all around I see,
Oh, 'Thou, who changest not, abide with me.'*

If I am right in saying that what we have to do is decide from

among a number of almost equal claims, then the mood in which we approach our fellow human beings should be one of tolerance, for the slightest shift in the balance might have resulted in a different decision. If, furthermore, I am right in saying that the search for the truth will result in a number of different answers to the extent that the circumstances are different, then to tolerance we must add imagination so that we can understand why the other truth differs from ours. We should 'learn to sit where they sit'.

I am now ready to answer the question. I believe imaginative tolerance to be among the foremost virtues of a civilized mind.

THE RT. HON. ANEURIN BEVAN, P. C., M. P., the son of a Welsh coal miner, went to work himself in the pits at the age of 13. Despite a pronounced impediment, he soon became noted as an orator-agitator, and at 19 was chairman of the Tredegar Lodge of the Miners' Federation.

His parliamentary career began in 1929 when he was elected to represent the mining district of Ebbw Vale in Monmouthshire. Another new member of this Parliament was Miss Jenny Lee, the daughter of a miner, whom Mr. Bevan married several years later. Dedicated to the principle of making the Socialist Party more radical, he took a prominent part in the Socialist League and founded *Tribune*, a weekly publication.

After the General Election of 1945, he became Minister of Health and was responsible for the establishment of the National Health Service. In 1951, he served as Minister of Labour and National Service. He has recently published a book about his political beliefs, *In Place of Fear*.

SIR NORMAN BIRKETT

IN THE parable of the Sower, it is the grain that has no depth of root that flourishes for a while and then withers away. So it is with what we fondly call beliefs. Unless they are firmly rooted, the grim test of experience will destroy them; but those that survive the ordeal will go from strength to strength.

In a pretty full life, nearly forty years of it spent in the law courts, I reckon to have seen human nature at its best and at its worst, and every shade of behaviour in between. And I believe with a deepening intensity in the essential worth and dignity of the individual; and what is more, in his essential *goodness* too; and in these things I believe there lies the best hope of the world. I know what is said on the other side—I was a judge at Nuremberg for twelve months and listened among other things to the story of the wholesale massacre of the Jews—and I know something of the horrible depths to which mankind can fall; but my belief in man's essential worth and goodness nevertheless remains firm and unshakeable.

I am with Robert Louis Stevenson in his view of humanity—

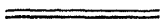
‘They may seek to escape and yet they cannot . . . ; they are condemned to some nobility; all their lives long, the desire of good is at their heels, the implacable hunter . . .’

Now if these beliefs are well founded, there are no limits to what mankind can do. Look at what man has already done. His upward climb has been a continual conquest. The advance of knowledge in every sphere, the growing triumph over disease, the continuous enlargement of man's opportunity, the increasing recognition of man's inherent dignity—all these things are witnesses to man's unconquerable mind. Apply that to the future. Take just one supremely important matter out of many. I believe that sovereign states, now so jealous of their sovereignty, will one day willingly defer to an international authority they have themselves created, and thus usher in the truly golden age of Peace.

‘Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive!’

And equally firmly do I believe in the *value* of each individual life. I believe that a happy and a useful life is what I may call the dedicated life, not dedicated in the sense of what Kipling once called the 'plaster saints'; no, but brave, blithe, courageous and true lives dedicated to the things that are honourable and of good report among men. It follows that I believe in Freedom for the full flowering of human personality, for the ceaseless extension of the frontiers of knowledge, and for the growth of human happiness.

The time isn't long enough for me to expand these beliefs that have stood the test of time; but in a word, I believe that Life is infinitely worth while; that each individual has the power to make it so, and so to contribute to the heritage the generations transmit; and to co-operate in the eternal and triumphant advance of mankind. All this I believe.



SIR NORMAN BIRKETT, Lord Justice of Appeal, was a Scholar at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. There he read for the Historical Tripos and the Law Tripos. In the Cambridge Union, of which he became president in 1910, his rich, appealing voice first attracted the attention which it has never since lost.

In 1913 he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple. He received his early training in the chambers of Sir Edward Marshall Hall, a renowned leader of the criminal Bar. In 1924, Sir Norman took silk. In the following year, he attracted much attention when he had occasion to substitute for Sir Edward.

Since then, Sir Norman has achieved fame in many celebrated cases. In only two of the cases in which he has appeared for the defence has the verdict gone against him. During the last war, he gave up his practice to act as chairman of a Home Office Advisory Committee.

LADY VIOLET BONHAM CARTER

WELL, FIRST and foremost, I believe in life. It is not only that I feel a passionate joy in living but I have faith in life. I have no dogmatic certainties which tell me where I came from, or where I am going to, or why. But, like a stream which does not know the source from which it sprang or the sea to which it flows, I trust the current in my being—and I believe if I am true to it I shall not lose my way. And though I cannot chart the pattern of my course, nor guess its purpose, yet I am sure beyond a doubt that both exist.

The greatest single influence in my life has been my father. He opened to my eyes a wide horizon—and through him I learnt the meaning of 'greatness' and of 'goodness'. He was an active politician (for eight years Prime Minister), and thus I felt from earliest childhood the impact of vast impersonal events in an intimately personal way. I can never remember being unconscious of what was happening in the world and I accepted as a matter of course that it was our business, that of every one of us, to do something about it. I believed that the lives and fate of human beings I had never seen or known were as real, as actual, as our own; that they mattered and that they were our concern.

My life has been a crowded one, thronged with all sorts and conditions of men and women—the great, the humble, the famous, the obscure, the dazzling and the dull. I am thankful to have known them all and to have been close to many. I have found in human beings my greatest adventures and my deepest happiness and I have learnt that through love we have the power to create—and re-create—each other.

Above all I believe in the absolute value of truth. Each one of us may reach it by a different path. Some find it in religion, some in philosophy. To some it is revealed in poetry, that short-cut to the soul of things. Some find it in the natural beauty of the world, some in their children. Each one of us has his own private revelation which is incommunicable—and which is yet the surest thing we know.

And lastly I believe in courage. No generation has ever stood in greater need of it than ours. Dickens once said: 'Life is given us on the understanding that we defend it to the last.' It is not our lives alone we must defend to-day, but every value that to us makes life worth living. But just because it is a time of earthquake, of convulsion, of

great possibilities both for evil and for good, I believe that it is also a time of greatest opportunity for those who are not afraid to look the present in the face, and yet have faith in themselves and in the future.

As was said by Pericles: 'Surely the bravest are those who have the clearest vision of what is before them—glory and danger alike—and who yet notwithstanding go out to meet it.' Courage means honest thought and a refusal to despair.

I believe that we must dare to face the truth—and we must dare to hope.



LADY VIOLET BONHAM CARTER, D.B.E., is the elder daughter of the Rt. Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith, First Earl of Oxford and Asquith, British Prime Minister, 1908-15. She was educated in Dresden and Paris.

Lady Violet's distinguished career in public affairs began when she helped her famous father regain his Parliamentary seat in the election of 1923. Now vice-president of the Liberal Party Organization, she formerly acted as its president. In 1951, she stood, unsuccessfully, as a Liberal candidate.

Married to Sir Maurice Bonham Carter, Lady Violet has two sons and two daughters. A Governor of the B.B.C. from 1941 to 1946, she had much to do with the establishment of the Third Programme, and is widely known to-day for her radio broadcasting. Other honours include the vice-chairmanship of the United Europe Movement and the honorary presidency of the United Nations Association; and in 1953 she was made a D.B.E.

SIR ROBERT BOOTHBY

'MAN is born not to solve the problems of the Universe, but to find out where the problem applies, and then to restrain himself within the limits of the comprehensible. His faculties are not sufficient to measure the actions of the Universe; and an attempt to explain the outer world by reason is, with his narrow view, vain.' Thus Goethe, talking his usual good sense. I find myself inhabiting a world which seems to me to have been singularly ill-contrived: But I do not presume to know the reason why, still less the purpose of it all—if there be one. It is enough for me that I love life; that, with my limited human vision, I can conceive of no other purpose than the enjoyment of it; and that, for most people, the terms of life are not at present good enough.

I entered politics, as a very young man, with the sole purpose of doing what I could to improve these terms. As an ardent disciple of Keynes, I concentrated on the economics of expansion; and fought, as best I could, against the deflation that crippled the heavy industries of Europe in the 'twenties, drove millions of workers off the land and out of work, doubled the burden of all debts, and culminated in the worst economic crisis known to history.

I soon discovered that there were even graver threats to our twentieth-century civilization. First, the advent of two purely materialist philosophies—Communism and its antithesis Fascism—which denied the significance and the importance of the individual, and led directly to what Bertrand Russell has described as the intoxication of power. Second, the existence in human nature of an aggressive and destructive instinct which, if it prevailed against the opposing life instinct, could easily and quickly bring about the total destruction of the human race. To planned economic expansion I therefore added the achievement of individual freedom, and of collective security derived from an organic union of the free world, as the keynotes of my political *credo* and philosophy. I sought, and still seek, for a satisfactory solution between the instinctive demands of the individual and the social claims of a civilized society.

I am a buttress rather than a pillar of the Church. But I believe, with the protagonists of orthodox religion, that the basic struggle of humanity is waged within each one of us. What the psychologists call

the life instinct, the Churches call God; and what the psychologists call the death instinct, the Churches call the Devil. But religion and psychology are now fighting on the same side, for the survival of mankind.

Finally, I believe in the ultimate value of the individual human personality. To me, as to the late Professor MacNeile Dixon, the most astonishing thing about the human being is not his intellect and bodily structure, profoundly mysterious as these are, but the range of his vision, his gaze into the infinite distance, his lonely passion for ideas and ideals for which he will endure suffering, privation and death, in the profound conviction that if nothing is worth dying for, nothing is worth living for. In this affair, it seems to me, the choice which confronts us is not obscure. You seek to free, or to imprison, the human spirit. And therefore you are on the side of justice, liberty, decency, toleration and humanity—or against them.

SIR ROBERT JOHN GRAHAM BOOTHBY entered Parliament in 1924 when he was elected as the Member for East Aberdeenshire. It is a position he continues to hold. Physically a large man, he is characterized by his forthrightness and originality and has been referred to as 'the friar Tuck of British politics'.

The son of the late Sir Robert Tuite Boothby, K.B.E., he was educated at Eton and at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he received his degree in 1921. Shortly after entering politics, he became Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who at that time was Winston Churchill. More recently, he has served as Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Food.

The Council of Europe is one of Mr. Boothby's chief interests and he is vice-president of its Economic Council. He is an Officer of the Legion of Honour and was knighted in 1953.

SIR EDWARD BRIDGES

LIKE MANY English people, I rather shrink from any public affirmation of my beliefs, for I cannot easily disentangle a statement of what I believe from the aims that I set before myself and the things which sustain me in trouble.

To me there is nothing more deep-rooted than that we are under an obligation as to how we should live our lives. You can express this by saying that certain actions are right and others wrong. Or you can call it a belief in a spiritual order of things, which gives a value and meaning to our actions that they would not otherwise possess.

It was from the example of those among whom one was brought up that, as a child, one first learned to see spiritual things expressed in terms of human conduct and that as a young man one first formed a picture of the kind of person one wished to be.

No doubt the qualities which one most respects change as one becomes older. To-day I put highest courage, patience and tolerance; the desire and capacity to understand one's fellows and to serve them; a determination to stick to the best; and a relentless pursuit of the truth. Much of my working life is spent in trying to find out why certain things happen, in testing arguments and in assessing what is likely to come to pass if a certain course is decided upon. No one can hope for even a fair measure of success in such work unless he sets about it with an almost crusading zeal to find the truth, and a most scrupulous regard for it when found.

As I see it then, we all have a duty to set before ourselves, a pattern of life which reflects, as far as each of us may, something of the spiritual and other-worldly. That those who live their lives in this spirit give much comfort to their fellows is clear enough, but the obligation surely goes deeper than that.

Again, it seems to me that, in some way which I do not pretend to understand, these ideals of conduct, and the ideas that inspire them, have in themselves something of lasting value. They have about them some element of durability, while things of the opposite kind, mean and cowardly conduct, carry within themselves the seeds of their own frustration.

If I have given the impression of a rather abstract and cold faith that

impression is false, for I could never persuade myself that all the beauty of this world, all the joys of human companionship or the delights one finds in the loveliness of the countryside, all the wonders that man has contrived, whether in the making of simple things, or in music and the arts—I could never persuade myself that all this loveliness and beauty has no part in the scheme of things, and that we were not intended to take our delight in it to the full: and that we and others are not better—as we would say—for so doing. This is a theme on which many of the philosophers and poets have written. But what is the nature of the link between these things and the obligations that I began by speaking of—that I cannot tell you—but I am sure that the link exists.

SIR EDWARD E. BRIDGES, G.C.B., K.C.B., G.C.V.O., is the Permanent Secretary to H.M. Treasury, and Head of the British Civil Service. The only son of the late Robert Bridges, O.M., Poet Laureate, he married the Hon. Katherine D. Farrer, daughter of the second Baron Farrer, in 1922. They have two sons and two daughters.

Educated at Eton and at Magdalen College, Oxford, of which he is an Honorary Fellow, Sir Edward is also a Fellow of Eton College, and was a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, 1920-7. He has received honorary degrees from Bristol (LL.D.), Reading (D.Litt.), and Oxford (D.C.L.).

During the First World War, Sir Edward served as a Captain and for some time Adjutant with the 4th Batt. Oxford and Bucks L.I. (M.C.). Afterwards, and until 1938, he served in H.M. Treasury. In that year, he became Secretary of the Cabinet, a post he held for eight years.

PROFESSOR DENIS BROGAN

WHAT DO we mean by 'believe'? Do we mean 'know', do we mean 'feel'? I believe that Washington is the capital of the United States; I also know it. I believe that the United States is a good thing but in the same sense, I can't and don't know it. When I say 'believe' in this talk I shall be talking of things that I hope and believe to be true, but which I know are guesses, speculations, things hoped for, not things known.

The next point that I must make clear is that I don't know what the universe is about; millions believe that they do, Christians, Jews, Moslems. All I do know is that I don't belong to them. The Scottish shorter catechism begins by affirming the 'chief ends of man' which are 'to glorify God and enjoy him forever'. People who believe that have another term of reference. What I believe is concerned with this world, with my place, duties, possibilities in it.

Well, what in that context, do I believe? I have learned to believe that the object of life isn't and can't be happiness. The young, subject as they are to miseries and emotional shocks and disappointments, still cling to the belief that given certain conditions, happiness, pretty uninterrupted happiness, is at hand. The American young especially believe this. I believe that happiness is a by-product. You must want the girl or the job for itself, as a good in itself; happiness may come but only if you want the other things first.

I've got in the word 'good', a dangerous word in modern times. I believe that it has a meaning that can't be reduced to other meanings. We were all taught that, but we have to learn it as well. And that has a converse. For we eat of the tree of good and evil and the older we get the greater the danger of gliding over the difference. This is what Shelley meant when he wrote of 'the contagion of the world's slow stain', what Bernard Shaw meant when he wrote that 'every man over forty is a scoundrel'. I believe that every man needs watching and the one who needs watching most is myself. You are not likely, often, to be too hard on yourself. Even if other people behave worse, you're not responsible for *them*. And I don't believe that 'peace of mind' is the state to aim at. Idiots have peace of mind; people who have undergone leucotomy have peace of mind. You ought to be uneasy; I mean I believe that *I* ought to be uneasy.

Then, I believe that love is more fertile than the most efficient hate. The great sin of the modern is *legitimized* hate, legitimized by political passion. It's an attractive trap; I fall into it frequently but it's a trap. The other trap is making passion do the work of intelligence, for I believe that you can go as badly wrong by intellectual passion as you can by sexual passion, passion for money and so on.

A zealous Catholic and a very good poet, Hilaire Belloc, once wrote:

*'There's nothing worth the wear of winning
But laughter and the love of friends.'*

But there are worse views of life and I believe that if forced to choose inside that narrow frame, I'd drop the laughter. For life, I believe, is something more and better than the best joke.



DENIS WILLIAM BROGAN, Professor of Political Science at Cambridge, and a Fellow of Peterhouse College, is noted for his accomplishments in many fields, and his knowledge of French and American history and politics is unrivalled.

Professor Brogan's first book was *The American Political System*, followed after a few years by *The Development of Modern France, 1870-1939*. Other of his many works are *The Free State*, *French Personalities and Problems*, *American Themes*, and *The Era of Franklin D. Roosevelt*. His articles appear frequently in British, French, and American journals. He wears the ribbon of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

Born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1900, he received his education from St. Columcille's School, Rutherglen Academy, Glasgow University, Balliol College, Oxford, and Harvard University. Professor Brogan has been awarded various honorary degrees, including Doctor of Laws. Married to the archæologist Olwen Phillis Frances Kendall, he has three sons and a daughter.

PROFESSOR J. BRONOWSKI

I HAVE lived most of my life in England. My parents took me there as a small boy because they did not want me to grow up under the sullen cloud of hate which even then, early in the 1920's, was gathering to a nightmare over Germany. So I went to an English school to learn, in a language which was foreign to me, all those oddities of mathematics and science which open like a picture puzzle book, half understood and half teasing, to an excited growing boy. My chemistry book was as strange to me because it was written in English as because it was full of formulae: I had to learn H_2O and water as two foreign words, not one, and both at the same time. I never had time to wonder which was the more difficult language; and to tell you the truth, I fell in love with both.

Since then I have never put a fence between one part of my mind and another. I am a professional scientist, and I spend most of my time in the practical work of directing a large laboratory. But I have never lost my boyish passion for the great writers of English. I have written two books about English poets; a visit to America has made me eager to write a third. But at bottom, I did not go there either as a scientist or as an imaginative writer. I went as a man. I wanted to see that landscape again, from New England to the Pacific. I wanted to see the people and the ball games and the gardens at Charleston and the new cosmotron. The delight which I learned from the struggles of my boyhood is a delight in the whole of life.

So my philosophy is that which Albert Schweitzer has put into his own phrase 'reverence for life'. But I find 'reverence' too passive a word; I would say, actively, an *exploration* of life. I think every man and woman can live fully if they welcome new experience; but even then, you cannot live by simply letting the experiences pass over you. Life cannot be treated as a show, however colourful. You have to put questions to your own experience, to find a pattern in it, to explore its meaning. And in my own case I know that I must look for the meaning for myself; I cannot be satisfied to treat my life as the verification of someone else's religion. That is, like Schweitzer, I believe that man's instrument for finding the truth in life—the life within us as well as the life around us—is the human mind. I learn to know myself, I learn to be

myself, by exploring the world: I discover myself in my experience of the world. My deepest knowledge, I think, is always knowledge of myself; but I have to get it actively by living fully in the world and asking questions of it. To me, this is a rewarding and a happy belief. This is why I find Einstein as rich as Shakespeare, science as rich as poetry—and the pitcher throwing a curve as exciting as a new language: because in these skills each man discovers himself, and mankind fulfils its own humanity.

JACOB BRONOWSKI, M.A., PH.D., has a distinguished record of government service. Following his education at Jesus College, Cambridge, he was Senior Lecturer at University College, Hull, until 1942. He then seconded to government service and accompanied the Chiefs of Staff Mission to Japan in 1945.

From 1946 to 1950 he was associated with the Ministry of Works during which time he carried on statistical research. In 1948, he was seconded to U.N.E.S.C.O. as Head of Projects. At present, Professor Bronowski is Director of the Central Research Establishment of the National Coal Board.

In addition to numerous papers on mathematical subjects, he is the author of several books. Among these are *The Poet's Defence*, *William Blake, a Man Without a Mask*, and *The Common Sense of Science*. Professor Bronowski has also written radio plays, including *The Journey to Japan*, and *The Face of Violence*.

SIR HUGH CASSON

WHEN I ACCEPTED the invitation to join in 'This I Believe', it was not—goodness knows—because I felt I had anything profound to contribute. I regarded it—selfishly, perhaps—as a chance to get my own ideas straight. I started, because it seemed simplest that way, with my own profession. The signposts I try to follow as an architect are these: to keep the innocent eye with which we are all born, and therefore always to be astonished; to respect the scholar but not the style snob; to like what I like without humbug, but also to train my eye and mind so that I can say why I like it; to use my head but not to be frightened to listen to my heart (for there are some things which can only be learnt through emotion); finally to develop to the best of my ability the best that lies within me.

But what, you may say, about the really big problems of life—Religion? Politics? World Affairs? Well, to be honest, these great problems do not weigh heavily upon my mind. I have always cared more for the small simplicities of life—family affection, loyalty of friends, joy in creative work.

Religion? Well, when challenged I describe myself as 'Church of England', and as a child I went regularly to church. But to-day, though I respect church-going as an act of piety and enjoy its side-lines, so to speak, the music and the architecture, it holds no significance for me. Perhaps, I don't know, it is the atmosphere of death in which religion is so steeped that has discouraged me—the graveyards, the parsonical voice, the thin damp smell of stone. Even to-day a 'holy' face conjures up not saintliness but moroseness. So, most of what I learnt of Christian morality I think I really learnt indirectly at home and from friends.

World affairs? I wonder if some of you remember a famous pre-war cartoon? It depicted a crocodile emerging from a peace conference and announcing to a huge flock of sheep (labelled 'People of the World'), 'I am so sorry we have failed. We have been unable to restrain your war-like ambitions.' Frankly, I feel at home with those sheep—mild, benevolent, rather apprehensive creatures, acting together by instinct and of course very, very woolly. But I have learnt too, I think, that there is still no force, not even Christianity, so strong as patriotism; that

the instinctive wisdom with which we all act in moments of crisis—that queer code of conduct which is understood by all but never formulated—is a better guide than any panel of professors; and finally that it is the inferiority complex, usually the result of an unhappy or unlucky home, which is at the bottom of nearly all our troubles. Is the solution then no more than to see that every child has a happy home? I'm not sure that it isn't. Children are nearer truth than we are. They have the innocent eye.

If you think that such a philosophy of life is superficial or tiresomely homespun or irresponsible, I will remind you in reply that the title of this series is 'This I Believe'—not 'This I *ought* to believe', nor even 'This I would *like* to believe'—but, 'This I Believe.'

SIR HUGH CASSON was knighted for his work as chief architect for the Festival of Britain. More recently, he served as designer of the official decorations for the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. Now in his early forties, he is both a practising architect and Reader in Interior Design at the Royal College of Art.

Sir Hugh studied architecture at St. John's College, Cambridge. The turning point in his career came when his father allowed him to spend a legacy in building a speculative country house. This venture attracted much notice and resulted in orders for six more.

During the last war, he served as a camouflage officer with the Air Ministry and afterwards as technical officer at the Ministry of Town and Country planning. He is the author of several books on architectural subjects, including *Homes by the Million* and *Victorian Architecture*. Sir Hugh's wife is also an architect, and they live with their three daughters in London.

JOHN COAST

DURING MOST of the last ten years I have been living on the other side of the world—in countries like Siam, Java and Bali. And while the Western world accepts the clash of ideologies between Russia and America as the greatest problem of our age, I have come to the conclusion that a lack of understanding between East and West could lead to a situation equally frightening. Western ignorance of what is known as 'the awakening of Asia' is complicated by a million hangovers from colonial exploitation and racial insults—real and imagined—over the last four hundred years. My awareness of this has influenced my entire thinking. To avoid catastrophe, I believe that the building of human bridges between East and West is of the uttermost importance. This is a hard and thankless job, I have learnt. I have suffered reversed racial prejudice, frustration, suspicion, snubs till it almost breaks the heart: for at this period it must inevitably go against the Asian grain to trust anyone with a white skin.

From my experiences, I have evolved two ideas: that the best builders of East-West bridges might be artists, for artists can enter into foreign hearts in ways that are barred to politicians or ambassadors—artists speak directly to the feelings of those who see them. And personally, I came to the simple and unoriginal conclusion that there is indeed no one way of doing any single thing in this world that is absolutely right. Travel, with an open and observant mind, can be the key to understanding among all of us. If I judge other peoples by my private or national standards, I at once demonstrate my own narrowness and ignorance.

For individuals and nations I believe that knowledge, based on the widest experience and combined with a tolerant strength, is far more mighty a weapon than insularity plus the Hydrogen bomb. Every nation, every village, every individual throughout the world—all are the result of millions of years of infinitely diverse evolution, while more nearly, each country or human being is the product of his history and environment of the last few hundreds of years. How ridiculous to imagine that the British way of life would suit the Indians, or the American way of life would suit the Saudi Arabians. What insufferable conceit on the part of the Russians to think their way of life offers a universal panacea.

Let me give you a very small example of what I mean. I have found that it is not superstition, but true, that Chinese food tastes better with chopsticks and Indonesian food tastes better eaten with the fingers. Not only a spoon and fork spell civilization, for in the words of an old Malay to Sir High Clifford: 'I'm quite sure my fingers have not been in anybody else's mouth, but I'm not so sure about your spoons.'

I believe then, that we should all, Occidentals and Orientals, try to tolerate each other's ways of doing things. It is not necessary to copy one another artificially: to understand is enough. And I would hate to see any universal pattern forced on the world. It is arrogance to think this desirable: and its effects would be so dull.

It was partly for reasons such as these that I struggled for several years against many obstacles to bring to the West the dancers of Bali. I then watched a little girl of twelve, Ni Gusti Raka, whom I regarded almost as my own daughter, come straight from her grass-thatched hut in its mud-walled compound in Pliatan village in Bali, and dance her way into the hearts and respect of the hundreds of thousands of Western people who saw her. Her bridge was made! She showed that not only 'Les Sylphides' or 'Lilac Garden' are great art, but that very different, yet equally great, is the 'Legong' of Bali.

This, for me, was a justification of my beliefs.



JOHN COAST, prior to the Second World War, forsook a comfortable junior post in the City to search, as he said, for 'something exciting and useful to do'. When war broke out, he served first with the Coldstream Guards and then as an officer with the Norfolks. Taken prisoner shortly after the attack on Pearl Harbour, his three-and-a-half-year captivity was recorded in his first book, *Railroad of Death*.

During this period he grew to know and respect the Indonesian peoples. He learned to speak their language and to admire their culture, especially their ballet. After his release, Mr. Coast journeyed to Indonesia where he participated in the cause of Indonesian independence. These adventures resulted in another volume, *Recruit to Revolution*.

Married to the daughter of a Javanese diplomat, he and his wife produced the recent 'Dancers of Bali'. He is at present engaged in writing a book on this subject entitled, *Dancers of Bali*.

SIR HENRY DALE

I BELIEVE in the supreme value of truth, and in man's unrestricted search for truth, as one of the first conditions of his moral as well as his material progress. The truth found by man's searching will be liable always to be superseded, revised or extended, with the unending progress of his discoveries; yet it is something to be revered, and to be defended against any attempt to suppress or distort it, for any purpose. This reverence for truth, with so much else that we prized, was rudely disturbed by war, and some effect of that violence seems still to linger; but it must be restored to its position of central authority in any code of morality, as a main bastion of defence against a creed which degrades truth into a mere expedient, to be mutilated or discarded in the service of political dogma. Truth belongs to all mankind and it has no political frontiers or national varieties.

To me, as a physiologist, it is especially clear that all my knowledge of material nature, of which my own body and brain are a part, comes to me through messages which nerves transmit from sense organs to my brain, where they somehow evoke a picture of what my conscious mind takes to be an external reality. While this link between brain action and mind remains, as at present, a mystery, no scientist can, with full conviction, be a materialist. Yet in his scientific work he must assume the material reality of what his mind perceives, and an unbroken sequence in it of cause and effect—an assumption, indeed, not different from that which we are all obliged to make, in the normal conduct of our daily life. Yet each of us, whether saint or scientist, finds himself under a like compulsion to assume, in the conduct of ordinary life, that his mind has freedom of choice and decision, and therewith to accept a moral responsibility.

The progress of knowledge is making ever clearer the dependence of mind, character and personality on the integrity of the brain, and is tracing the lines of a physical basis for the heredity by which so much of personality is transmitted. As I watch this progress, I find it impossible to believe in a personal survival, after body and brain are dust. Yet I am conscious of a paramount need to believe in a moral purpose in life, and of a desire for common action with all who share that belief, in defence of the great ethical and cultural heritage of our Western world.

Would it be possible, in such a cause, for scientists, with their devotion to the changing and progressive truth which man's discovery is winning, to form a common front with those who claim to expound a truth Divinely revealed, and subject to no change? Perhaps a rallying point could be found in A. N. Whitehead's conception of religion, as 'world loyalty'.

SIR HENRY HALLETT DALE, Nobel Prize winner (1936), is one of Britain's most eminent scientists. Formerly director of the Wellcome Physiological Research Laboratories, he has been president of the Royal Society, the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and the Royal Society of Medicine.

Besides the Nobel award, he has received the Order of Merit (1944), G.B.E. (1943), and, in 1949, Belgium conferred upon him the Grand Cross de l'Ordre de la Couronne. He holds several honorary degrees, including those of Doctor of Medicine and Doctor of Laws many times over. A graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, he is one of its honorary fellows.

During the Second World War, Sir Henry acted as chairman of the War Cabinet's Scientific Advisory Committee. Afterwards, he served with the Advisory Committee on Atomic Energy. An experienced broadcaster, he has done much to popularize radio as a medium for explaining scientific work to the general public.

SIR CHARLES GALTON DARWIN

I RECOGNIZE fully that the appeal of things in life will be different for different people, and I can only say what I have found the most important things in life for myself. I count as one of the most important things in the world the understanding of the world. I have spent most of my time working at the physical sciences, and I count myself fortunate in having lived through the heroic age of physics when—what with relativity and the quantum theory—our understanding of the nature of inanimate matter has been so much revolutionized, as it was three hundred years ago in the days of Newton.

This has been the science I have most studied, but I have always had a lively interest in biological subjects too, and these have much affected what I believe. Among such subjects, one is the question of human nature, and this has coloured my view of what will happen to mankind in the future. I believe that a great deal of what is now being attempted for our betterment is doomed to fail, and I don't share the particular enthusiasms of many of the would-be benefactors of humanity.

It is true that there have been immense improvements in material conditions during the past century, but they are quite external and they leave man's fundamental nature no better than it was before. So too the intellectual triumphs of recent years don't signify that man became any more intelligent than he was in the preceding dark ages. I see no safeguard for us against a relapse into conditions like those exemplified in the sad records of past history.

The main hope of bringing about any real betterment in mankind depends on a different thing; it must be based on applying the idea of heredity, a science that is already understood in its principles, though hardly yet in many of its applications. Holding this, I believe intensely in the importance of the family as the *continuing* unit of human life. When the science of eugenics has been more fully developed, there may be a hope on those lines of really bettering humanity.

These are the things that for me are consciously of the chief importance. But underlying them there are others. The great philosopher Kant once said that there were two things that continually filled him with wonder, the starry heavens above him and the moral law within him.

Like him I too continually wonder at the moral law within me, which dictates my conduct, or perhaps I ought to say the ideals of conduct which I wish I could fulfil. But I am entirely lacking in the thing which so many people seem to regard as their mainstay in life, a mystical sense of religion. This I lack, and I am perfectly content to be without it.

SIR CHARLES GALTON DARWIN, K.B.E., M.C., S.C.D., F.R.S., is the grandson of the author of *The Origin of Species* and is a relative of the famed eugenicist, Galton. It is appropriate then that Sir Charles is himself both a physicist and a eugenicist.

After graduating from Cambridge, he was associated with Rutherford at Manchester and was therefore concerned with some of the earliest work on nuclear physics. From 1914 to 1918, he served with the Royal Engineers and with the Royal Air Force. Following the war, he was successively Tait Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh University, Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, and Director of the National Physical Laboratory.

His work during the Second World War included supervision of 'Mulberry', the artificial harbour for D-Day, and membership of the famous 'Tube Alloy' Committee which was directing Britain's atomic research. Numbered among Sir Charles's publications are *The New Conceptions of Matter*, and *The Next Million Years*, published in 1952.

ARTHUR DEAKIN

I BELIEVE in man. I believe every human being has the power to serve his fellows, the duty to render this service and the right to do so in the way commanded by his own conscience. I believe every human institution, religious, social or political, and every human action, must stand judged by the extent to which it helps, or hinders, the individual in this task.

Perhaps you are saying to yourself: 'Only a fool would claim such a belief to-day, when all around us lies the dreadful evidence of man's inhumanity to man.' I do not forget the evidence. But I do not forget, either, how often in the past, men living through the dark moments of history must have come near to despair of themselves, yet lived to see humanity triumph. And in our own time we have seen our fellow-men give the lie to those who preached the doctrine of mankind's steady deterioration.

All my adult life I have worked with and for the labouring men of my own country—the men whose place in our society, and whose share in our common heritage, has been the last to be recognized; and it is upon them my belief is based. I know their courage, their loyalty, their deep-rooted sense of fair play, and their dogged endurance when the need arises. These are the men from whom I learnt, and I know these qualities belong to all mankind, not to any one nation, race or class.

*'The rank is but the guinea's stamp:
The man's the gowd for a' that.'*

Because I believe in man, I believe he ought to be free to make his own decisions on matters of principle and conscience. He is not free if poverty and ignorance chain him; he is not so free if he is shackled by dogma and blinkered by lies or partial truths: he is not so free if force or fear shuts him off from inquiry and experiment; he is not so free if he has not the right to dissent.

These beliefs, clumsily and haltingly though they are expressed, are to me a touchstone and a way of life. Because of them, I have striven and shall continue to strive to raise the physical standards under which men labour and live; for no man can reach his full stature if he is denied

the decencies of life, as they are understood in his age and place. Because of them, I can neither accept a society which excludes some men from full participation in its duties and privileges, nor seek to change such a society by means which are themselves unjust. Because of them, I reject any theory of society which denies to a minority the effective right to be heard, even if in such a society the ruling class were actuated by the best of intentions. Because of them, I cannot agree that the end can ever justify the means, in our dealings with our fellow men.

Well . . . there it is. Ill-stated and confused enough. But I think it is essential to decide whether man is, basically, an ape or an angel. Like Disraeli, I'm on the side of the angels.

ARTHUR DEAKIN has achieved prominence as the General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union. One of the principal leaders in organized labour, he is also vice-president of the general council of the Trade Union Congress, of which he was chairman, 1951-2.

His father, a Warwickshire cobbler, died when Mr. Deakin was still a child and he was brought up by his grandparents. At the age of thirteen he began work in the steel mills at Merthyr Tydfil in South Wales. He has constantly waged war against communism. The *Observer* 'Profile' has said of him, 'For him the Socialist vision means more money in the pay packet and better conditions, not some Marxist apocalyptic glimpse of immense and mechanical forces engaged in a relentless and final struggle. He is not a theorist.'

Mr. Deakin is also a member of the Institute of Transport and a member of the European Recovery Plan Trade Union Advisory Committee. Married, he has two sons.

LORD ELTON

ON THE rare occasions when I have ventured to ask a representative modern man what he believes, I have usually found that he has had to think pretty hard before he can give any answer at all, and that then he says something like: 'I believe in life' or 'I believe in art' . . . which is not so much a confession of faith as a mere description of what he hopes or an assertion of what he admires. And perhaps the fact that so many representative modern men do find it difficult to say what they believe is one reason for the world's finding itself in its present plight. As for me, though I have no difficulty whatever in giving my answer, I shall, I am afraid, disappoint you if you expect something original. For I can answer most briefly and simply by saying that I believe in the New Testament. Nor in answering a question of this kind have I the slightest desire to be original. I am quite content, if I may put it so, to be on the same side as the specialists. If you want to know about relativity you will probably be content to accept the opinions of Professor Einstein, because Professor Einstein has the necessary qualifications for pronouncing convincingly on this department of knowledge. And analogously it is a fact confirmed and re-confirmed during the last 2000 years that you do not get convincing truth about the ultimate realities from nice, ordinary, worldly people such as you and me; but rather from those who have taken lifelong pains to make themselves unselfish, pure and humble. In other words from the saints. When being original means differing from St. Francis of Assisi or John Wesley about the nature and power of God I have certainly no qualifications for originality.

And this takes me to a second foundation for what I believe. I believe because of the lives of certain men and women whom I have had the good fortune to encounter. Do not misunderstand me. I am not speaking of decent, respectable, Sunday churchgoers, of the partially committed; I am speaking of the wholly committed, men and women who have handed their daily lives over to God, men and women who spread love and hope and courage around them like an infection. They may be missionaries, they may be bus drivers, they may be humble housewives, there are plenty of them just now in prisons behind the iron curtain; but whoever or wherever they are, sooner or later it will suddenly be

borne in on you that nothing in this world matters quite so much as discovering the secret of that radiant inner peace.

And finally I believe in the gospel because as a matter of cold personal experience it works . . . yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The longer I study the inexhaustible wisdom of the gospel, or the writings of those whose personal lives give me confidence that they are qualified to expound it, the fuller grows my assurance that here is the one key to the meaning of life . . . and death.

LORD ELTON, Godfrey Elton, First Baron Headington, has had a distinguished career as don, author, and public servant. A Scholar at Rugby, he later went up to Balliol College, Oxford, where he won First Class Classical Mods. As an officer in the 4th Hampshire Regiment, he was taken prisoner in 1916 and held for two years in Asiatic Turkey.

Returning to England, he became a Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and lecturer in Modern History. Since 1939, he has been secretary of the Rhodes Trust. Originally a member of the Labour Party, he supported Ramsey MacDonald in forming a Coalition Government. Of recent years, he has played an active role in the House of Lords.

Now engaged in writing a biography of Ramsey MacDonald, the first volume of which has appeared, Lord Elton has written many other books, including *Saint George or the Dragon* and *Imperial Commonwealth*. Among his diversified activities are frequent appearances on B.B.C. programmes. He is also president of the Christian Service Union.

DAME EDITH EVANS

I BELIEVE that good is stronger than evil. I have found that if applied with complete faith, it can obliterate evil.

Knowledge like this gives one great strength in times of oppression or tyranny. I believe that hatred is destructive. It is not always easy, or possible, to love people, nations, or ideas but at least, I say to myself, 'do not hate them: try to turn thoughts toward God.' Someone once said: 'It is better to love the good than hate the bad.'

I have all of my share of the artist's temperament, and one of our faults is that we think people are being unfair to us, or that we are suffering from other people's jealousy. The persecution complex, in fact. The one and only way in which I have been able to clear this away, is to turn my mind and thought to good and to God. I say: 'Never mind what he or she or they say, what does God say to me? Where does my life come from? Who is the source of all my qualities—and can anything prevent those qualities from being used?'

I believe to-day, that a great flood of good would be released in the world, if *all* of us concentrated upon following the simple commands of Christ: 'Love God first and your neighbour as yourself.' As 'yourself' I try to remember. So if I think kindly of myself then I think kindly of my neighbour. When Christ was asked, 'who is my neighbour?' what did he say? He told the story of the Samaritan.

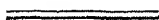
People are always demanding of us British—'don't you dislike Americans?' And conversely to Americans—'don't you dislike the British?' I can't bear classing people together nationally, and liking or disliking them. People are people wherever you meet them. They are all the children of the one God.

I have been asked how I felt in the Blitz. Most of the time I was in London—terribly excited by fear. But the only way I could keep going about my work at all, was by constantly assuring myself that the all-powerful God would take care of me.

On looking round the every-day world to-day, one is impressed by the amount of fear that is expressed by everybody. Fear of war, fear of ill-health, fear of not being able to hold their job, fear of people getting in before them, fear of losing opportunity. Fear of losing friends, lovers, advantages. Fear of death.

We are constantly reading articles, and hearing speeches, where the writers and the speakers tell us that we must cease being so material. But what most of us want to know is, How. If a busy man at his office is faced with a seemingly insuperable problem, how is he to solve this problem by other than material means? But of course the answer is so simple. Like Naaman who said: 'are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?' we tend to disregard it. It is always to turn our thoughts immediately, and with absolute confidence, away from the difficulty, and if, as I said at the beginning, one believes in the power of good, one must quietly know that the power of good will give the right answer to the problem, even if the answer is required within a few minutes or half an hour.

And when I say these things, I say them because I have proved them. In fact, throughout the ups and downs of my theatrical life, if I had not had some simple code, because I am not a highly intellectual woman, I should not be doing happily and successfully the work that I love.



DAME EDITH EVANS holds honorary degrees from London and Cambridge, the first actress to be so honoured by these universities. Her achievements fill four columns in *Who's Who In The Theatre*.

She was the first West End actress to go to the Old Vic, and she created four Bernard Shaw roles—the Serpent and the She-Ancient in *Back to Methuselah*, Lady Utterwood in *Heartbreak House*, Orinithia in *The Apple Cart*, and Epifania in *The Millionairess*.

During the war, she travelled extensively to entertain the troops. She toured the R.A.F. camps and journeyed to Gibraltar and India. She has appeared too in films. Dame Edith has a residence in London, and maintains another in Kent.

MARGERY FRY

I WANT to state in the simplest and most general form the main purposes which I believe that we must, at our highest and most human level, take as giving meaning to life.

The first is expressed for me in Schweitzer's great phrase: Reverence for life. But we must add another to this: Reverence for truth. These are two *beliefs*. I do not think it possible to prove them correct, but I do think they accord with the way of development through which we have come to be what we are, so that their roots lie deep in our unconscious being, in instincts which we accept without question. Though we arrive at them emotionally they can be supported by reason.

But the question what is the Truth we must revere may seem to-day harder to answer than ever.

Science itself assails its own methods and we begin to question even the instruments of our questioning. Perhaps, we say, the very shape of our minds unfits us for comprehending the answers to the questions we ask or even asking the questions rightly.

Confronted by such uncertainties some people throw over all attempts to approach truth as mere hair splitting, or else, because they dread the distress of uncertainty, they accept uncritically one system or another which proclaims itself infallible.

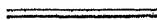
But this is not the way in which we have attained to the stature of human beings, either in our growing conquest of the world outside us or in building those relations to other people which do raise us above mere animals. In these our growth has depended on the endeavour to see always more closely into the 'life of things'. On that highest plane where we ask questions about the relation of man to the universe, we must similarly reverence truth. Though we may never grasp ultimate truth the endeavour to approach it is imperative. If, as we may venture to hope, our small lives are in some sense part of a larger whole, anything but a complete sincerity must harm our relation to it and be a betrayal not only of our own nature, but of a greater meaning than ours.

Reverence for life has its perplexities too. Yet the survival of our race has depended upon the almost universal instinct to cling blindly to the bare business of living.

We are following out the growth-lines of our own nature when we widen the scope of this fundamental impulse to the cherishing of other lives than our own. Yet we find one manifestation of life competes with another, even within ourselves. So we are forced to establish a sort of scale of the values of the forms of life. I believe the higher are those which have the greatest outgoing of the self to the not-self. Compare for a moment the narrow, self-centred existence of the idiot, who is almost dead to the larger world, with the deep and wide relatedness of the great thinkers and knowers and makers and lovers of mankind. It is perhaps in the undemanding love of parent for child that the expansion of the self into the not-self is most completely expressed more unselfishly than even in the love of lovers. If, in each generation, this life-sheltering impulse did not outweigh the destructive forces of egoism our race would die out. It is good to let our minds dwell on the myriad tendernesses of unnoticed homes in every corner of the world.

To follow these two principles of the good life isn't easy; it demands that living alongside truth which we call wisdom. Yet certain things will always in the light of these twin reverences stand out as wrong, such as cruelty, the sin of 'treating people as things', the warping of truth to satisfy passion.

I believe that no order of life can nourish the best in human nature which is not based on reverence for life and for truth.



MARGERY FRY is one of the three daughters of the renowned Quaker judge, Sir Edward Fry. She is best known to the public for her untiring efforts in the fields of penal reform and university education for women.

Miss Fry studied mathematics at Somerville College, Oxford, but took no degree. Her influence there was so keenly felt, however, that she was made librarian and assistant to the principal from 1899 to 1904. During the war years, she served with Quaker relief units in France. Afterwards, she devoted the bulk of her time to investigation of the problems of crime and punishment and produced a monumental report, 'English Prisons To-day'.

In 1926 she was made principal of Somerville College, Oxford. It was a position she held until 1931. She later served as a governor of the B.B.C. Recently, she achieved great success with a series of broadcasts on 'The Single Woman'.

TYRONE GUTHRIE

IF YOU go sufficiently far North on this planet you will eventually arrive at the North Pole. Then, if you continue moving in the same direction you will, paradoxically, find that you are moving South. Analogies can be misleading. But I think this Polar Axis analogy can be usefully applied; it isn't only physically that we can find ourselves going South when we think we are going North.

Heat is not really, but only logically, the antithesis of cold. They are both degrees of the same quality of matter; similarly light and dark are degrees of another quality—poles of another axis.

In my job—I work in the theatre—one's nose is constantly and rather forcibly rubbed in the contrast between success and failure. But the odd thing is they have come to seem to me aspects of the same thing—not opposites, but poles of the same axis.

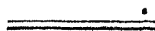
I don't mean that a successful career is indistinguishable from failure. Of course it isn't. But success in one department of life is only achieved at cost of failure elsewhere—the spectacularly successful career, for instance, at the expense of home-life or health or peace of mind. Also, just as a plant cannot simultaneously put great energy into the formation of root, flower and seed, so a life that is most successfully flowering will probably not at the same moment be very securely rooted in the past, nor may these flowers produce the seed of future success. Great men, have you ever noticed, scarcely ever have great sons. The epitome of the paradox about success and failure was the agonizing and final failure of a worldly career at Calvary. In the sphere of ethics I cannot now believe in Absolute Good and Absolute Evil. They seem to be poles of a moral axis; and what is good in one context may very well be evil in another; what is good behaviour for me, may be bad behaviour for you.

This, I realize, commits me to believing that the personifications of good and evil—God and the Devil—are merely aspects of the same idea. This seems highly unorthodox and I am trying to adjust myself to it.

Meantime I hold on to the idea that, if one cannot believe in absolute good and evil, there are still valuable checks to conduct in the social conventions. No one but a fool will flout the conventions of the society in which he lives without serious thought.

As an aim in life I do not look to happiness, for instance, because I cannot regard happiness as the opposite of unhappiness. Both are an adjustment to emotional circumstances—one positive and one negative. But, as in the case of success and failure, in my experience, the positive and negative states are indistinguishable—happiness is always shot through with agony; misery never unalleviated.

Our natures it seems are a delicately balanced mechanism; equilibrium is preserved by an elaborate system of compensations. I believe our end and aim should be to seek for equilibrium between the different aspects of our own nature, and a balanced adjustment of our self to the particular other tiny fragments of the universe with which we are in contact, even though we do not yet know how this balance works—nor why.



TYRONE GUTHRIE has earned international renown as a theatrical director. After St. John's College, Oxford, where he had spent much time with the Oxford University Dramatic Society, he served his theatrical apprenticeship with the Oxford Playhouse. There, he discovered that his height of six feet five inches was a handicap in acting. He turned to production.

In 1933, he joined the Old Vic, becoming the youngest producer in the history of that celebrated theatre. During his tenure, the Old Vic achieved its greatest fame when its company was headed by Sir Laurence Olivier, Sir Ralph Richardson, and Dame Sybil Thorndike. During the war, Mr. Guthrie was also administrator for Sadler's Wells.

In 1951, he was appointed manager of the Old Vic which he reorganized, and there staged a memorable production of *Tamburlaine the Great*. Crossing to America, he put on a new version of *Carmen* for the Metropolitan Opera which was widely acclaimed. Mr. Guthrie's home is in County Monaghan, Eire.

VISCOUNT HAILSHAM

NO ONE knows how he came to be born, nor what will happen to him when he dies. So I am not ashamed to admit that I live by faith. The only question is, what faith? Am I to believe that the things I see and feel are the only things that are, and that man himself—his hopes, his fears, his loves, his hates, his sense of sin and his longing for beauty—differs only in degree from the animals, and not in kind, begotten and born, dying and finally dissolved, all his consciousness no less material than the bloom on a peach, or the whistle of a distant railway train?

This is materialism. I cannot be satisfied with this and I cannot believe that it really satisfied anyone. Materialism can never satisfy the heart, and surely it cannot satisfy the head for long. We know enough of ourselves to feel certain that there is a sphere of reality to which we are native born, of a different order to the inanimate world about us. Its nature is obscure. Even its existence eludes us when we reach out eager hands to clutch it. But the knower is no mere thing to be known. However conditioned the mind, or limited the choice, there is a point at which every human being knows himself to be a first cause, operating on his surroundings within bounds, however narrow, inhabiting a region where mind and spirit are the ultimate, and body and matter only a secondary reality.

In this region the real things are the eternal values, such things as beauty, ugliness, truth and falsehood, right and wrong, mercy and cruelty, justice, injustice, love, hate and, above all, those sentient beings who are at once the subjects, the vehicles and the objects of such things. How can I possibly visualize a universe so constructed as a purely fortuitous combination of atoms or electric charges? How can such a universe be brought to a full stop by the explosion of an atomic bomb? I am in no doubt whatever that this universe has a centre and that that centre is God. Do I know that there is a God or do I believe it? The answer is that I believe.

In our pilgrimage there comes a time when we realize we are not alone. To each, his own experience is complete, and incommunicable. We put out our hands, and feel a hand in ours. A light shines in the darkness, not waywardly like the will o' the wisp, but in an ordered sequence, and we know that a friend is near. But what a friend. His

presence is as terrible as the lightning, yet His absence is more fearful still. If man were perfectly happy, or perfectly good, he would have no need of a redeemer. Like Enoch, he would walk with God, and feel unashamed in His presence. But there are no more certain facts in the world than suffering and sin. Man has the capacity to generate his own misfortunes, to work his own degradation, as certain as a child to muddy his face and break his toys.

We cannot understand why this should be so. But it is, and the knowledge of it, which is nothing less than the knowledge of our own nature, is unbearable. Only a God who has suffered as a man can help us to bear the knowledge and overrule the fact. Only a man who has truly borne God's image on his personality can give us courage to worship where our instinct is to flee. He must be a real man, and he must be a real God. No fairy prince, no imaginary Redeemer can work the miracle. Only a figure of history will serve. A real stone rolled away from a real tomb, in a real garden, at a real moment of time, and we were free.



VISCOUNT HAILSHAM, Q.C., Quintin McGarel Hogg, is a member of a distinguished family. The grandson of the famous philanthropist Quintin Hogg, he is the elder son of the first Viscount Hailsham, P.C., K.C.

Viscount Hailsham's career began at Oxford where he won a double first, became President of the Oxford Union and a Fellow of All Souls College. He entered politics by winning a by-election for the City of Oxford. Until 1950, when he succeeded his father, he sat in the Commons.

When hostilities broke out in 1939, he went on active duty, becoming a Major in the Rifle Corps. After a tour of service in the Middle East, he returned and helped found the Tory Reform Committee. In 1945, Winston Churchill appointed him Under-Secretary for Air. Viscount Hailsham has written several books, including the much-discussed *Case for Conservatism*.

H. WILSON HARRIS

'I BELIEVE' . . . How easy to get so far; how hard to get much farther. Yet certain beliefs I do definitely hold. They are not, for the most part, the beliefs embodied in the Apostles' Creed. There indeed I find myself checked at the outset. ' . . . in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth.' Of Heaven? Of Heaven as Jeans and Eddington and still later astronomers have revealed it? I do not disbelieve, but how can I say I believe in something so infinitely beyond the human comprehension?

Do I believe in God? Yes; or at any rate certainly not No. I believe in God because of Jesus Christ and because of myself. If Christ had never lived I should have been convinced that some Being, whom, for want of any other name, we may call God, *must* exist in the universe and I should have felt after Him, and perhaps in some degree found Him. But Christ came to reveal God, and did reveal so much more than we should ever have discovered for ourselves. He linked God with humanity. While, therefore, I can hardly begin to comprehend God, I think I have enough conception of what He must be to make all the difference to life at home, or in the office, or anywhere else.

Quakers—I was brought up a Quaker and still remain one—talk about what they call *the Inner Light*. I believe in that too. The best way to explain it is by a traditional Quaker affirmation: "There is in every man a spark of the divine." You may identify that, if you like, with what in the New Testament is called 'The spirit of truth', or 'the Holy spirit'. I accept that, for I believe in a spiritual world with which the human spirit can come into contact.

Because of all this I believe that men and women matter, to themselves, to one another and to God. I believe in life, as something to be thought about and made the best of, not just got through. I believe in democracy as a form of government, not because I think it works particularly well, but because it works better than anything else.

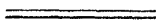
And finally, I believe in life's continuance, if belief is not too strong a word to use about the utterly unknown. I believe in it because this life, with all its evil and suffering and injustice, would be incomprehensible if that were all; because Christ declared it, and I think He knew; and because I find complete extinction harder to conceive of

than survival. If I am right about it I shall know before very long; but I shall not be able to send a message back.

Such is one man's faith—not enough, by a long way, to satisfy him, but enough to live by from day to day. Like J. H. Newman——

*I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.*

1



H. WILSON HARRIS, author and journalist, was born in Plymouth, in 1883. A Foundation Scholar at St. John's College, Cambridge, he became president of the Cambridge Union in 1905. Until he joined the staff of the *Spectator*, he served on the *Daily News* in various capacities. In 1932, he became editor of the *Spectator*, succeeding Sir Evelyn Wrench.

As a result of the General Elections of 1945, he sat as Independent Member of Parliament for Cambridge University until the University franchise was abolished in 1950. His personal views on various subjects are aired in the *Spectator's* Notebook which appears every week above the signature of 'Janus'.

A member of the Society of Friends, Mr. Harris has made a particular study of international organizations which promote peace, and is the author of several works on the League of Nations. Among his most recent books is *J. A. Spender*.

JAMES HILTON

WHAT I BELIEVE makes a sort of signpost on the road joining my knowledge, which is very small, and my ignorance, which is very large. The night is too dark for me to read what it says, but I can just see dimly that there is a signpost, and this is comforting. And perhaps sometime I *shall* be able to read what it says.

In the language I use there are words like God, destiny, immortality, fate, soul, spirit, luck and others I'd find it hard to define. But I would so often be helpless to convey what I mean *without* these words, that it seems to me I cannot gainsay or repudiate the ideas they represent—they've established squatters' rights, at least, in my mind, and all the arguments I have with myself would be pretty glum and empty without them. I don't know whether this gives me what many people would call a belief in a supreme being or in a future life, but if I had to answer the question in those terms, I would say that it does. I certainly cannot believe that death is a total end of everything—that life, which must have come from somewhere, is to go nowhere. So I believe that death will be worth dying, just as I have found life worth living.

Because I was born in one of the countries of western civilization, I would be in a sense a Christian even if I claimed not to be one, because the Christian ethic has been in the moral air I have breathed, and the structure of Christendom part of my spiritual inheritance. One can no more change that sort of thing than one can change climate—nor would I if I could. I find now as I get older that the climate has prevailed over a lot of rough weather at various times, and that moral values have inched their way to the top of the heap in my own personal reckonings. As for spiritual values, there are moments when insight supersedes logic and I can believe that the soul must exist if only because it *wants* to—if it wants to enough. But the soul to me is not a segregation or a seal of approval or a privileged passport across a frontier. When I look at my dog, whose motives and intentions are in so many ways purer than my own, I am as proud of the category of life that includes us both, as I am of my race, which happens to be the human race.

I believe in my fellow man—in my obligation to respect him as 'him' and not as a unit of 'them' or even of 'us', and to accept him as a neigh-

bour who has as much right to enjoy life as I have. Since my own tastes are not everybody's, I must tolerate differences of behaviour, and since many of my opinions may be wrong, I believe in the value of saying 'perhaps' and 'probably' very often. But not quite always. Of some ultimate certainty, of which life and death are part, I feel as I have sometimes felt on reaching a mountain peak after hard climbing—a moment when one has neither breath nor skill for eloquence, but when silence itself can say 'yes' better than words.

9



JAMES HILTON was born in Leigh, Lancashire. His father, a local school headmaster, served in later years as the inspiration for his son's beloved character, 'Mr. Chips.' After earning the degree of Master of Arts in History and English, Mr. Hilton became a lecturer and research worker at Cambridge. During this period, he travelled extensively in Europe and lived for a time in Vienna.

While still at Cambridge, he wrote his first novel, *Catherine Herself*. Afterwards, he wrote for various newspapers, chiefly the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Daily Telegraph*. *Lost Horizon*, his first distinguished success, was published in 1933. *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, which appeared the following year, brought him international recognition. The story is told of how he drafted this classic in the brief period of four days.

Other of his well-known works include *So Well Remembered*, *Nothing So Strange*, and *Morning Journey*.

HERBERT HODGE

I SOMETIMES wonder whether we human beings believe only what we want to believe. And then I say to myself: 'Do I believe only what I want to believe?' And that frightens me. And I say: 'Oh no! Surely not!' But now—when I try to state my beliefs—I feel we ought to bear that possibility in mind.

I believe that, somewhere, there is the complete answer to all life's questions. Somewhere there's the whole truth. And sometimes we're aware of this truth, only we can't describe it. The most we can manage is to say it was . . . 'as if' 'As if I walked with God.' Or 'As if I suddenly understood the meaning of all life'. And then the moment's gone.

And I believe that most of our religious and philosophical beliefs—and most of our great works of art—I believe they're our human attempts to recapture those moments. Our human 'as if' pictures. Or parables, if you like. Offering us some glorious glimpses of the truth, but not the whole truth. (Or, at any rate, not for me.)

Well, I reached that stage in my thinking when I was about thirty-five—fifteen years ago. But I found I couldn't stop there, sort of suspended in the middle of nowhere. I felt I needed a practical faith, for living my own little twentieth century life. So, in the end, I tried to draw my own picture.

It's what I call a shock-proof picture—designed to guard me against some of the disappointments of life. So it's got no plans for permanent human happiness in it—no paradise on earth—and no pie in the sky. These things may be possible, but I feel they're too far away at the moment to concern me as a practical workman.

My picture shows me life *as if* it were a job of work. With Man, as the craftsman, trying to make a better job of it. And his happiness, such as it is, growing accidentally, as it were, *out* of his work.

And I've found I can apply this rough workman's philosophy to everything I do. Whether I'm repairing a motor, or writing an essay, or making love, or taking part in a political meeting, or anything. I *can* try to make a better job of it. And a better job of myself—as a man. And a better job of our human community.

Of course, if you ask me what I mean by that word 'better', well,

I mean better as *I* see it. Just as I suppose you mean 'better' as *you* see it. Maybe that's why we so often make such a mess of things together.

But with all our mistakes, I believe we do make progress. Even if it's only a tenth of an inch in ten thousand years. And there's always to-morrow. To-morrow—we can try again.

And I believe there are still plenty of to-morrows for the human race. However destructive those threatened future wars may be.

I believe human happiness is all in the trying. And especially in the trying again.



HERBERT HODGE, Cockney born and bred, has been described as representing the sort of practical philosopher you might expect to find in a London pub. Although he now drives a taxicab only one day a week, 'just to keep his hand in,' he began his present career as a London cab driver.

After following various occupations in Canada, Mr. Hodge returned to London with the resolution to become a writer. Consequently, he took a position which allowed him enough spare time to discover and develop his talent. Soon after that, he became part owner and night driver of a taxi. His first two books, *It's Draughty In Front* and *Cab, Sir?* reflect this vocation.

More recently he has undertaken many B.B.C. programmes and is noted for his participation in 'London Log', 'Britain Speaks,' and 'Democracy Marches'. He has been recognized as a 'natural broadcaster who had sensible, articulate, and very common-sense ideas on life and people'.

ALDOUS HUXLEY

IN EVERY one of the higher religions there is a strain of infinite optimism on the one hand and, on the other, of a profound pessimism. In the depths of our being, they all teach, there is an Inner Light but an inner light which our egotism keeps, for most of the time, in a state of more or less complete eclipse. If, however, it so desires, the ego can get out of the way, so to speak, can dis-eclipse the Light and become identified with its divine source. Hence the unlimited optimism of the traditional religions. Their pessimism springs from the observed fact that, though all are called few are chosen—for the sufficient reason that few choose to be chosen.

To me, this older conception of man's nature and destiny seems more realistic, more nearly in accord with the given facts, than any form of modern utopianism.

In the Lord's Prayer we are taught to ask for the blessing which consists in not being led into temptation. The reason is only too obvious. When temptations are very great or unduly prolonged, most persons succumb to them. To devise a perfect social order is probably beyond our powers; but I believe that it is perfectly possible for us to reduce the number of dangerous temptations to a level far below that which is tolerated at the present time.

A society so arranged that there shall be a minimum of dangerous temptations—this is the end towards which, as a citizen, I have to strive. In my efforts to achieve that end, I can make use of a great variety of means. Do good ends justify the use of intrinsically bad means? On the level of theory, the point can be argued indefinitely. In practice, meanwhile, I find that the means employed invariably determine the nature of the end achieved. Indeed, as Mahatma Gandhi was never tired of insisting, the means *are* the end in its preliminary stages. Men have put forth enormous efforts to make their world a better place to live in; but except in regards to gadgets, plumbing and hygiene, their success has been pathetically small. 'Hell,' as the proverb has it, 'is paved with good intentions.' And so long as we go on trying to realize our ideals by bad or merely inappropriate means, our good intentions will come to the same bad ends. In this consists the tragedy and the irony of history.

Can I, as an individual, do anything to make future history less tragic and less ironic than history past and present? I believe I can. As a citizen, I can use all my intelligence and all my good will to develop political means that shall be of the same kind and quality as the ideal ends which I am trying to achieve. And as a person, as a psycho-physical organism, I can learn how to get out of the way, so that the divine source of my life and consciousness can come out of eclipse and shine through me.

ALDOUS HUXLEY, grandson of the great scientist, was born in Surrey but now lives in Los Angeles.

A prolific writer, he is the author of a brilliant group of novels including *Chrome Yellow*, *Point Counterpoint*, *Brave New World*, and, most recently, *The Devils of Loudun*. He refers to himself as 'an essayist who writes novels, an amateur philosopher whose books represent a series of attempts to discover artistic methods for expressing the general idea in the particular instance, the abstract through the concrete, the historical, the metaphysical and the mystical within the special case and the personal adventure'.

In the Prado, Madrid, says Mr. Huxley, there is a drawing by Goya of an ancient man hobbling along on two sticks. Under it is the legend: *Aun aprendo*—'I'm still learning.' If ours were still the age of heraldry, these words and the accompanying image would be his crest and motto, he says.

SIR PHILIP JOUBERT

I AM asked what it is in which I believe. First let me say that a man or woman who has no belief might just as well be dead for all the use they are in this world. Belief and the faith that flows from it have enabled humanity since historical times to advance from savagery to civilization. Dogmatism, fanaticism such as that of Hitler, have conspired against the onward movements of the peoples. But there has always been someone or something to direct sentiment and will in the right path. So I proclaim my personal faith in the essential goodness in human beings.

How was this personal faith born? First in my family where my parents were a shining example of that code of morality and sense of duty which was the strength of Victorian times. If a job had to be done, it was done regardless of discomfort, fatigue or boredom. Was there someone in pain at midnight, when rain and mud were making things most difficult? Then my father, a doctor, would be out of his bed to help and comfort. Was there a dreary piece of social service to be done? Then my mother was there to help the unhappy and lonely ones. In this present day and age, it is common form to laugh at what has gone before—the formalities, the restrictions, the inhibitions—but underlying all these conventions was the principle of duty which to-day is so often obscured by claims to rights.

I believe that nobody has any rights until he or she has earned them by doing duty. And the sooner the people of this modern world, as indeed many of them do, appreciate this fact, the better for us all.

I have been reading a book on the campaign in Burma during the Hitler war. A hard-fighting, hard-hitting Brigadier, one of General Wingate's column commanders, comments on this point. When he wanted a difficult, almost impossible, job done, he called in one of the old Burma hands—a man trained in the Victorian principles of duty and sacrifice who, by his personal probity and sense of responsibility, had gained the affection of the Burmans. Such a man would very quietly set about his task and by his nature and quality achieve success. I have spent forty years in the Army and the Royal Air Force and my experiences have taught me that people with a sense of duty are the salt of the earth. Instinctively one knows them. They ring true. And

when things are going badly, they are there to help. Obviously this pattern of good living cannot emerge from a purely human instinct. There must be some power behind it which in our elementary comprehension of these matters many of us call God.

As knowledge advances the over-simplified faith of our fathers becomes modified and indeed shaken. Understanding more about material things, we are less sure of our spiritual conceptions. For example, astronomy's teaching of limitless space is hard to reconcile with the Old Testament view of Heaven and Earth. But merely because our limited intelligence cannot reach an explanation of this vast problem, we should not disbelieve the existence of the unseen power of good. So, though I may not be a very satisfactory member of my church, I believe in man's natural tendency towards the good and the power behind it.

SIR PHILIP JOUBERT, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Air Chief Marshal, has combined a distinguished career in the service of his country with a busy life as a writer and speaker. Beginning his military career in the Royal Field Artillery in 1907, he later transferred to the Royal Flying Corps.

During the First World War, he flew in various theatres and was awarded several decorations besides being mentioned repeatedly in dispatches.

At the outbreak of the Second World War, he was Air Officer Commanding R.A.F. in India. Later, he was successively Assistant Air Chief of Staff, Officer Commanding in Chief, Coastal Command, and Inspector-General of the R.A.F., until his retirement from field command in 1943. For the remainder of the war, he served as Deputy Chief of Staff, for Information and Civil Affairs, S.E.A.C. Once more called out of retirement, he served as Director of Public Relations at the Air Ministry.

VISCOUNT KEMSLEY

MORE THAN fifty years ago I left Merthyr Tydfil, my home town in Wales, for London. Looking back on a long and varied career I ask myself what has been the greatest single influence in my life. I have no doubt it has been a happy family life. And it is because I believe so strongly in the importance of the family that I want to discuss it now.

No boy can ever be more fortunate than I was in his parents. They placed the deep imprint of their personalities on all their children and in truth their spirits are with me still, the unseen judges of my every action. I like to feel that were my parents alive to-day they would see in the close attachments and deep loyalties in my own family a not unworthy replica of their own happy home. In my youth we were taught simple virtues. In those days there were no cinemas to go to, no wireless, no television. To a large extent we made our own entertainment, and on Sundays there were three Church services to attend, including Sunday School. There, and within the family circle, we were taught the real nature of respect. We learned also to be self-reliant. It never occurred to us to lean on others. If help were needed it would come from the family. We were taught to use our talents and to dedicate them to the common good.

Since then there has been a very vast development in the public services. Parents to-day can call to their aid resources which parents of my generation never knew, in the task of bringing up their children—wider educational facilities, clinics, welfare amenities and the like. These ought to be gains, but for my part—and I hope you do not think me old-fashioned—I should count these gains but loss if their inevitable consequence were to be the breakdown in any degree of that family life. It is in the family that we learn or should learn to respect authority and loyally accept the rules, the reason for which we do not entirely understand. It is in the family that we learn our first lessons in co-operation for the general good. It is in the family that we learn or should learn those lessons of self-forgetfulness and consideration for others which lie at the root of all Christian morality, and these are all virtues essential for the good citizen.

The subject is one of vital importance, transcending all differences of class, creed or political allegiance. A national life built on self-interest

may prosper for a time, as many examples of history show, but they also show that when the storms of adversity beat upon it, it collapses like that house in Scripture which was built upon sand.

Our future as freedom-loving peoples will be sure, only if we take care to preserve those simple family virtues which I have mentioned.



LORD KEMSLEY, James Gomer Berry, First Viscount Dropmore, is Chairman of Kemsley Newspapers, Ltd. With one of his brothers, he entered journalism and succeeded in building up the largest newspaper chain in Britain. He now controls, among many others, the *Sunday Times* (of which he is active editor-in-chief), the *Sunday Dispatch*, and the *Sunday Graphic*. His brother, Lord Camrose, controls the *Daily Telegraph*.

Married in 1931 to Edith Merandon, he has four surviving sons and a daughter. A philanthropist, Lord Kemsley has endowed several universities with research and travelling scholarships, has founded the Kemsley Flying Trust, and has established a scholarship programme for journalists from other parts of the Commonwealth.

Lord Kemsley has long been concerned with raising the status of journalism as a profession, and has recently instituted a training programme which allows promising University students to gain experience with the Kemsley papers. In addition, he has published a *Manual of Journalism* that is regarded as definitive.

OSBERT LANCASTER

IT WOULD be easy to say 'look up the Nicene Creed' and leave it at that; but not helpful. To fulfil the purposes of this statement it is at least necessary that I should make some attempt to explain how I came to this belief. First, I was brought up in the faith of the Church of England; against which, at various periods, I have quite naturally reacted strongly, but to which I have always returned. It was, I think, Renan who stated that contrary to the popular belief, very few people are sufficiently well equipped intellectually to justify their agnosticism, and I have never been so foolish as to number myself among them. Certain of the Church's doctrines which to others are stumbling blocks, do not appear difficult to me. In the middle of the twentieth century after Christ it surely requires a far greater act of faith to believe in Progress than to accept the dogma of Original Sin.

I am no mystic, and indeed temperamentally opposed to all manifestations of mysticism. Sceptical by nature, my faith, such as it is, is a product of my scepticism. When I am constantly being presented with what I am assured are scientific facts, which I am quite incapable of disputing and which I am asked to accept on the authority of specialists whose judgment, outside of their own sphere, frequently strikes me as inept, why should I question the Incarnation?

The basic fact of human existence is, surely, isolation. Each of us, locked up in our private air-conditioned watch-tower of nerves and self-interest, is striving desperately to communicate. Occasionally art or love provides a wave length, on which some jumbled and never fully comprehended signal gets through. The belief that God Himself was once of His Own Free Will so incarcerated provides the hope that release may come. As a result of my acceptance of the Christian faith I feel that certain of my deepest convictions are justified beliefs, not just prejudices. That while the means may frequently transform the end, the end can never in any circumstances justify the means. That all human institutions exist for the benefit of the individual, not the other way round. That human personality is always and everywhere sacred.

But because one proclaims a faith it does not mean that it always burns with steady, unvarying flame. Often, too often, it is quenched not only by public calamity and private sorrow; but even, so flickering

is the jet, by a disordered liver or irrational fears. Then, all I can do is to remind myself that the Church does not consider giving way to depression, for such I take to be the meaning of 'accidie', to be an inevitable misfortune but a sin to be fought. And to repeat once more the words of one of the greatest Churchmen these islands have ever produced—Dean Jonathan Swift:

'I am not answerable to God for the doubts that arise in my own breast since they are the consequence of that Reason which He hath planted in me, if I take care to conceal these doubts from others, if I use my best endeavours to subdue them and if they have no influence on the conduct of my life.'



OSBERT LANCASTER, C.B.E., a member of the editorial board of the *Architectural Review*, is a leading authority on architecture. But he is perhaps better known for his delightful cartoons which have been a regular feature of the *Daily Express* since 1939.

Educated at Lincoln College, Oxford, and at the Slade School of Art, he served in the Foreign Office and with the British Embassy at Athens. His books have been held to combine 'a profound knowledge of architecture and fine draughtsmanship with a sophisticated wit of line and language'. These books include *Homes, Sweet Homes*, *Classical Landscape With Figures*, *Draynesflete Revealed*, and *Façades and Faces*.

Another facet of Mr. Lancaster's talent is revealed in the scenery and costumes he designed for the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company and the Glyndebourne Opera Company. In appearance, he has been described as 'an elegant Edwardian figure: dapper, impeccably polite, sporting a Guards moustache like one of the club men he caricatures so shrewdly'.

C. DAY LEWIS

*'The best lack all conviction,
While the worst are full of passionate intensity.'*

THOSE TWO lines of Yeats for me sum up the matter as it stands to-day when the very currency of belief seems debased. I was brought up in the Christian Church. Later I believed for a while that communism offered the best hope for this world. I acknowledge the need for belief, but I cannot forget how through the ages great faiths have been vitiated by fanaticism and dogmatism, by intolerance and cruelty, by the intellectual dishonesty, the folly, the crankiness or the opportunism of their adherents.

Have I no faith at all then? Faith is the thing at the core of you, the sediment that's left when hopes and illusions are drained away. The thing for which you make any sacrifice because without it you would be nothing—a mere walking shadow. I know what my own core is. I would in the last resort sacrifice any human relationship, any way of living to the search for truth which produces my poem. I know there are heavy odds against any poem I write surviving after my death. I realize that writing poetry may seem the most preposterously useless thing a man can be doing to-day. Yet it is just at such times of crisis that each man discovers or rediscovers what he values most. My poet's instinct to make something comes out most strongly then, enabling me to use fear, doubt, even despair as creative stimuli. In doing so, I feel my kinship with humanity, with the common man who carries on doing his job till the bomb falls or the sea closes over him. Carries on because of his belief, however inarticulate, that this is the best thing he can do. But the poet is luckier than the layman, for his job is always a vocation. Indeed it's so like a religious vocation that he may feel little need for a religious faith, but because it is always trying to get past the trivial and the transient or to reveal these as images of the essential and the permanent, poetry is at least a kind of spiritual activity.

Men need a religious belief to make sense out of life. I wish I had such a belief myself, but any creed of mine would be honeycombed with confusions and reservations. Yet when I write a poem I am trying to make sense out of life. And just now and then my experience composes and transmutes itself into a poem which tells me something I

didn't know I knew. So for me the compulsion of poetry is the sign of a belief, not the less real for being unformulated . . . a belief that men must enjoy life, explore life, enhance life. Each as best he can. And that I shall do these things best through the practice of poetry.

C. DAY LEWIS is one of Britain's leading poets and was awarded the C.B.E. in the 1950 Birthday Honours List. He was educated at Sherborne School and at Wadham College, Oxford. While at the University, he met Stephen Spender and W. H. Auden, the latter having a profound influence on Mr. Lewis's early poetry.

He soon became a widely respected poet in his own right. In a preface to a selection of his poems he says: 'We write in order to understand, not in order to be understood; though the more successfully a poem has interpreted to its writer the meaning of his experience, the more widely will it be "understood" in the long run.'

In 1951 Mr. Lewis was elected to the Chair of Poetry at Oxford. He frequently broadcasts readings of poetry for the B.B.C., sometimes with his wife, Jill Balcon. Under the pseudonym of Nicholas Blake he has written detective stories. His poetry is represented in most anthologies of modern verse.

LORD LISTOWEL

WHEN I WAS a young man I took to philosophy as an addict takes to dope. I chased the secret of life up and down the corridors of thought, from its dawn in ancient Greece to its high noon in Western Europe and America. I pursued it through the sacred books of the world religions—and, after years of study, it still eluded me. I paused, wondering hopelessly whence I had come, why I was here, whither I was going.

Then I suddenly realized that reason cannot give a certain or final answer to these questions, because they lie beyond the boundaries of knowledge. The yardstick of truth and falsehood, which I had been trying vainly to use, can only be applied to our experience of ourselves and the world around us, and to that refinement of experience we call science. The boundaries of knowledge are drawn by experience, and any statement that goes beyond it may be an act of faith or a philosophical hypothesis but cannot be proved or disproved when masquerading as a statement of fact. Our sum of knowledge about the infinite and eternal universe surrounding us is fragmentary and incomplete as experience itself, and the mysteries of life, and consciousness, and values, are still wrapped in impenetrable obscurity.

But this failure to find life's meaning in philosophy, was, by a strange paradox, the clue I needed to find the meaning of life. I had been looking all the time in the wrong place. Instead of looking backwards at the wisdom of the sages, or outwards at the world picture of science, I should have looked inwards, into myself. And here I found, lurking in the irrational background of consciousness, that inner core of feeling, that sense of values, which Pascal described so well when he said that: 'The heart has its reasons which reason does not understand.'

At about this time I became a socialist, in the English sense of the word, which derives socialism from the New Testament and not from Karl Marx. I was thus one of the first three hereditary peers to join the British Labour Party. In later years I met Mahatma Gandhi, the greatest living embodiment in our generation of the escape from self. He was staying at a 'sweeper's' house in New Delhi, and could be seen wielding the broom, the emblem of a depressed class which had become outcasts of Hindu society. He seemed not so much to have overcome

as to have transmuted the dross of human nature into the charm and gaiety of a supremely impersonal personality.

As time passes, I find more and more that the qualities I most envy in others and would most gladly emulate, because they are the surest passport to a good life, are these two, courage and love. I mean courage of the higher order than mere physical endurance. The courage to say 'no' to my own greedy desires, to place conscience above expediency, to be reviled by the crowd, to bear my own misfortunes and those of others without bitterness or self-pity, the courage, above all, to offer everything for nothing, for an idea, a principle, a belief. And by love, I need hardly explain, I mean something different in texture and durability from a screen romance. Love starting from personal relationships, and spreading from family and friends in widening circles of diminishing intensity to neighbourhood and country, to other peoples and races, until it embraces the fitful happiness and the abiding sorrow of the larger human family. But love cannot be limited to persons. As love of truth, love of nature and art, love of freedom and equality, or just love of daily work for the common good, it becomes a creative passion which raises us above our animal heritage, and the substance of that inner core where our true self resides.



LORD LISTOWEL, William Francis Hare, P.C., is the eldest son of the fourth Earl of Listowel and the Hon. Freda Vanden-Bempde-Johnstone. After Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, he gained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at London University.

He succeeded his father in 1931 and began a noteworthy career in the House of Lords. From 1941 to 1944, he was Whip of the Labour Party. During the war and post-war periods, Lord Listowel played an important role in governmental affairs. In Winston Churchill's coalition government, he served as Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Indian Affairs.

After two years as Postmaster General, he returned to the India Office during the final stages of the negotiations leading to the independence of India and Burma. Afterwards, he held the newly created post of Minister of State for Colonial Affairs. More recently, Lord Listowel was Joint Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries.

LADY MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE

MY GENERATION was brought up in the First World War. We have never known Peace—only wars and rumours of war. We have always lived at the foot of a volcano, wondering when the next eruption would come, and whether it would overwhelm us and our civilization. That fear has conditioned, perhaps unconsciously, our living and our thinking. So it is not surprising that every now and then a trapped sense of hopelessness comes over us—a feeling that there is no escape. Is there a way out?

I shall never forget the words of a French General in the First World War. Dreary trench warfare had been dragging on interminably and inconclusively, our troops one day retreating a little, the next gaining a few yards of ground, with grim toll of life and limb. There seemed no end to the deadlock, and someone said to the General: 'What would Napoleon have done if he had been here?' And the reply was: 'Ah! He would have found the other way.'

I believe that the 'other way' is not to be found through Science or material power, or the application of political principles alone, but in seeing things in a different dimension. I believe that we must have new spiritual lenses if we are to get our perspective right and think constructively. I remember God's question to patient, long-suffering Job: 'Where is the way where light dwelleth?' and of the answer our Lord came to the earth to give: 'I am the Way, the Truth and the Life.'

One of the difficulties of living in a time of crises and cataclysmic events is that one is dangerously apt to fold one's hands and say: 'What can I do about it? This is a job for the superman, the statesman, the scientist, the social worker, in short, not my responsibility but the other chap's whoever he may be. How can I be expected to arrest these primeval forces let loose amongst us? With poverty and suffering on so vast a scale in the world, the little I can do to relieve it is hardly worth doing.'

Even so might have said the members of the Early Church, so small in numbers, so valiant of heart, setting out to convert a heathen world. But they didn't—they were sustained by the faith that moves mountains. Now I truly believe, in the same way, there is nothing beyond the power of man if he be possessed of such spiritual dynamics.

I am not a fatalist. When man was given free will, he was also given the power to impede or accelerate the Divine plan. I do not believe that, in our time, the forces of Nazism or Fascism would ultimately have triumphed, but I do believe that the self-sacrifice and heroism of young men in Britain, in America and in all free countries hastened the day of victory.

LADY MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, the daughter of Britain's First World War Prime Minister, is the leading Welsh woman in public life. She was born into politics, and from the age of six was brought up in Downing Street, first at No. 11, where her father lived while he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and then at No. 10, when he became Prime Minister.

When her father went to the Versailles Peace Conference, Lady Megan accompanied him and attended a Parisian finishing school. From that time on, she served as his constant companion and political secretary.

In 1929, she was elected to Parliament for the Isle of Anglesey. It was a position she held until 1951. From 1931 until 1935, she sat as an Independent Liberal but rejoined the official Liberal Party and became its Deputy Leader from 1949 to 1951. She was appointed a member of the B.B.C. General Advisory Council in 1952. Her residence is in Brynawelon, Criccieth.

LOUIS MACNEICE

WHEN FACED with this question 'What do I believe', I assume it is a question not so much of fact as of value. The answer therefore should not be such an answer as 'I believe *that* the cup is on the table', or 'I believe *that* two and two make four'; it should be an answer such as 'I believe *in* cooking with garlic', or 'I believe *in* splashing in my bath'. This latter kind of answer cannot, as I see it, be assessed purely in terms of fact. I know that there will always be some tiresome person to say: 'You believe in cooking with garlic because it stimulates the digestion, so what you really meant was, "I believe that cooking with garlic is good for me".' But this of course is not what I really meant at all. I would still do these things if they were not—in the utilitarian sense—'good for me'; I enjoy both the taste of garlic and a good splash, and when one enjoys anything it seems to me that that thing becomes an end in itself, even though at the same time it may be a means to something else. So this question 'What do I believe' seems to me to be a question of ends—and also of starting-points.

It is not a mere question of fact or of utility. Lots of things are useful for the preservation of life and their comparative usefulness may be a question of fact. But life itself—what is the use of life? I defy any scientist or rationalist or collector of facts to answer that one. Either you assume life is worth while or you don't—and that is a question of value.

Well, I—like the vast majority of people—assume that life is worth while and that is my starting point. But as to the end—merely to live is inadequate; some kinds of life seem to me preferable to others. Someone at once of course will bring in the 'De gustibus' argument and say: 'That is all very well but your preferences are not the same as mine, so it's every man for himself, an extreme individualism which means, collectively, anarchism.' I do not, however, accept the 'De gustibus' argument. Apart from the fact that, whether we want to or not, we have to live in communities, I think that human individuals are much more like each other than they are unlike each other. One may live on bread and another may live on meat but they all feel hunger when they're hungry. And on a much higher plane than that of hunger I think that all human beings have a hankering for pattern and order;

look at any child with a box of chalks. There are of course evil patterns or orders—which perhaps is the great problem of our time. What I do believe is that as a human being, it is my duty to make patterns and to contribute to order—good patterns and a good order. And when I say duty I mean duty; I think it is the turn of enjoyment, I believe that life is worth while *and* I believe that I have to do something *for* life.

LOUIS MACNEICE is a leading poet of our time who also serves on the staff of the B.B.C. He has written and produced a number of experimental features for the Third Programme, including 'The Dark Tower', 'Holes in the Sky,' and 'One Wild Eye'. Concerning his radio work, one critic has written, 'He never shrinks from bold experiment or from being unconventional, or even from taking risks in improvisation.'

Mr. MacNeice is a classical scholar and has been Lecturer in Classics at the University of Birmingham and Lecturer in Greek at Bedford College for Women. During 1950, he was on leave from the B.B.C. and acted as Director of the British Institute in Athens.

While in Athens, he completed his latest volume of verse, *Ten Burnt Offerings*. Included in this collection is 'The Lament on the Death of a Cat', regarded as one of his finest poems and originally read on John Lehmann's 'New Soundings'. Recently, he published a notable verse translation of Goethe's *Faust*.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

MY PATERNAL grandfather believed that he was not one of the elect; facing the prospect of eternal hellfire, he fell into a melancholy in which he eventually died. He was unlike most people in really believing what he professed. A man's beliefs can only be judged by his actions. If he gets into the right train from London, he believes he will reach Edinburgh. If he believed in the New Testament as genuinely as in the railroad timetable, he would not spend his life laying up treasure on earth.

Accepting this practical test of belief, I have come to the conclusion that I believe very little. To me the doctrines of organized religion are poetry rather than fact. They often embody important ethical truths. Men have always created gods in their own image, adjusting—how much too slowly!—their conception of divine power to increasing knowledge and changing social structure. To me therefore the fatherhood of God is a symbolic way of expressing the truth that unless men live together as brothers society lapses into anarchy.

Similarly pictures of life after death seem to me reflections of men's inability to face the facts of physical decay, reinforced by the hope that the injustices of this world will somehow be adjusted hereafter. I know that such beliefs are comforting to many people. I do not myself find them credible.

If I do not see reasons for believing in another life after death, do I assume progress towards a heaven on earth? I am just old enough to have inherited a faith in progress towards a happier state of society; I am still sustained in my working day by the hope that reason will triumph some time, that science will be used for human welfare and that a Socialist or co-operative Commonwealth will take the place of our present cut-throat jungle of a world. We may some day have a world state that prevents wars, organizes the resources of the earth for man's benefit and which yet allows individuals greater opportunity to develop their natural bent. I can find good historical and psychological grounds for regarding such a happier world as possible. But I must admit that this belief cannot be considered a convincing deduction from observation of how men and nations commonly behave.

What then is left in which I believe without reservation? The answer,

judging by my own behaviour, is that I believe in the supreme virtue of exploring. I believe in finding out. Even if I don't succeed, I still believe in the value of the search. The goal is better human relationships and more human happiness. Pursuing this adventure, I find myself in a goodly company of men and women, both alive and dead; our friendships are cemented by failure and frustration, but our search is now and again rewarded by the occasional creation of some new beauty of form or the perception of some new aspect of truth. One hears it go 'click' like a latch of a door when one finds the right key. It is this click of friendship, of knowledge, and of art in which I believe.

KINGSLEY MARTIN has been editor of the weekly *New Statesman and Nation* since 1931. A Bye-Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, he later received his Master's degree from Princeton University. He began his career as an historian. From 1923 to 1927 he was an assistant lecturer in the Department of Political Science at the London School of Economics.

In 1927 he turned to journalism. Before going to the *New Statesman and Nation*, he was associated with the *Manchester Guardian* for four years. His present publication is primarily concerned with political affairs and Mr. Martin has always sought to find in socialism an answer to contemporary problems. The magazine is also noted for its perceptive news and reviews of the arts.

Mr. Martin's published works include *The Triumph of Palmerston*, *French Liberal Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, *The Magic of Monarchy*, *Propaganda's Harvest*, *The Press the Public Wants*, and, most recently, a study of the late Harold J. Laski.

LORD MORAN

WHEN I WAS a boy my father told me this story: 'One morning,' he began, 'we were at breakfast, when something was said which hurt my brother's feelings. He rose from the table, and without a word left the room. We never saw him again. He had gone to America, we heard later, and after that we heard no more.' I wanted my father to tell me more of this uncle, but when I grew up it was the fact that my forebear acted without counting the cost which brought home to me how deeply he felt things.

But it was the First World War which convinced my generation that it was what a man did, not what he said, which revealed what he truly believed—deeds not words. In our rough way we checked the depth of a man's convictions by what he was prepared to do. And it was a pretty stiff test he had to pass. At first, it is true, the war was just a great adventure, the war of Rupert Brooke. But that phase passed. As the months went by in the Ypres salient, the character of the war changed. One day I walked up the trench, and when I returned my dug-out had been blown up by a shell. You said, 'What luck.' But to yourself, 'Can it last?' Men were left to fight their own secret battle with fear. And there were some who could not pass that acid test of a man. The selfish desire to live was too much for them. They reported sick, or went on leave and did not return. They had been our closest friends. Now we cut them out of our thoughts as if we had never known them. There were others who hung on, these good fellows came back when their wounds were healed, like moths unable to leave a flame. It may be that in peace you cannot divide the world like that into the selfish and the unselfish. Anyway, when the war was over we found people at home wanted to forget the war, so that we bottled up what we had learnt in France of the measurement of men. But in our hearts we think we know a man when we see one, and that getting on in life is not everything.

And now I suppose at the end of my life I ought to be able to look back on what I have tried to do, and from that declare what I believe. But I doubt whether the average Englishman's deepest convictions are as clear-cut as that. Twice in my life-time I have seen boys grow to men, only to be consumed by war, and I have come to think of this almost

every day. Because of this I have been fumbling for another way of living, less material, less sterile than that which has brought us to this pass. Meanwhile I believe that consideration for others is the only test of virtue and that altruism must become the ultimate sanction of man's moral code.

LORD MORAN, Charles McMoran Wilson, is a former president of the Royal College of Physicians. He received his medical degree from the University of London (Gold Medal) and served with the Army in France during the First World War as a medical officer. He attained the rank of major and was awarded the Military Cross and the Italian Silver Medal for Military Valour.

From 1920 until 1945, he was dean of St. Mary's Hospital Medical School. During the Second World War, he was responsible for organizing all hospitals. A consultant Advisor to the Ministry of Health, he took a leading part in the negotiations which resulted in the establishment of the National Health Service.

The personal physician of Sir Winston Churchill, he accompanied the Prime Minister on all his war-time missions abroad. Lord Moran has published a book, *Anatomy of Courage*, which is based on his experiences during the First World War and on his study of the morale of R.A.F. pilots in the last war.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

MOST OF us to-day, I think, find it easier to formulate our disbeliefs than our beliefs. I certainly do. For instance, I know that I do not believe in the Nicene Creed, in liberalism or humanism. Again it seems to me evident that there is no such thing as progress, whether automatic or contrived, in human affairs, and that Man's present condition is, essentially, as it ever has been and ever will be.

The human situation, that is to say, is changeless because Man is changeless—a creature imperfect by nature, but capable of conceiving perfection; a creature born to exist in time while envisaging eternity. His passion, his will, drags him down to earth; his imagination, his soul, makes him aspire to escape from the limitations of mortality. Such is his inescapable plight. To me, the most moving of all allegories is the one in which Plato likens the human situation to that of a man confined in a dungeon who yet can glimpse, without comprehending, the daylight outside, and the shadows of those who pass to and fro in it.

I believe, then, that *earthly life is a stage in a larger pilgrimage*. It is part of a journey whose beginning and whose destination are alike unknown, but whose purpose is beneficent. With this certainty, I am content to endure (I hope and pray without recourse either to corroding self-deception or to snivelling self-pity) its ardours, disappointments and terrors, and to enjoy to the full those moments of happiness which come so unaccountably and pass so soon.

Once I saw a man engaged in rolling through India's dust from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin. The whole enterprise was expected to take about ten years. He oddly resembled a millionaire I once met who was engaged in piling up wealth (and duodenal ulcers) to the exclusion of all other interests and pursuits. However minute a fragment life may be in relation to the whole of which it is a part, it still bears a valid relation to the whole. All the world in a grain of sand, Blake said. Yes, and all eternity in a single moment. Either everything is worth while or nothing is; either life is worth living in any circumstances or it is never worth living. I believe that it is worth living in any circumstances whether one is sick or well, whether one is rich or poor, whether one belongs to an expanding or a declining society or civilization.

It is a great temptation, especially in times like these of confusion and disruption, to take refuge in dreams of a golden age that once was or that is soon to be. All golden ages, in the past or to come, are, I am convinced, fraudulent, and their pursuit, like the pursuit of happiness, is liable to end in a disastrous Gadarene rush to extinction. I take comfort in the robust words of Bunyan's Pilgrim:

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'Some have wished that the next way to their Father's house were here, that they might be troubled no more with either hills or mountains to go over. But the way is the way, and there is an end.'



MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE is editor of *Punch*. After graduating from Selwyn College, Cambridge, he went to Cairo as a University lecturer. Returning, he joined the editorial staff of the *Manchester Guardian*. The nephew of Sidney and Beatrice Webb, he held radical views and was anxious to witness at first hand the developments in Russia. From 1932 to 1933, he was in Moscow as a correspondent. His complete disillusionment with the totalitarian regime there is reflected in his novel, *Winter in Moscow*.

Once again, Mr. Muggeridge took up residence abroad, this time in India, as assistant editor of *The Statesman*. In 1935, he returned to join the staff of the *Evening Standard*. During this period, he and Hugh Kingsmill published a parody of the contemporary press, entitled *Brave Old World*. When war broke out, he served as a major in the Intelligence Corps. Following the war, he held various posts on the *Daily Telegraph* until his appointment as editor of *Punch* in 1953.

DR. GILBERT MURRAY

IN TRYING to say what I really believe I cannot recite one of the traditional creeds, Christian, Jewish, Moslem, Buddhist, or the like. Most of us are born into one of them, and which it is depends simply on what country and what parents we come from. A great mystery surrounds us, in which the human mind can at best catch glimpses and express itself in metaphors.

For myself, I come on my mother's side from a family of teachers, almost of school ma'ams, and grew up occasionally—accordingly—a good, obedient little boy, who kept all the rules. On my father's side, however, I came of a line of Irish rebels, always suspicious of authorities and deeply prejudiced in favour of the underdog. I loved new ideas and poetry; so naturally in my teens I fell deeply under the influence of Shelley. *Prometheus Unbound* was for some years to me almost a sacred book. Such poetry and such a religion, proclaiming a rejection of all the oppressors who misrule the world, all the superstitions that cripple man's mind and prevent his going straight as the crow flies towards perfection! An illusion, of course. Perhaps I was slow in growing out of it.

The other main influence that has gone to forming my beliefs has been that of Ancient Greece. I could hardly have escaped it, having been a Professor of Greek most of my life, from twenty-three to seventy. It got hold of me first, I suppose, by the charm of its poetry. Then, it seemed to me that the great Greek thinkers were mostly facing the same problems as ourselves, but facing them more freely and frankly, not hampered by all the complexities and inherited conventions that confuse us to-day. They did sincerely try to understand Truth and Justice and the Good Life.

Then, at last, in 1914 came the shock of the Great War, bringing for me as for so many people, not any change of belief but a great change of focus. The prevention of war became the thing that mattered most in the world. I took part in the founding of the League of Nations and for thirty years now I have been working in that cause, learning, I think a good deal by the way. It needed more than enthusiasm. It needed patience and experience and common sense. It needed day by day far more knowledge than I possessed. But I found good guides and

companions. I learnt to think less of abstract principles and less still of party catchwords and slogans. I have found among all parties, and all religions, men inspired by the great movement that leads towards peace, outward and inward. I feel much truth in an old Greek philosopher's saying, 'The helping of man by man is God.'

PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY, O.M., is world famous as a Greek scholar, poet and dramatist. As a boy, he left his native Australia for England. After attending Merchant Taylors' School, he studied at St. John's College, Oxford. In 1888, when only twenty-two, he was elected a Fellow of New College. Beginning then, as Arnold Bennett said, 'he shed his light-giving brilliance over the world.' From 1908 to 1936 he was Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford and in 1926 lectured at Harvard as Charles Eliot Norton Professor of Poetry.

President of the International Committee of Intellectual Co-operation from 1928 to 1940, he now serves as joint-president of the United Nations Association of Great Britain. Even after a serious illness in 1946 he continued to work at his scholarly pursuits at his home at Boar's Hill, Oxford. His noble verse translations of the Greek dramatists represent a permanent contribution to English literature.

SIR HAROLD NICOLSON

I BELIEVE in man.

Although I respect, and sometimes envy, those who can detect a divine purpose in the universe, or who are convinced that there will be survival after death, rewards for our abstinence, and penalties for our sins: although I know people of fine integrity and intelligence place unshaken faith in what for them are the eternal verities, yet I realize that I have not myself been accorded the religious temperament, that I am a natural pagan, and that it would not be right for me to seek comfort or protection in ideas that are fundamental truths to many others, but not for me.

I believe that when I die my body will fall to dust and my personality will be obliterated. I believe that we are allotted no more than three score years and ten upon this lovely earth, and that when life is finished we shall fall back into the eternal darkness from which we came. I can know nothing about the hidden things and I refuse to invent myths about them. I cannot understand these mysteries any more than the flies that flit above my pond on a warm evening can understand the meaning of mighty cathedrals, majestic symphonies, or poems which give a sudden thump of vigour to your heart and mine.

Does that mean that I have no belief at all? I said that I believed in man. I believe that the purpose of man's life upon this earth is the pursuit of happiness. 'Then what,' you will say, 'do you mean by happiness?' Not pleasure, of course, nor success. The most miserable men I know are those who surrender to the dreary round of self-indulgence, or those whose achievements in life can be assessed only in material or hedonistic terms.

I should define happiness as the active and continuous expression of one's own better nature. 'But how,' you will ask, 'can you recognize your own better nature?' To that I answer 'my conscience tells me'. 'Yes,' you will then say, 'but if you believe in the conscience you must believe in the soul; and if you believe in the soul you must believe in God.' I see no such obligation. The iris and the rose know naught of God, yet there is some instinct that drives them to assume ever more lovely colours, ever more beautiful form. I do not pretend to define the nature of that instinct. I know only that it is there and that for people like me it constitutes the purpose and the joy of life.

This must seem to you an unstable and lonely philosophy. But is it? I know that when I behave badly, when I am indolent, selfish, or ill-tempered, I experience sensations of pain. I know that work well accomplished or the exercise of the affections give me sensations of pleasure. I know that untruthfulness, dishonesty, cowardice or cruelty are evils absolutely. And I believe that man, by following the dictates of his better nature, will, after many millenniums of trial and error, attain perfection. I wish, in the tiny span accorded to me upon earth, to assist that evolution.

SIR HAROLD NICOLSON, K.C.V.O., C.M.G., was born in 1886 at Teheran, the son of the British Minister to Persia who later became Lord Carnock. Following his education at Wellington and at Balliol College, Oxford, he entered the Diplomatic Service in 1909. After assignments at Madrid and Constantinople, he was transferred to the Foreign Office in 1914.

In 1929, Sir Harold resigned from the Service to take up a literary and political career. He had already made a reputation as a biographer of such literary figures as Paul Verlaine, Tennyson, Byron, and Swinburne. Later, he wrote biographies of his father and of Lord Curzon, as well as of Dwight Morrow, the American financier.

From 1935 to 1945 he sat in Parliament. Sir Harold's many activities include the authorship of a Royal Biography, *King George V, His Life and Reign*, and of a weekly essay in the *Spectator*. He is married to the Hon. Victoria Sackville-West. p1

ALFRED NOYES

READING DARWIN when I was a young student, I came upon a sentence which seemed to express one of those deep and simple truths about the theory of evolution. "This grand sequence of events," he wrote, "cannot be the result of blind chance. The understanding revolts at such a conclusion." This belief that you cannot get plus out of minus has been the primary postulate of all my thoughts during the last half century. The theory of evolution, however, has often been popularized to mean something that no real thinker could accept for a moment. At one end of the process it is supposed we have a nebula and out of the action and reaction of the chemical elements in that cloud of gas, and nothing else whatsoever, the human race has slowly and surely emerged, with Beethoven and Shakespeare, and the great cathedrals. This miracle has undoubtedly happened, but it required considerably more than the gas to bring it about.

The materialist, often an absolutely accurate person as far as he goes, is like a man who should explain a Beethoven symphony by faithfully tracing the origin of the catgut in the violins and omitting to mention the unseen composer whose mind and spirit speak to us through those instruments.

I have personally found real help in Galileo's answer to those who thought that the new astronomical universe made the idea of God's care for each of his children impossible: "The sun," he said, "which has all those planets moving around it, can ripen a bunch of grapes as if it had nothing else in the world to do." Why should I doubt the power of that infinitely greater Light?

I believe therefore:

1. That there is an immense mass of evidence drawn from the inner life and experience of the human race, which constitutes an overwhelming proof of the first postulate of reason, and of a rightly ordered society, namely, belief in the existence of a Supreme Being, our Origin and End.
2. That it is in the realm of spiritual values, not in the measurements of the material world, that we most nearly realize the nature of that Supreme Being. A child, with its possibilities of love and aspiration towards God, is therefore not only more valuable than any quantity of

lifeless matter, but is—despite Copernicus—more central and *nearer* to God.

3. It is therefore not irrational, but in conformity with the highest reason, to look for the fullest revelation of the character of God, the Supreme Being, in the conscious human soul, with its divine possibilities of love and sacrifice, and its grasp of things beyond the reach of the senses.

The central belief of my religion, in conformity with this, is that the Light has thus shone in our darkness, though the darkness cannot comprehend it; that man, in the course of evolution, two thousand years ago had reached a point where it was possible for him to meet, touch and communicate with the divine and the realities of a higher world than that of the beasts. The character of God has been most profoundly revealed to us in the most divine of all personalities, approaching us in history, not through the vague mists of endless time or a boundless physical universe. When death had passed through my own doors it was He and He alone who could speak, as none other could speak, from the centre of all things, saying: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'



ALFRED NOYES, C.B.E., the poet, has achieved world-wide fame. At Exeter College, Oxford, he demonstrated a keen interest in literature, and rowing, he comments, became 'the most important thing in life'. It is still his avocation. Immediately successful as a poet in the great succession of traditional English verse, his first volume, *The Loom of Years*, was enthusiastically received.

This was later followed by the equally popular, *The Phantom Fleet*. His next memorable success, *The Highwayman*, has found its way into important anthologies. International peace, based on Anglo-American co-operation, has been one of his consistent themes since before the First World War. He delivered the Lowell Lectures in America in 1913, and was a professor of modern English literature at Princeton University in 1914.

Mr. Noyes is the holder of many honorary degrees. Other of his published works include *Shadows on the Down*, *Portrait of Horace*, *Collected Poems*, and, most recently, his autobiography, *Two Worlds for Memory*.

LORD OAKSEY

BELIEFS SHOULD be few and unshakeable like rocks; not numberless and shifting like the sands of the sea.

In matters of performance, I believe in intensity, since neither the mind nor the body can produce its best except at white heat.

In matters of principle, I believe in simplicity. When I joined the Army as an artilleryman in September 1914, I found that almost all artillery problems could be solved by a very few simple principles almost as accurately as by a slide rule, and that in moments of crisis it was essential to have these simple principles so fixed in your mind that you could not forget them. A slide rule can be lost or broken.

In the same way your principles should, I believe, be few and simple and ingrained into your very being: there is then no difficulty in following them if you have the will. It is over-refinement in their application that leads to perplexity.

In perplexity I believe in inspiration.

The test of sanity in English law is to be able to distinguish right from wrong and no sane person believes that wrong is right. If there is any doubt, resolve the doubt against your own interest. Never sail too close to the wind: rules should be observed in their spirit as well as in their letter.

I believe, too, in opportunity, or luck as some would call it. How often are opportunities thrown away owing to the irritation or boredom in waiting for them. Any games player will agree with me, and what is true in games is true in life.

The last four lines of Adam Lindsay Gordon's poem have always appealed to me:

*'Life is nought but froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone,
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.'*

BARON OAKSEY, Geoffrey Lawrence, is one of Britain's foremost jurists and is the son of a former Lord Chief Justice, Baron Trevethin. After Haileybury, he went up to New College, Oxford, of which he was made an honorary Fellow in 1944. Subsequently, he was called to the Bar and became a pupil of Viscount Simon.

A King's Counsel, he specialized in constitutional cases before the House of Lords and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. He was awarded the D.S.O. as a result of his gallantry during the First World War. From 1928 to 1932, Lord Oaksey was Attorney General to the Prince of Wales and a member of the Council.

He became a Judge in 1932, a Lord Justice of Appeal in 1944, and a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary in 1947. From 1945 to 1946, he presided over the War Crimes Tribunal at Nuremberg. When not in London, Lord Oaksey resides at his country house in Malmesbury.

ALAN PRYCE-JONES

THIS SERIES is called 'This I Believe', but I'm not sure I myself can go much beyond 'This I generally think'—for I am one of those people afflicted with a rebellious curiosity and an almost fatal gift for seeing both sides of a question.

I have tried to turn these handicaps—for in every field they do handicap belief—into virtues, by telling myself that one only learns anything about life from an endless process of dialogue—dialogues with other people and dialogues with oneself. But to that there is one hitch: dialogues ought to have a general sense of direction. If only I could feel—as many writers do—that writing—just writing—were an end in itself, I should be perfectly content. I should write as well as I could, enjoy myself as much as possible, and wait for death in the happy certainty of extinction.

The trouble is that most of the time I don't feel that at all. An art, any art—writing for example—without dedication seems to me not worth having; but dedication to what? I suppose the answer must be, to a consistent idea of the world's purpose. I like to think of my own life—and everybody else's—as itself an art, with its varieties of colour and tempo, its gifts and pleasures, its disappointments and hopes all to some extent under control. I like to imagine myself perfecting that control all the time, so as at last not to waste a single heartbeat. And if I get what I want I shall have built a small castle of civilization, so to speak, and held it successfully against the enemies who besiege all of us night and day.

But small castles aren't much good unless they are part of a general defensive system. And so I believe very strongly that the civilized part of mankind ought to be guarding and extending its positions consciously and all the time. But even that isn't enough, because of the horrid uncertainty about what happens when we die. Suppose we even accept the possibility of continuing in some form, then everything we do at this very moment affects us for ever, and the art of living becomes, in the most literal sense, infinitely more complicated.

And what does one do about *that*? Does one assume that truth is a little bit different for everybody, or that everybody ought to reach the same conclusions more or less? I generally think—for as I have said,

I find it hard to assert, I always believe—that the Christian tradition as it has been defined by successive centuries lies as near truth as we shall get in this world. It gives full scope for dialogue, it gives a meaning to arts, writing and all the others. It enables the human race to participate in a coherent act of creation. I like the Christian sense that we are still only on the threshold of history . . . at any rate, I like it better than the alternative notion that our one function is to get and spend and make a few patterns in the sand until such time as the scientists have at last learnt enough to blow us all sky-high.

ALAN PRYCE-JONES, Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*, was born in 1908. He was educated at Eton and at Magdalen College, Oxford, and was for five years assistant editor of the *London Mercury*. During the Second World War he was a Lieutenant-Colonel and served in France, Italy and Austria.

He has travelled extensively and is the author of a number of books including *The Spring Journey*, *People in the South*, *Private Opinion*, a life of Beethoven and a volume of poems. He is an accomplished opera librettist, being responsible for the English version of *Der Rosenkavalier* and for an original opera about Nelson and Lady Hamilton with music by Lennox Berkeley.

LADY RHONDDA

I AM an incurably political animal. I have been thinking and writing about politics, national and international politics, all of my life. And the reason I find it so fascinating is, I think, because above all, I believe in freedom—as much freedom as is possible always and for all men.

But why do I believe so passionately in freedom? I asked myself that the other day and the answer took me a long way afield. A great man said once that all human differences are in fact ultimately religious ones. He did not, of course, mean that men never differ on anything but religion, but that every deeply held belief, and therefore every deep division between men, stems ultimately from their views as to the meaning of life.

When I was young, the fashionable belief—at least amongst the intelligentsia—was that the world we see around us and the brains wherewith we apprehend and try to study it, all came into being as the result of some series of gigantic accidents, in consequence of what both Cicero and Lord Palmerston called 'the fortuitous concurrence of atoms'. And further, that there was nothing in the whole universe beyond what we ourselves with our five senses could touch, taste or handle.

I considered this view carefully, though doubtfully, for a good while. But I found myself finally quite unable to swallow it. In itself to accept such an explanation asked for so gigantic an act of faith that my credulity was altogether insufficient.

But there was an even greater difficulty than that. Few people save the completely superficial can live for long in this world without becoming conscious that, in the words of Professor Gilbert Murray, 'a great mystery surrounds us in which the human mind can at best catch glimpses and explain itself in metaphors'. All the great religions of the world have been based on the consciousness of this mystery—and provide methods for getting into some sort of touch with it. The fashionable view in the nineteenth century left this consciousness completely out of account. There were, the pundits were then assured, no more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in their philosophy. So I rejected what appeared to me to be an attempt to give an explanation which at best seemed to cover less than half the known facts and turned back to the Christian faith.

To-day that is the religion I try to practise. And I know now why I believe so deeply in freedom . . .

The world to-day, surely, is divided everywhere between those who believe in the great nineteenth-century heresy that the life of the individual begins with birth and ends with the grave and that each man may therefore be justifiably treated as only a unit in society: and those who believe that every individual is a living soul and the child of God, whose destiny did not begin and whose significance does not end with his life on this planet, and who must himself be given the responsibility of freedom.

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LADY RHONDDA is a peeress in her own right. She is the daughter of the late Viscount Rhondda who was Minister of Food during the First World War. It is interesting to note that Viscount Rhondda accepted his peerage only on condition that it should pass to his daughter, Margaret Haig.

Her father brought her into his business as his confidential secretary and she has described her experiences during this period in her book, *This Was My World*. A militant advocate of woman suffrage, Lady Rhondda participated in many suffragette demonstrations. She has also championed the cause of permitting peeresses to sit in the House of Lords.

Having gained journalistic experience during the suffrage movement, Lady Rhondda established an independent weekly, *Time and Tide*. She is still its editor, in addition to being a governor of the London School of Economics and Political Science, and president of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire.

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J. LINTON RIGG

FOR THIRTY years, right in the heart of New York City, I lived, or rather endured, the life of 'quiet desperation' as Thoreau puts it; a minister's son trying to be a successful yacht designer and broker in a field of fierce competition. Trying to keep up with the Joneses with all the frustration of a poor man in a rich crowd, having to depend for one's daily bread on the whims of careless people. The ups and downs of business were bad enough, the life of a yacht broker being either a feast or a famine, but what really ground my spirit down was what appeared to me as the almost complete lack of belief in anything by my contemporaries. The great age of debunking was on in earnest, and everybody from Jesus Christ to Winston Churchill was exposed, debunked, and cast aside in favour of the pleasures of the moment. Nobody seemed to believe in anything except the complete power of money.

One day, in a little country church in Virginia, I saw my younger brother Philip, back from five years in the Navy and the wilds of New Guinea, ordained a priest in the Episcopal church. As I looked into his face and saw the great faith shining there and listened to him renounce the easy pleasures of the world and promise to put the welfare of his fellow men always before his own, the tears welled up in my eyes. I realized that here was something worth more than all the tea in China, more than all the yachts in the world.

At the age of fifty-eight, I have almost no worldly possessions, and barely enough money to live on. Yet I have never been so happy in my life. I have returned to live on an island where I find it helpful in my thinking to be surrounded by believers. To me, the simple savage worshipping a wooden image is more worthy than the great tycoon worshipping nothing.

In trying to put down what I believe in, I come to the surprising conclusion that I seem to believe in almost everything. I even believe that all men believe in God, although many of them try to persuade themselves that they do not. Consequently, I believe that all men have good within them.

The local catechist, who is planting some coconut trees for me on my island, excused himself from working on Saturday afternoon. He ex-

plained he wished to have a little time to 'tidy up his mind' before talking to God on Sunday. He said to me: 'Mr. Rigg, if you were going to talk to the President of the United States or to the Queen of England, you would tidy up your mind as well as your person, wouldn't you? And God is so much more important than either of them.' There is a lot in that.

If I can tidy up my mind before talking to God I will have gone a long way to achieving personal serenity. To tidy up my mind I must forget, even for a little while, about making money, about getting ahead of the other fellow, the stock market, the beautiful blonde next door and all such things. Concentrate your mind on the wonders of nature, the immensity of the universe, then talk to the Great Creator if you can.

I believe in so many things that it would take a book to tell about them. Especially do I believe that the greatest pleasure and privilege which a grown person can achieve is to be allowed to enter into the beautiful garden which is the mind of a little child.



JOHN LINTON RIGG, the son of a clergyman, was born in Jamaica, British West Indies. He was educated by private tutors and at the Monroe School in Jamaica. When he was twelve, he was brought to the United States where he later studied civil engineering at the Drexel Institute of Technology in Philadelphia.

In 1920, he established his own yacht designing and brokerage firm in Philadelphia, later moving to New York. He subsequently became a partner of Starling Burgess, and their firm, Burgess, Rigg, and Morgan, designed some of the fastest sailing yachts in the world.

Widely known in yachting circles Mr. Rigg has participated in many famous races. His knowledge was utilized by the United States during the last war when he served as chairman of the board for small vessels, War Shipping Administration. He has written extensively on the Bahamas and is considered an authority on the Islands. He lives on Great Exuma Island, Bahamas.

MY RELIGION, if I have one, is of the profoundest humility. It can be resolved into the few words: 'I simply do not know. Who am I to pretend to know? I am less than a speck of dust on a speck of a satellite revolving around a speck of a star which we on earth are pleased to call the Sun, but which in fact is only an insignificant member of one galaxy in a universe which we know to contain a million of other galaxies of equal size, whose origin is obscure to us, but whose date is supposed by present-day scientists to go back 4,000,000,000 years.'

These figures give me a sense of proportion, quite different from the comforting creed of the Christian church which tells me that I am all-important to a creator who cares for me individually with loving-kindness and mercy. I am quite prepared to believe in something which we, conveniently, call God; but thereby I mean something inexplicable and incomprehensible to our human minds. Something which I would prefer to call X; or the Originating Force; or the Mathematical Mind; or what you will. That there is a Something behind the creation—an Absolute Abstract if you like—to which in our human dread and weakness we must give a personal name, and to which we must attach such human attributes as loving-kindness, for which Nature shows us no justification at all—I can have no doubt whatsoever: it is an inescapable conviction. My only quarrel is with man's interpretation of these mysteries—that is, the interpretation of the great organization of the churches—and in particular with the theory of man's redemption through Christ. The beautiful figure of Christ appears to me as a necessary device to soften our terror of the unknown Creator; a gentle link, a semi-human advocate.

I believe in what we call goodness, or essential and ultimate perfection. This raises the great problem of evil. Is there any such thing, as regards the universe at large? or does it merely affect the life on our small planet, in the imperfection of mankind and the apparent cruelty of Nature? I like to believe so, but this again must take its place among the unresolvable mysteries. It seems to me, however, that there can be no room for any fundamental blemish in a creation of such unimaginable magnitude and invention.

I believe that, in the last resort, everything is of a piece and that the

gigantic pattern could be seen, had we but the vision and the knowledge to perceive it. I believe that there exists no necessary discrepancy between science and religion—but I must insist again that by 'religion' I do not here mean our human theology, but a far greater and humbler faith in an ultimate wisdom.

THE HONOURABLE V. SACKVILLE-WEST, C.H., daughter of Lord Sackville is a descendant of one of the most ancient of Norman families. She was born at Knole, the country house of the Sackvilles for nearly four hundred years. The life in a great house such as this is reflected in her novel, *The Edwardians*.

In 1913, Miss Sackville-West married Sir Harold Nicolson and accompanied him on his diplomatic missions to Constantinople and Teheran. It was during this period that she completed *Knole and the Sackvilles*, and a long poem, *The Land*, which was awarded the Hawthornden Prize in 1927.

Miss Sackville-West and her husband have restored an ancient Tudor mansion, Sissinghurst Castle, in Kent. Here she devotes much of her time to gardening and writes a weekly half-column in the *Observer* on this subject. For her poem, *The Garden*, she received the Heinemann Prize, and in 1948 was made a Companion of Honour, 'for services in Literature.'

PETER SCOTT

YOU SHOULD perhaps know at the outset that I am a professional artist and an amateur scientist and that Natural History and the conservation of Wild Life are my special interests. It may also be relevant that I am a happy sort of person by nature—you know—‘sunny disposition’ and all that, which perhaps arises from the good fortune that what I enjoy doing most is also my job.

Like probably the majority of people, I’m usually too busy getting on with life to have much time for wondering what I’m really living for, and whether my ultimate aims and objectives are worthy of the effort. But long ago I concluded that the pursuits of truth and of beauty were the most exciting and adventurous aspirations of the human Spirit—the road without end, to the unattainable City of God.

For as long as I can remember I’ve been obsessed with the urge to use such talents as I possess to travel that road—it’s a sort of creative itch. I’m not really happy unless I’m *making* something, whether it’s a picture, a book, a scientific paper, a wild life movie, or a research station. And my perpetual concern is that life is too short for all the things I want to do. Perhaps I should do some of them better if I didn’t try to do so many.

I paint because I enjoy it, but I also paint because, although as a painter I have many limitations of which I’m all too conscious, and I know my paintings are extremely unlikely to be admired by future generations, yet painting, like music and poetry and exploration and scientific discovery and all other creative things, together with the love of living people, constitute the only kind of life after death in which I believe.

I’m a scientist because I believe that adding to knowledge is worth doing for its own sake. That must be the first aim of science. The application of that knowledge to the material welfare of human beings is secondary, just a useful by-product; but the main object is something much more important and majestic—the search for truth.

And for faith: well you’ll find Church of England on my passport and the Christian faith is responsible for my general conception of right and wrong, and for much more besides which is to be found in the background of anyone brought up in a Christian Country. Yet my

picture of the power and the glory which unites humanity is not the Bible's picture. I believe in the basic goodness and greatness of man. I believe in a lot of simple things, beliefs which are common to most of us—that good ends do not justify the means, that love and tolerance and kindness make the world go round. (Kindness, how important that one is); and above all, and this I believe implicitly, that in the evolution of the human race, as in lesser fields too, good must ultimately triumph over evil.

If I didn't believe that I should be a much less happy man than I am.



PETER M. SCOTT, M.B., D.S.C., son of the famed Polar explorer, Captain Robert Scott, is an artist and naturalist and well known for his paintings of wild life. He has written a number of books himself, such as *Key to Wildfowl of the World*, and *Wild Geese and Eskimos*, and has illustrated many volumes, including Lord Kennet's *A Bird in the Bush*, and Paul Gallico's *The Snow Goose*.

Mr. Scott achieved further distinction during the last war when he commanded light coastal forces and harried the enemy in the Channel. He was thrice decorated and thrice mentioned in dispatches. His book, *The Battle of the Narrow Seas*, tells of his war-time experiences.

Mr. Scott has himself led several Polar expeditions, including one to the Canadian Arctic. An outstanding small-boatsman, he won the International 14-foot Dinghy Championship for the Prince of Wales Cup in 1937, 1938, and in 1946. At present, he is director of the Severn Wildfowl Trust.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

THERE ARE those whose private beliefs are linked up with their active, their professional lives, as, say, a Christian priest practises Christianity as well as preaching it. I can't say that I'm in that happy position. I've one set of beliefs that I learnt as a historian; and another that I've carried along with me, I was going to say, from the beginning. As a historian, I don't believe in much except doubt. I doubt the historical evidence; I doubt men's motives; I expect even worse results from idealism than from selfishness. I'm not surprised in the human record by muddle and fraud, failure and misery. In fact, I find in world-history a story redeemed from horror only by its folly. Practically the only men I admire are those who have tried to tell the truth about this story; and I try to imitate them. I have the historian's conscience, though I'm not always faithful to it: I'd tell the truth, though the heavens fall.

But there is the other truth that I learnt from my Quaker school and my Quaker ancestors, a truth that to my mind has nothing to do with Christianity or revealed religion—it is the belief in what George Fox called '*that of God in every man*'. I don't believe that I'm better than my fellows; what is more, I don't believe that anyone is better than his fellows. History teaches me the nonsense of Rousseau's view that man is naturally good; all the same I'm ready to take a chance on it—better that than the other way round. Nowadays everyone in the western world talks about liberty and about our way of life; I sometimes wonder whether they mean it seriously. We are inclined to expect that, if people are really free, then they'll all agree with us. But there's not much point in tolerating people we agree with. I'm for tolerating the people I don't agree with; and for this there is, it seems to me, only one basis—to say of the other man, he's as good as I am. You can't have toleration without human equality, and that is why I hate oppression wherever I see it. I hate the oppression of non-Communists in the Communist world, I hate the persecution of people for their religions or political beliefs anywhere; I hate the oppression of the coloured peoples in Kenya, South Africa or the United States. I can't reason about this. I'm sure there are often good arguments for segregation or even for

concentration camps; but the arguments don't affect me. I have a blind, and, if you like, irrational belief against it.

Doesn't my history pull me up? Don't I ever say to myself—there has always been oppression and, for that matter, when the oppressed get on top, they usually turn out just as bad as their oppressors? No, I don't ever say these things; if history goes against human equality, so much the worse for history. Most history records the triumph of the tyrant and the persecutors; certainly things could not have been worse if we had tried freedom instead. So I am for giving every man his head and letting him run his life as he likes; but of course, I want to be given my own head too—and I privately believe that it is a better head than most.

ALAN JOHN PERCIVALE TAYLOR, noted Oxford historian, was born at Ashton-on-Ribble, Preston, Lancashire, in 1906. After his early education at Bootham School, York, he went up to Oriel College, Oxford, where he gained first class honours in his chosen field of history.

He began his academic career as a lecturer in Modern History at the University of Manchester where he taught under the famed historian, Professor Sir Lewis Namier. Later, he was appointed a Fellow and Tutor in Modern European History at Magdalen College, Oxford.

Mr. Taylor's principal publications are, *The Hapsburg Monarchy, 1815-1918* and *The Course of German History*. His collected reviews of military and diplomatic publications are to be found in two volumes, *From Napoleon to Stalin* and *Rumours of War*. So highly regarded is Mr. Taylor at Oxford that he is the only don, it is said, who can expect full attendance in the larger lecture halls when he delivers a 9 a.m. Saturday lecture.

SIR MILES THOMAS

I WAS a lonely child. My father died when I was less than a year old, and without brothers or sisters I lived largely in my own mind during the formative period of boyhood.

Religion played a great part in the life of my widowed mother. The high emotional natures of the mountain folk in Wales where we lived were illuminated with lovely singing and an almost mystical devotion. I was first enthralled, but, as my questioning mind hardened, became embarrassed by this fervour into a state of furtive doubt.

In middle youth, making early forays into simple chemistry and natural physics, I grew sceptical of the miracles of the New Testament. How could Christ walking on the water square with the laws of Archimedes? Thus my mind became troubled; was it irreligious and sinful to have these doubts? Was I becoming agnostic, even atheist? The fires of hell flared close in my uneasy dreams.

Then came my initiation to airmanship in the Kaiser war. On the stick-and-string aeroplanes of those days, with their slow speed and short range, navigation was not very difficult but we youngsters were taught about the celestial bodies. Gazing into the heavens one quiet star-studded night I suddenly realized that although I could readily understand that a star might be so many millions of miles away, that even its light took years to reach me, I could not hope to comprehend the infinity of the dark blue spaces in between the stars. I realized then that the human mind is finite. There are certain things that we simply cannot grasp, and in that humility I rediscovered my full faith in the old religion.

And happiness entails a sense of humour. The penance of sackcloth and ashes is a good reminder not to repeat past misdeeds and I believe in punishment that hurts, so that it is etched deep in the tablets of memory. But to take delight in subjecting oneself and, inevitably, those nearest to one, with suppression and gloom in the name of religious fervour is a negation of the animal joy of life that is born in all of us.

I believe that as human knowledge progresses we shall get nearer to understanding the hidden mysteries of Genesis and the Creation. I believe that as man probes into problems of nuclear physics, psychic

research, the psychoanalysis of the mind, the higher forms of medical science and the atomic phenomena, the sum of knowledge thus gained will converge to a common apex.

When one flies a modern jet air liner at 500 miles an hour, eight miles above the surface of the earth, the deep-throated hum of the jets seems to me an overture to the greater conquest of space.

I revel in creative effort. The skill of the surgeon, the co-ordinated precision of a great orchestra, the planned economy of a highly mechanized production line, these things thrill me with a sense of man's accomplishment. All these diverse achievements are an inspiration and a tonic. The more we know of new discoveries the more assurance we have of the old testaments. That I most profoundly believe.



SIR MILES THOMAS, now chairman of the British Overseas Airways Corporation, began his engineering career soon after he finished school. When the First World War broke out, he enlisted in an Armoured Car Squadron. Later, he was commissioned in the newly-created Royal Flying Corps. In recognition of his service in the Mesopotamian campaign, he was awarded the D.F.C.

On being demobilized, he became a writer on technical subjects. In 1925, he met the future Lord Nuffield (W. R. Morris) who offered him a post in the rapidly expanding Morris Motor Company. Eventually, Sir Miles became Managing Director and Vice-Chairman of the entire Nuffield organization.

During the Second World War, he served as chairman of the Cruiser Tank Production Group and as a member of the Advisory Panel on Tank Production. He was knighted for his work on this vital project. Sir Miles still flies a great deal himself and has pioneered a number of air routes.

PROFESSOR ARNOLD TOYNBEE

I BELIEVE there may be some things that some people may know for certain, but I also believe that those knowable things are not what matters most to any human being. A good mathematician may know the truth about numbers, and a good engineer may know how to make physical forces serve his purposes. But the engineer and the mathematician are human beings first—so for them, as well as for me, what matters most is not one's knowledge and skill, but one's relations with other people. We do not all have to be engineers or mathematicians, but we do all have to deal with other people. And these relations of ours with each other, which are the really important things in life, are also the really difficult things, because it is here that the question of right and wrong comes in.

I believe we have no certain knowledge of what is right and wrong; and, even if we had, I believe we should find it just as hard as ever to do something that we knew for certain to be right in the teeth of our personal interests and inclinations. Actually, we have to make the best judgment we can about what is right, and then we have to bet on it by trying to make ourselves act on it, without being sure about it.

Since we can never be sure, we have to try to be charitable and open to persuasion that we may, after all, have been in the wrong, and at the same time we have to be resolute and energetic in what we do, in order to be effective. It is difficult enough to combine effectiveness with humility and charity in trying to do what is right, but it is still more difficult to try to do right at all, because this means fighting oneself.

Trying to do right does mean fighting oneself, because, by nature, each of us feels and behaves as if he were the centre and the purpose of the universe. But I do feel sure that I am *not* that, and that, in behaving as if I were, I am going wrong. So one has to fight oneself all the time; and this means that suffering is not only inevitable but is an indispensable part of a lifelong education, if only one can learn how to profit by it. I believe that everything worth winning does have its price in suffering, and I know, of course, where this belief of mine comes from. It comes from the accident of my having been born in a country where the local religion has been Christianity.

Another belief that I owe to Christianity is a conviction that love is

what gives life its meaning and purpose, and that suffering is profitable when it is met in the course of following love's lead. But I can't honestly call myself a believing Christian in the traditional sense. To imagine that one's own church, civilization, nation or family is 'the chosen people' is, I believe, as wrong as it would be for me to imagine that I myself am God. I agree with Symmachus, the pagan philosopher who put the case for toleration to a victorious Christian church, and I will end by quoting his words: 'The universe is too great a mystery for there to be only one single approach to it.'

PROFESSOR ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE, world-famous historian, has been director of studies in the Royal Institute of International Affairs since 1925. In addition, he is research professor of International History in the University of London.

A Scholar at Winchester, he later went up to Balliol College, Oxford, where he was again a Scholar. Afterwards, he was a Fellow and Tutor at Balliol and served as a delegate to the Paris Peace Conference in 1919. Returning to this country, he was appointed Koraes Professor of Byzantine and Modern Greek Language, Literature and History at London University.

More recently, Professor Toynbee has been Director of Foreign Research and Press Service, Royal Institute of International Affairs, and Director of the Research Department of the Foreign Office. In 1946, he was again a delegate to the Paris Peace Conference. Professor Toynbee's master work is of course the monumental *A Study of History*, the first volumes of which were published in 1934.

DR. RICHARD TRAIL

MY PHILOSOPHY of life has been coloured by, and has coloured my attitude to my profession. Both have been coloured by my Scots parentage and education, for which I have ever been grateful. It is difficult to live up to—or live down—an upbringing which was based on the Scots Presbyterian love of the Bible.

The finest epitaph any man can have is, 'Write me down as one who loved his fellow-men.' They are worth loving. In thirty years of medical practice my joy has been to listen to their stories—their fears, their hopes, their economic and physical difficulties, and their spiritual outlook. All these spill over to one who has a little patience. Each story is an intriguing jig-saw puzzle, a fascinating detective problem, but as I listen, the clue to the solution slowly but surely reveals itself. That clue is the vision of the individual story-teller. It may be the love of the taxi-driver for his ailing child, or the philanthropic interests of the industrial director, both as powerful fuel to the soul as the devotion of the minister of religion to the creeds of his faith.

'Where there is no vision the people perish' is more true to-day than ever it was. If we listen with understanding to our fellows, we may be able to define for them the outlines of their lost visions. I believe that the only answer to the new illnesses that challenge my profession in apathy and frustration is no different from the old answer to chronic bodily ailments, from duodenal ulcer to active tuberculosis; it lies in the replacement of a lost vision. Without such replacement, I as a doctor may preserve life but I shall not be able to renew it—the true and human end of treatment cannot be achieved by X-ray and neurological examination: the technique of people is something above and beyond the technique of things.

To my reading, history shows man's continual craving after the spiritual and the æsthetic; this is as clear in the mark of the hand-tool on the cottage beam as it is in the tapering masonry of the cathedral nave. Even sentiment, which many affect to despise, is a more powerful element in his total personality than his struggle for basic biological needs. However often our materially minded economists repeat their half-truth that man's happiness lies in economic security, I believe that

history shows that without religion or myth and their accompanying ritual, man will die.

I have not lost faith in my fellow-men—a presently changing world may threaten to sink their individuality in communal living; it will not change them. The present turbulence that frightens many thinkers for the future is but the surface storm that will have little ultimate effect on the slowly moving undercurrent written into our history. 'These flashes on the surface are not He.'

I can help my fellows if I do not lose the art of living in its science—if I will consider each man as compounded of a soul and a body, both using the mind as a medium of translation for our sympathetic reading. The healing of the nations lies, I believe, in a recombination of the forces of the church and of medicine, for God is of infinite understanding and ultimate purpose for the good of His children; nothing in my experience of fifty-nine years has led me for a moment to doubt Him.



DR. RICHARD R. TRAIL, M.C., F.R.C.P., is a leading authority on the care and treatment of tuberculosis. At present, he is medical director of two village settlements, Papworth and Enham-Alamein, which have been established for the rehabilitation of tubercular patients. Formerly, he was noted for his work as Medical Superintendent at the King Edward VII Sanatorium, Midhurst.

Dr. Trail's outstanding contributions to medicine have earned for him many honours. He is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, a Simpson Gold Medallist, F.R.C.P. (London), Officier de l'Ordre de la Santé Publique, and a recipient of the Order of Merit, first class, from Czechoslovakia.

Educated at Robert Gordon's Academy, Aberdeen, and at King's College and Marischal College, Aberdeen University, he later served as a Captain in the Royal Artillery. Author of many learned papers on tuberculosis in leading medical journals, Dr. Trail is also consulting physician to the Royal Chest Hospital and to the Royal Air Force.

PETER USTINOV

I MUST admit at once that I am one of those people who reach their conclusions about faith by a process of elimination rather than as a result of an opening of private heavens. I am aware that there are conventions which believe faith to be as blind and beautiful as love, and even if I cannot subscribe to this, I feel that people like myself, even if incapable of mystical frenzies, have the consolation of being far less dangerous to our fellow-men.

Organized religion as such depresses me, in that I can never accept the idea of the church as an agency of God, with different denominations as active in claiming the attention of the layman as are those corporations who jockey for position in the world of commerce. When this practice of agency reaches the pitch of deciding a child's religion before it is born, I rebel, or rather, my conscience rebels. Parenthood is not a selfish investment. It is a happy accident by which human beings can perform the miracle of creating a character, a conscience, and a mind, the whole served up with identifiable features. I believe that the parents' function is to allow the young mind full rein, so that it may grow up with the dignity of doubt rather than with the servility of imposed convictions.

I resent attempts at conversion by any slave to a sense of mission, be he political or divine. I have nothing against the hermetic mind so long as it is not allied to a moralizing mouth. My grandfather, whom I never knew, was converted from Orthodoxy to Protestantism. I believe that had he not done so, I might easily have taken the same step, although, as I said, I find the habit of religion oppressive, and an easy way out of personal thought. It is, in any case, a temperamental difference in the believers which separates the churches, and not a religious difference. If I can't put up with the interfering dogmas, I am prepared and proud to be called a Christian, because it is a convenient and beautiful adjective with which to label the grain of virtue latent in the human conscience.

I believe in doubt and mistrust conviction; I believe in liberalism and detest oppression; I believe in the individual, and deny the existence of the so-called masses; I believe in abstract love of country and deplore patriotism; I believe in moral courage and suspect physical courage for

its own sake; I believe in the human conscience and deny the right of fanatics or of those with self-created haloes to impinge on its necessary privacy.

The mysticism of mortals is an attempt to colonize obscurity for the purpose of religious oppression, while a twinge of conscience is a glimpse of God.

PETER USTINOV, dramatist and actor, is one of the most brilliant figures to emerge in the entertainment world since the war. At seventeen, he left Westminster School to study under the famous theatrical director Michel Saint-Denis. He first appeared on the stage in 1938 and soon gained a reputation at the Players', a little theatre club in London.

While he was serving in the army during the war, several of his plays were produced, including *The House of Regrets*. During this period, he wrote and directed training films for the army.

Altogether, he has written twenty plays, of which eight have been staged. It has been said that 'they all have been characterized by brilliant ideas and seeming endless capacity for comic invention'. His most recent play, *The Love of Four Colonels*, was a West End success and also received the Drama Critics Circle Award for the best foreign play in New York during the season, 1952-53.

REBECCA WEST

I BELIEVE in liberty. I feel it is necessary for the health of the world that every man shall be able to say and do what he wishes and what is within his power. We must understand life if we are to master it; and each human being has a unique contribution to make towards our understanding of life, because every man is himself unique. His physical and mental make-up is unique, his circumstances are unique. So he must know some things which are known to nobody else. He must be able to tell us something that could not be learnt from any other source.

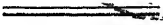
I wish I believed this only when I am writing about politics, but I believe it also in my capacity as a woman with a family and friends. I do not find it makes life easy. For if you let a man say and do what he likes, there comes a point when he wants to say or do something which interferes with the liberty of someone else to say or do what he likes.

Therefore it follows that I see the main problem of my life, and indeed anybody's life, as the balancing of competitive freedom. This involves a series of very delicate calculations, and you can never stop making them. This principle has to be applied in personal relations, and everybody knows that the Ready Reckoner to use there is love; but it takes a lot of real talent to use that effectively. The principle has to be applied in social relations also, and there the Ready Reckoner is the Rule of Law, as political scientists call it: a sense of mutual obligations that have to be honoured, and a legal system which can be trusted to step in when that sense fails. When I was young I understood neither the difficulty of love nor the importance of law. I grew up in a world of rebellion and I was a rebel. I thought human beings were naturally good, and that their personal relations were bound to work out well, and that the law was a clumsy machine dealing harshly with people who would cease to offend as soon as we got rid of poverty. We were quite sure that human nature was good and would soon be perfect.

Yes, I remember that when I was something like eleven years old a visitor to my mother's home who had been in Russia described how she had one day been caught in the middle of a pogrom, and seen the Cossacks burning and looting and knouting the Jews in the street. I remember listening and thinking: 'I mustn't forget this, people will

be interested to hear of this when I'm old, because of course all this sort of thing will have died out long before.' You can imagine what a shock it was to me and my generation when that sort of thing became common form in many parts of the world, and such a pogrom, though horrible, seemed a small thing compared with the vast horrors committed on the millions of victims of totalitarianism.

Horrors which were committed by human beings like me. I realize now that what is good on this earth does not happen as a matter of course, it has to be created, it has to be maintained, by the effort of love, by submission to the Rule of Law. But how are we to manage to love, being so given to cruelty, how do we preserve the law from being corrupted by our corruption, since it is a human institution? As I grow older I find more and more as a matter of experience that there is a God, and I know that religion offers a technique for getting in touch with Him, but I find that technique difficult. I hope I am working a way to the truth through my writing, but I also know that I must orientate my writing towards God for it to have any value. It is not easy but I remind myself that if I wanted life to be easy I should have gotten born on a different universe,



REBECCA WEST was born on Christmas Day, 1892, in County Kerry. Now one of the most noted women writers of our time, she began her career at nineteen as a reviewer for *Freewoman*. The next year she became the political writer for *The Clarion*. Since then she has steadily contributed to English and American publications.

Present at the Nuremberg trials as correspondent for the London *Daily Telegraph*, she was widely praised for her reporting. Of her recent book, *The Meaning of Treason*, one reviewer commented, 'Rebecca West comes closer than any other living writer to the achievement of a counterpoint in prose as rich as plural melody can be in music.'

Miss West's other books include a novel, *The Thinking Reed*, and studies of Henry James, D. H. Lawrence, and St. Augustine.

SIR EVELYN WRENCH

I WAS brought up in a strictly religious household. Before I was eighteen I was hard at work trying to make my fortune in a business which I had started in London; its affairs took me to most of the large industrial cities in the land and I saw slums and human degradation such as I had never imagined—the year was 1901. The faith I had imbibed in our well-ordered and comfortable home in Ireland did not stand up to the horrors I witnessed. How could an all-powerful, all-loving God permit such things? I asked myself.

For some years I went through a phase of agnosticism. I was then too busy attempting to build a prosperous career in Fleet Street to have much time to bother about the whys and wherefores of existence. In my strenuous life there was no time to ponder on the doctrines upon which I had been nurtured.

After being involved in a difficult personal experience, however, my soul was evidently in a receptive state when I was present at the funeral service of King Edward VII in Westminster Abbey in 1910. I was deeply moved by the strains of the organ and the wonderful voices of the boys in the choir. A veil seemed to drop from my eyes and for a moment I saw distant and unfamiliar vistas. I was face to face with Reality. I had a spiritual awakening and my soul went through the process of what is termed rebirth. Many of the problems which had puzzled me hitherto became clearer. I understood in a flash the mysteries of suffering and realized that there was a constant war between the forces of light and darkness, and, in my view, while God was all-loving he was not all-powerful. And if there were great evils in the world they were largely due to our human frailty. Christ in his ministry on earth certainly never minimized the influence of Satan and was always attacking the forces of darkness. I emerged into the streets of Westminster a completely different being. Personal ambition had left me and my standard of values had entirely changed.

While I belong to the Church of England which, in its comprehensiveness, means very much to me, I have never been strictly orthodox in my outlook. I have touched Reality in many climes, and in many environments. To me it seems that the Godhead is larger than any one creed. I have worshipped, surrounded and inspired by the

ritual of the Roman Catholic church and by the magnificent singing of the male choirs and liturgy of the orthodox church. I have been moved as I watched the rhythmic bowing of a vast congregation of devout Muslims. I have taken part in open-air services of the Salvation Army in Java and elsewhere in languages which I could not understand. I have discussed the fundamental unity of mankind with leaders as different in outlook as Mahatma Gandhi, Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador or Cardinal Gibbons.

In a world threatened by anti-Christ, I believe that men of all faiths should co-operate with all those who recognize that the human race cannot live without God. Vast issues are before us in the world. Our relations with Asia and Africa will, in my view, depend very largely upon how far we of the West can convince those awakening millions of the genuineness of our faith in the Divine.

SIR EVELYN WRENCH is chairman of *The Spectator*. Educated at Eton and on the Continent, he undertook an ambitious business venture before he was even twenty-one, and by so doing attracted the attention of the famous newspaper magnate, Lord Northcliffe, who appointed him to his personal staff.

In 1910, he evidenced his deep interest in international relations by forming the Overseas League which had as its purpose the strengthening of bonds among the peoples of the Commonwealth. Two years later, he gave up all business interests to devote himself to this field. When the First World War broke out, he became editor of the *Continental Daily Mail* and in 1925 became editor of *The Spectator*. During the war he formed the English-Speaking Union and, afterwards, the All-Peoples' Association.

He was knighted when he retired from the editorship of *The Spectator* in 1932. In 1937 he married Hylda, widow of Sir Frederick des Vocux, seventh Baronet.

AMERICAN CÖNTRIBUTÖRS

ROBERT G. ALLMAN

I LOST my sight when I was four years old by falling off a box car in a freight yard in Atlantic City and landing on my head. Now I am thirty-two. I can vaguely remember the brightness of sunshine and what colour red is. It would be wonderful to see again, but a calamity can do strange things to people. It occurred to me the other day that I might not have come to love life as I do if I hadn't been blind. I believe in life now. I am not so sure that I would have believed in it so deeply, otherwise. I don't mean that I would prefer to go without my eyes. I simply mean that the loss of them made me appreciate the more what I had left.

Life, I believe, asks a continuous series of adjustments to reality. The more readily a person is able to make these adjustments, the more meaningful his own private world becomes. The adjustment is never easy. I was bewildered and afraid. But I was lucky. My parents and my teachers saw something in me—a potential to live, you might call it—which I didn't see, and they made me want to fight it out with blindness.

The hardest lesson I had to learn was to believe in myself. That was basic. If I hadn't been able to do that, I would have collapsed and become a chair rocker on the front porch for the rest of my life. When I say belief in myself I am not talking about simply the kind of self-confidence that helps me down an unfamiliar staircase alone. That is part of it. But I mean something bigger than that: an assurance that I am, despite imperfections, a real, positive person; that somewhere in the sweeping, intricate pattern of people there is a special place where I can make myself fit.

It took me years to discover and strengthen this assurance. It had to start with the most elementary things. Once a man gave me an indoor baseball. I thought he was mocking me and I was hurt. 'I can't use this,' I said. 'Take it with you,' he urged me, 'and roll it around.' The words stuck in my head. 'Roll it around!' By rolling the ball I could hear where it went. This gave me an idea how to achieve a goal I had thought impossible: playing baseball. At Philadelphia's Overbrook School for the Blind I invented a successful variation of baseball. We called it ground ball.

All my life I have set ahead of me a series of goals and then tried to reach them, one at a time. I had to learn my limitations. It was no good to try for something I knew at the start was wildly out of reach because that only invited the bitterness of failure. I would fail sometimes anyway but on the average I made progress.

I believe I made progress more readily because of a pattern of life shaped by certain values. I find it easier to live with myself if I try to be honest. I find strength in the friendship and interdependence of people. I would be blind indeed without my sighted friends. And very humbly I say that I have found purpose and comfort in a mortal's ambition toward Godliness. Perhaps a man without sight is blinded less by the importance of material things than other men are. All I know is that a belief in the existence of a higher nobility for men to strive for has been an inspiration that has helped me more than anything else to hold my life together.

ROBERT G. ALLMAN has succeeded in the triple fields of athletics, law, and broadcasting on sport despite the fact that he is blind. As a child he attended Overbrook School for the Blind in Philadelphia, where he first started wrestling. After he entered the University of Pennsylvania, he won over fifty matches.

Mr. Allman graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, Phi Beta Kappa. Following this, and aided by his brother, George (since few law books are printed in Braille), he studied law and graduated from the University's Law School. A continuing interest in sports led him to become for a time a sports-broadcaster for Station K.Y.W.

Now a busy practising Philadelphia attorney and insurance broker, he enjoys fishing, swimming, and golfing. As president of the U.S. Blind Golfers Association, he believes it a mistake for the sightless to seek consolation among themselves, and that 'they should go out and rub elbows with the world'.

LIONEL BARRYMORE

FIRST OFF, I think the world has come a mighty long way toward believing that what a man *does* to make a living can't rob him of his integrity as a human being, when it will listen to an actor talk about what he believes. I can remember when nobody believed an actor and didn't *care* what *he* believed. Why, the very fact that he was an actor made almost everything he said open to question, because acting was thought to be a vocation embraced exclusively by scatterbrains, show-offs, wastrels and scamps. I don't believe that's true to-day and I don't think it ever was. I don't think there were ever any more ne'er-do-wells, rogues, poseurs and villains in the acting profession than in any other line of work. At least I hope that's the case. If it isn't, it's too late to change my mind and much too late to change my profession.

The fact is, I think, every successful man to-day has prepared for his success by planning and living his life in much the same way that an actor plans and creates a part. We don't make anything up out of whole cloth when we decide the way we want to play a role, any more than the author, who wrote it, made it up out of thin air. The author has one or two or perhaps a great many models in mind from which he takes a little here and a little there until he's built up a new character out of substantial material. The actor who must play this part now has to dig back into his life and recall one or two or more people who are, in some way, similar to the person the author put on paper. What I'm saying is, everybody connected with the actor's work had a model and copied this model, more or less exactly, adding to it here and there, until something *new* emerged. I think this is the way a person must plan his life. Adopting, borrowing and adapting a little here and a little there from his predecessors and his contemporaries, then adding a few touches until he's created himself.

I believe the difference between an eminently successful person and one whose life is just mediocre is the difference between a person who had an aim, a focus, a model upon which he superimposed his own life and one who didn't. To put it bluntly, you can't get anywhere unless you know where to start from and where to go.

The thing to be careful of in choosing a model is: don't aim too high for your capacity. It's necessary, it's true, to believe in the Almighty,

but don't make Him your model. Have faith in Him but try for something you're more apt to make. Shoot a little closer to home. If you keep aiming at an attainable target, you can always raise your sights on another and more difficult one. But if you start off for the impossible, you're foredoomed to eternal failure.

I believe if a man remembers that, sets an attainable goal for himself and works to attain it, conscious that when he does so he will then set another goal for himself, he will have a full, busy and for this reason a happy life.



LIONEL BARRYMORE was 'born to the trade'. A native of Philadelphia, he was the son of Maurice and Georgianna (Drew) Barrymore. His theatrical career began when he was still a child, and his formal stage debut came in 1893 when he was seen in *The Rivals* with his grandmother, Mrs. John Drew.

After appearing in other productions, he became associated with the great D. W. Griffith and the old Biograph film studio. Returning to Broadway, he acted in such plays as *The Copperhead*, *The Jest* (with his brother John), and *Macbeth*. Again attracted to the movies, he established a new reputation in the 'talkies', winning an Academy Award in 1931.

Lately handicapped by ill health, he has captivated a new generation by his playing of 'patriarch invalid roles'. His annual radio broadcast of 'A Christmas Carol', in which he plays Scrooge, has become a tradition. Successful also as a composer and a writer (with a novel to his credit), he now lives on his farm in California.

BERNARD BARUCH

WHEN I WAS a younger man, I believed that progress was inevitable—that the world would be better to-morrow and better still the day after. The thunder of war, the stench of concentration camps, the mushroom cloud of the atomic bomb are, however, not conducive to optimism. All our to-morrows for years to come will be clouded by the threat of a terrible holocaust.

Yet my faith in the future, though somewhat shaken, is not destroyed. I still believe in it. If I sometimes doubt that man *will* achieve his mortal potentialities, I never doubt that he *can*.

I believe that these potentialities promise all men a measure beyond reckoning of the joys and comforts, material and spiritual, that life offers. Not Utopia, to be sure. I do not believe in Utopias. Man may achieve all but perfection. •

Paradise is not for this world. All men cannot be masters but none needs to be a slave. We cannot cast out pain from the world but needless suffering we can. Tragedy will be with us in some degree as long as there is life, but misery we can banish. Injustice will raise its head in the best of all possible worlds, but tyranny we can conquer. Evil will invade some men's hearts, intolerance will twist some men's minds, but decency is a far more common human attribute and it can be made to prevail in our daily lives.

I believe all this because I believe above all else in reason—in the power of the human mind to cope with the problems of life. Any calamity visited upon man, either by his own hand or by a more omnipotent nature, could have been avoided or at least mitigated by a measure of thought. To nothing so much as the abandonment of reason does humanity owe its sorrows. Whatever failures I have known, whatever errors I have committed, whatever follies I have witnessed in private and public life have been the consequence of action without thought.

Because I place my trust in reason, I place it in the individual. There is a madness in crowds from which even the wisest, caught up in their ranks, are not immune. Stupidity and cruelty are the attributes of the mob, not wisdom and compassion.

I have known, as who has not, personal disappointments and despair.

But always the thought of to-morrow has buoyed me up. I have looked to the future all my life. I still do.

I still believe that with courage and intelligence we can make the future bright with fulfilment.



BERNARD BARUCH, financier and elder statesman, has served as unofficial adviser to seven Presidents of the United States. Spanning, thus, many administrations—including both major political parties—his influence upon world affairs has been long-continuing and potent. Few men in our time have had a more constant access to the White House.

His close friendships among the great include Sir Winston Churchill, who, when in New York, is invariably Mr. Baruch's guest.

President Roosevelt, during his long tenure, made frequent use of Mr. Baruch's services. He acted as adviser to James F. Byrnes, War Mobilization Director, during the Second World War, while also heading a vital governmental fact-finding committee. A member of the New York Stock Exchange for many years, he has written extensively on economic subjects. As the revered statesman he is, he is in constant demand as speaker before important government, business, and educational groups.

CARROLL BINDER

'WE ARE all at the mercy of a falling tile,' Julius Caesar reminds us in Thornton Wilder's *Ides of March*. None of us knows at what hour something we may love may suffer some terrible blow by a force we can neither anticipate nor control.

Fifty-five years of living, much of the time in trouble centres of a highly troubled era, have not taught me how to avoid being hit by falling tiles. I have sustained some very severe blows. My mother died when I was three years old. My first-born son, a gifted and idealistic youth, was killed in the war. While I was still cherishing the hope that he might be alive, circumstances beyond my control made it impossible for me to continue work into which I had poured my heart's blood for twenty years.

I speak of such things here in the hope of helping others to believe with me that there are resources within one's grasp which enable one to sustain such blows without being crushed or embittered by them.

I believe the best hope of standing up to falling tiles is through developing a sustaining philosophy and state of mind all through life. I have seen all sorts of people sustain all sorts of blows in all sorts of circumstances by all sorts of faiths, so I believe anyone can find a faith that will serve his needs if he persists in the quest.

One of the best ways I know of fortifying oneself to withstand the vicissitudes of this insecure and unpredictable era is to school oneself to require relatively little in the way of material possessions, physical satisfactions or the praise of others. The less one requires of such things the better situated one is to stand up to changes of fortune.

I am singularly rich in friendships. Friends of all ages have contributed enormously to my happiness and helped me greatly in times of need. I learnt one of the great secrets of friendship early in life—to regard each person with whom one associates as an end in himself, not a means to one's own ends. That entails trying to help those with whom one comes in contact to find fulfilment in their own way while seeking one's own fulfilment in one's own way.

Another ethical principle that has stood me in good stead is: know thyself! I try to acquaint myself realistically with my possibilities and limitations. I try to suit my aspirations to goals within my probable

capacity to attain. I may have missed some undiscovered possibilities for growth but I have spared myself much by not shooting for stars it clearly was not given me to attain.

I have seen much inhumanity, cheating, corruption, sordidness and selfishness but I have not become cynical. I have seen too much that is decent, kind and noble in men to lose faith in the possibility for a far finer existence than yet has been achieved. I believe the quest for a better life is the most satisfying pursuit of men and nations.

I love life but I am not worried about death. I do not feel that I have lost my son and a host of others dear to me by death. I believe with William Penn that 'they that love beyond the World cannot be separated by it. Death is but Crossing the World, as Friends do the Seas; they live in one another still'. Death, I believe, teaches us the things of deathlessness.



CARROLL BINDER, one of America's most distinguished editors, comes of Pennsylvania Quaker stock. He was completely self-supporting before he was sixteen, a *cum laude* graduate of Harvard at twenty. Serving with a Quaker Red Cross unit in World War I, he developed a consuming urge to understand the world of people.

As foreign correspondent, then director of the foreign service of the Chicago *Daily News*, he covered Fascism's rise in Italy, critical phases of the Nazi and Soviet revolutions. He has travelled to nearly all parts of the world, observed international affairs with rare insight for more than a quarter of a century.

Mr. Binder is now editor of the Minneapolis *Tribune*. Besides a son killed in the war, he and his wife have another son, two daughters and four grandchildren.

LEE HASTINGS BRISTOL

IN A COMPLEX society and a complex civilization the individual is inevitably confused much of the time. But I believe that the basic solution of all world and group problems must first be solved by the individual himself. Each one of us, whether we publicly admit it or not, has a deeply spiritual side. Not one of us can conceal it—scratch the surface and it is always there. So first of all—and underlying all my credo—I believe in God and an orderly universe.

As a mortal, passing through this life for just a limited period of time, I believe that *happiness* is a truly basic objective—happiness for oneself and, hopefully, happiness for others. It hasn't taken too much living on my part to discover that *real* happiness, which sounds so selfish and self-centred, is never achieved merely by selfish materialism—it can only have depth and real satisfaction if it is bound up with unselfishness—a consideration for others. Service is the very essence of it. It has been said that 'service is the rent we pay for our place on earth'. That kind of service brings the true happiness we all seek.

The antithesis of all this is selfishness, which is outstandingly the greatest world-wide vice. It seems as though all the world had the 'gimmies', selfishly grasping for power and more power at national level, with individuals selfishly struggling for material things at their own level.

Each one of us needs a sense of humour with its balancing factor of a sense of proportion. I believe a sense of humour brings poise and a start towards understanding.

My credo embraces a joyous approach for me toward my fellow man and for collective groups toward each other. I want none of that grim hellfire-and-brimstone stuff that flourished in the early days of America—a religion of frightening fear of the hereafter. Why, even their old church pews were as uncomfortable as strait jackets! A joyous approach toward living even cheers you yourself—to say nothing of its warmth that eases the burdens of others.

I believe that brotherhood can grow from this to help destroy forever the seeds of friction and injustice that stem from group minority prejudices.

If only each one of us can develop a sound philosophy and work out

a course of conduct as individuals, then I believe we can solve our world problems at the international level. Thomas Mann once gave this challenging definition: 'War is only a cowardly escape from the problems of peace.' With faith and goodwill in our hearts and with peace in our souls and minds, surely we can leave this world the better for our having lived in it.

LEE BRISTOL, President of Bristol-Myers Company, New York, is one of three sons of the founder of this successful pharmaceutical concern. He is a graduate of Hamilton College. A tall man, he has a speaking voice and a command of language that reflect his incisive mind and sincerity.

A supporter of such organizations as the National Urban League and the National Association of Christians and Jews, Mr. Bristol in 1947 launched a campaign to do away with prejudice.

He says his concern with furthering brotherhood grew gradually. Perhaps one reason is that he has always lived and worked in New York, a melting pot of the world. His mother also influenced him greatly. When he was a child, she daily challenged him: 'Lee, has your soul grown to-day?'

REPRESENTATIVE FRANCES P. BOLTON

I BELIEVE with Seneca that 'The end of being is to find out God'. When I was but twelve, death entered my life. The dear old rector of a nearby mission chapel took me on his knee and told me very gently that I must not be unhappy, for God had put my mother to sleep until the Resurrection Day. My revolt was immediate and violent. I slid off his knee and ran out the door to the sea beach where I had taken all my child agonies, for there God always seemed closer and more real than in any church. A flame of indignation consumed me as I shook my fists at the sky, calling out with all the passion within me: 'That isn't true, God! And I must know what is. Do anything you want to me, but let me find truth.'

My search has led me to the place from which I can say with entire simplicity that I believe that you and I are part and parcel of the stream of Universal Life—as water drops are part of the great sea. I believe that what we call a life span is but one of an endless number of lifetimes during which, bit by bit, we shall experience all things. I believe that we are responsible for our thoughts and actions from the moment the soul asks, 'What am I?' And that once that point of development is reached there can be no turning back. I have learnt that such a belief exacts the development of a courage which demands great fortitude and ever-increasing endurance to acquire. I am not too dismayed by the darkness into which mankind has betrayed itself, for I know, as only women can, that all new life comes out of darkness through the gateway of agony and anguish into the light. I am convinced that could men now know how truly each one builds his own long future and so the future of mankind, they would not continue on the path of destruction but would turn their faces away from Darkness towards the Light.

I believe with the Ancient Aryans that:

*'Never the Spirit was born, the Spirit shall Cease to be never;
Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams!
Birthless and Deathless and Changeless remaineth the Spirit for ever.'*

I believe that before time was, into the seeming stillness of an incalculable speed of vibration there came the moment when the infinite

drew a deep breath and form began. There was no time nor space, but there was motion, for within the Infinite Being the concept of universe had been born. Without Him was not anything made that was made. And there was light and there was absence of light, There was beauty and the absence of beauty. There was good and the negation of good. But all were within the Being and of the Essence of the Infinite God.

Made of the stardust of Infinity, man has evolved even as the stars and suns, as worlds and moons, out of the essence of God. Once started on his pilgrimage begun in unconscious perfection, he will continue through light and darkness, through goodness and the negation of goodness until in his own time he reaches perfected consciousness and is reabsorbed into the Infinite Being of the Godhead.

This I do humbly believe.



FRANCES P. BOLTON, at a special election in 1940, was elected to the Seventy-Sixth Congress as Representative from Ohio to fill the unexpired term of her husband, Chester C. Bolton. Thus began a brilliant legislative career. She has been re-elected to each succeeding Congress.

Long distinguished for her world-wide interest in women's and children's activities, it has been said that no Member of Congress has ever accomplished more in the field of progressive legislation in both medicine and nursing than Mrs. Bolton. Among many other such measures, she sponsored the Bolton Act which resulted in the establishment of the United States Cadet Nurse Corps.

The first woman Member of Congress to head an official congressional mission abroad, Mrs. Bolton is a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Under her supervision, a congressional sub-committee compiled *Strategy and Tactics of World Communism*, a monograph acknowledged to be definitive. Her son, Oliver P. Bolton, was elected to Congress in 1952.

JULIEN BRYAN

AS A LITTLE boy, I believed devoutly in a very personal God who listened to my every word and took a very personal interest in all of my activities. I actually talked to Him a great deal. He was a God of love, but He was also a God of fierce and rapid justice. I felt as though His eyes were on me all of the time.

I was raised a Protestant, and as I look back I can see that somewhere along the line I learned to be suspicious of and condescending to all other sects. Then, at seventeen, during the First World War, I joined the Ambulance Service of the French Army and served for six months at Verdun. My friends were simple French soldiers. With one or two exceptions, they were all Roman Catholics. I went to Mass with them, carried them when wounded, saw them die. And I came to like them as people, to admire their courage, to respect their right to their faith which was so different from my own.

Twenty years ago, I began to make films about people all over the world. I took them as I found them—not as I wanted them to be. Wherever I went I soon discovered that when you break bread with people and share their troubles and joys, the barriers of language, of politics, and of religion soon vanish. I liked them, and they liked me. That was all that mattered.

I came to find that the peoples of this world have much more in common with one another than they have differences. I have found this true wherever I have gone—even in Moscow and the far reaches of Siberia. The most hardened Communist would eventually break down if you were kind to his children. This was true even though he knew he might be arrested the next day for becoming friendly with a foreigner.

As for the common man in Russia, my belief is that in spite of thirty-four years of Stalin and regimented thought-control, he still loves his land and his church and his family. And he hates the cruelty of the secret police and the incredible stupidity of the Soviet bureaucrats. In fact, I believe that in a fundamental way he is very much like us; he wants to live his own life and be let alone.

All over the world I have watched the great religions in practice—Buddhist monks at their devotions in Manchuria, Shinto priests in their

temples in Japan, and only last autumn the brave and hardy Serbian Moslems at their worship in Tito's Yugoslavia. I have come to hold a deep respect for all of man's great religions. And I have come to believe that despite their differences all men can worship side by side.

For myself, I believe in people—and in their given right to enjoy the freedoms we so cherish. I believe in justice and knowledge and decent human values. I believe in each man's right to a job and food and shelter. And I sincerely believe that one day all of these things will come to pass.

My real faith, then, is in a dream that in spite of daily headlines prophesying man's destruction, we can build a better world, a world of peace and human brotherhood. Yes, even in our lifetime! This is my faith and my dream. In my small way I want to have a share in making it come about.

JULIEN BRYAN has been a world traveller since he was seventeen. Born in Titusville, Pennsylvania, his journeys have taken him to thirty countries. Since 1930 his time and talents have gone chiefly into exploration and the making of documentary films showing how people live in other lands. He is at present executive director of the International Film Foundation, an organization which produces documentaries to promote better international understanding.

Active in both World Wars, he has written several books on his experiences, including his war diary, *Ambulance 464*. He was the last foreign correspondent to leave Warsaw in 1939 before the Germans occupied that city. The motion picture footage which he shot of those last, terrible days was incorporated in *Siege*, the first movie to be made of the Second World War.

PEARL BUCK

I ENJOY life because I am endlessly interested in people and their growth. My interest leads me continually to widen my knowledge of people, and this in turn compels me to believe that the normal human heart is born good. That is, it is born sensitive and feeling, eager to be approved and to approve, hungry for simple happiness and the chance to live. It wishes neither to be killed nor to kill. If through circumstances it is overcome by evil, it never becomes entirely evil. There remain in it elements of good, however recessive, which continue to hold the possibility of restoration.

I believe in human beings but my faith is without sentimentality. I know that in environments of uncertainty, fear and hunger, the human being is dwarfed and shaped without his being aware of it, just as the plant struggling under a stone does not know its own condition. Only when the stone is removed can it spring up freely into the light. But the power to spring up is inherent, and only death puts an end to it.

I feel no need for any other faith than my faith in human beings. Like Confucius of old, I am so absorbed in the wonder of earth and the life upon it that I cannot think of heaven and the angels. I have enough for this life. If there is no other life, then this one has been enough to make it worth being born, myself a human being.

With so profound a faith in the human heart and its power to grow toward the light, I find here reason and cause enough for hope and confidence in the future of mankind. The common sense of people will surely prove to them some day that mutual support and co-operation are only sensible for the security and happiness of all.

Such faith keeps me continually ready and purposeful with energy to do what one person can toward shaping the environment in which the human being can grow with freedom. This environment, I believe, is based upon the necessity for security and friendship.

I take heart in the promising fact that the world contains food supplies sufficient for the entire earth population. Our knowledge of medical science is already sufficient to improve the health of the whole human race. Our resources in education, if administered on a world scale, can lift the intelligence of the race. All that remains is to discover

how to administer, upon a world scale, the benefits which some of us already have. In other words, to return to my simile, the stone must be rolled away.

This, too, can be done, as a sufficient number of human beings come to have faith in themselves and in each other. Not all will have such faith at the same moment, but there is a growing number who have the faith. Half a century ago no one had thought of world food, world health, world education. Many are thinking to-day of these things. In the midst of possible world war, of wholesale destruction, I find my only question is this: Are there enough people who now believe? Is there time enough left for the wise to act? It is a contest between ignorance and death, of wisdom and life. My faith in humanity stands firm.

PEARL S. BUCK, born in the United States, lived for forty years in China. Returning to America after having been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1938, she has launched a second career as a humanitarian which parallels that of the novelist.

In such books as *Of Men and Women* and *What America Means to Me*, she has struck boldly at many major issues of our time. She founded and led the East and West Movement, which works for mutual understanding among peoples.

Mrs. Buck's major interest aside from her writing is Welcome House, which she also founded. Through it she finds permanent homes for homeless Asian-American children. 'World children' she calls them and teaches them to be proud because they have two countries, 'as I myself have,' she adds. Most of these children are in families near her own home, which is in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, where she lives with her husband and their four adopted children. There, too, she does her writing.

DR. RALPH BUNCHE

I FEEL more than a little self-conscious about trying to elucidate my personal, private creed. For, after all, when a person strips down all the way to his innermost beliefs—and in public—he stands awfully exposed. Nevertheless it strikes me as a very useful experience to sit down with oneself and seriously think through one's beliefs and convictions. I recommend it to everyone—without any necessity, however, of crying one's findings aloud from the housetops.

The trail of my beliefs and their development leads back to my childhood. I was reared in a deeply religious family. It was a sort of matriarchal clan, ruled over by my maternal grandmother, 'Nana'—a name incidentally, which I had given her as a tot in trying clumsily to say 'Grandma'. Nana, a strong and devout personality, beloved and respected by all who knew her, guided the family by simple but firm beliefs.

Foremost, she believed in God. In worldly matters, she believed that every person, without regard to race or religion, has a virtually sacred right to dignity and respect; that all men are brothers and are entitled to be treated as equals and to enjoy equality of opportunity; that principle, integrity and self-respect are never to be worn as loose garments. For each of us in that family these beliefs, almost automatically, came to be part of our very being. For me, this was particularly so, since Nana became both mother and father to me when in my early youth I lost both parents.

In my youth, I had what many would consider a poor and hard life. But as I recall it, I was never unhappy; rather I enjoyed my youth immensely. For I had been taught how to appreciate and get the most out of very little, and that happiness in any circumstance is primarily a matter of control over one's state of mind.

I find that most everything in which I now believe stems from the simple lessons I learned at the knee of Nana. The beliefs I acquired, quite unconsciously and unthinkingly, in those early years, the lessons on how to approach life and its many problems, have been my unfailing guide posts.

Like Nana, I have an implicit belief in a Supreme Being and a Supreme Will beyond the ken of mortal man. In this I find both comfort and security.

I hold that it is right to believe in oneself, but it is wrong ever to take oneself too seriously. For a keen sense of personal values and that humility which accompanies a balanced perspective are indispensable to congenial adjustment to life in society. In this regard, I love to visit the Grand Canyon and to stand on its rim, not only to marvel at its majestic splendour but to reflect on how puny, indeed, is man, individually and collectively, when confronted with nature's awesome grandeur.

I believe in the worth and dignity of the individual, and that no man can be happy within himself if he ever surrenders his dignity and self-respect.

I have faith in people, in, collectively, their essential goodness and good sense; granted that there will be individual mavericks on every human range.

I believe that men can learn to live together in harmony and peace, in the international community as in domestic communities, and I am unfalteringly devoted, therefore, to the historic effort of the United Nations toward this end.

I believe, also, in looking always on the brighter side of things; in the ability of right somehow ultimately to prevail; in never pressing time or fate; in taking life philosophically and in stride—both the good and the bad—and I have had an ample measure of both.

These are some, at least, of my beliefs. They have been tried and tested in the crucible of living. They are, for me, imperative beacons without which life would be utterly lacking in direction or meaning.

RALPH BUNCHE, educator, humanitarian, and Nobel Peace Prize winner, is currently the principal director, Department of Trusteeship and Information from the non-self-governing territories of the United Nations. Born in Detroit, Michigan, in 1904, he was educated at the University of California and at Harvard where he majored in government and international relations.

Dr. Bunche began his academic career in 1928 as chairman of the department of political science at Howard University in Washington. In 1936 he acted as co-director, Institute of Race Relations at Swarthmore College. During the last war he served the government in the State Department and in the Office of Strategic Services.

In the post-war period, Dr. Bunche has been active in the affairs of the United Nations. He is best remembered, perhaps, for his noteworthy mediation work in Palestine during the period 1948-9. He is the holder of over thirty honorary degrees from various universities.

NORMAN COUSINS

EVER SINCE I was old enough to read books on philosophy, I have been intrigued by the discussions on the nature of man. The philosophers have been debating for years about whether man is primarily good or primarily evil, whether he is primarily altruistic or selfish, co-operative or competitive, gregarious or self-centred, whether he enjoys free will or whether everything is predetermined.

As far back as the Socratic dialogues in Plato, and even before that, man has been baffled about himself. He knows he is capable of great and noble deeds, but then he is oppressed with the evidence of great wrongdoing.

And so he wonders. I don't presume to be able to resolve the contradictions. In fact, I don't think we have to. It seems to me that the debate over good and evil in man, over free will and determinism, and over all the other contradictions—that this debate is a futile one. For man is a creature of dualism. He is both good and evil, both altruistic and selfish. He enjoys free will to the extent that he can make decisions in life, but he can't change his chemistry or his relatives or his physical endowments—all of which were determined for him at birth. And rather than speculate over which side of him is dominant, he might do well to consider what the contradictions and circumstances are that tend to bring out the good or evil, that enable him to be nobler and a responsible member of the human race. And so far as free will and determinism are concerned, something I heard in India on a recent visit to the subcontinent may be worth passing along. Free will and determinism, I was told, are like a game of cards. The hand that is dealt you represents determinism. The way you play your hand represents free will.

Now where does all this leave us? It seems to me that we ought to attempt to bring about and safeguard those conditions that tend to develop the best in man. We know, for example, that the existence of fear and man's inability to cope with fear bring about the worst in him. We know that what is true of man on a small scale can be true of society on a large scale. And to-day the conditions of fear in the world are, I'm afraid, affecting men everywhere. More than twenty-three hundred years ago, the Greek world, which had attained tremendous

heights of creative intelligence and achievement, disintegrated under the pressure of fear. To-day, too, if I have read the signs correctly in travelling around the world, there is great fear. There is fear that the human race has exhausted its margin for error and that we are sliding into another great conflict that will cancel out thousands of years of human progress. And people are fearful because they don't want to lose the things that are more important than peace itself—moral, democratic, and spiritual values.

The problem confronting us to-day is far more serious than the destiny of any political system or even of any nation. The problem is the destiny of man: first, whether we can make this planet safe for man; second, whether we can make it fit for him. This I believe—that man to-day has all the resources to shatter his fears and go on to the greatest golden age in history, an age which will provide the conditions for human growth and for the development of the good that resides within man, whether in his individual or his collective being. And he has only to mobilize his rational intelligence and his conscience to put these resources to work.

NORMAN COUSINS is a graduate of Teachers College, Columbia University. He began writing on the *New York Post*, shifted to *Current History Magazine* and, later, the *New York Evening Post*. The *Saturday Review of Literature*—now the *Saturday Review*—next attracted him and in 1940 he became its editor, as he is to-day.

Mr. Cousins has lectured throughout the world and particularly in India. His conversations with Jawaharlal Nehru have been published in book form under the title *Bare Hands and a Certain Spirit*. Other of his books include *The Good Inheritance*, a history of the Athenian democracy; *A Treasury of Democracy*, a collection of aphorisms of freedom; *The Poetry of Freedom*, an anthology in which he collaborated with the late William Rose Benet, and, most recently, *Who Speaks for Man?*

His dominant concern now is world federal government. He is president of the United World Federalists.

ELMER DAVIS

THE PHILOSOPHER George Santayana, at the age of eighty-eight, admitted that things no longer seemed so simple to him as they did fifty years ago. Even those of us who have not reached Mr. Santayana's age must share that feeling, but we must act by the best light we have, hoping that the light will grow brighter—and we have reason to hope it will, so long as men remain free to think. The most important thing in the world, I believe, is the freedom of the mind. All progress, and all other freedoms, spring from that. It is a dangerous freedom, but this is a dangerous world. You cannot think right without running the risk of thinking wrong; but for any evils that may come from thinking, the cure is more thinking. Over much of the world, at present, the freedom of the mind is suppressed. We have got to preserve it here, despite the efforts of very earnest men to suppress it—men who say, and perhaps believe, that they are actuated by patriotism, but who are doing their best to destroy the liberties which above all are what the United States of America has meant, to its people and to humanity.

This is perhaps a less personal statement than most of those in 'This I Believe'. If so, it is because a man of my age, in his relation to himself, runs mostly on momentum; and it is a little difficult to look back and figure out what gave him the push, or the various pushes. What he has to consider now is what he can contribute to the present, or the future, as a member of a very peculiar species—possibly even a unique species—which has immense capacities for both good and evil, as it has amply demonstrated during its recorded history. That history to date is—barring some unpredictable cosmic disaster—the barest beginning of what may lie ahead of us. But we happen to live in one of the turning points of history—by no means the first, as it will not be the last; and the future of mankind will be more than usually affected by what we do in this generation.

What should we do? Well, first of all and above all, preserve freedom, and extend it if we can. Beyond that I don't know how better to define our business than to say we should try to promote an increase of decency. Decency in the sense of respect for other people; of taking no advantage; of never saying, 'This man must be miserable in order that I may be comfortable.' This is not as easy as it looks; it's impossible

to exist without hurting somebody, however unintentionally. But there are limits. I do not believe that human life is accurately represented by Viggeland's famous sculptured column in Oslo, of people climbing over one another and trampling one another down. The Nazis, when they occupied Norway, greatly admired that sculpture. They would. But the rest of us can do better than that; many men and women in every age have done better, and are doing it still.

The Scottish scientist J. B. S. Haldane once said that the people who can make a positive contribution to human progress are few; that most of us have to be satisfied with merely staving off the inroads of chaos. That is a hard enough job—especially in these times, when those inroads are more threatening than they have been for a long time past. But if we can stave them off, and keep the field clear for the creative intelligence, we can feel that we have done our part toward helping the human race get ahead.

ELMER DAVIS, Washington news analyst for the American Broadcasting Company, once said the business of a radio commentator is a job of adult education. Three Peabody awards attest only in part to his accomplishments in this field. His honest explanations of the news, delivered with his characteristic Hoosier twang and wit, are known and respected by millions.

Mr. Davis was born and raised in Aurora, Ind. He went to Franklin College, was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford. Starting as a reporter on the *New York Times*, he has written numerous essays and short stories and half a dozen novels.

His radio career began as a news analyst for C.B.S. From 1942 to the end of the war he directed the Office of War Information.

DR. MONROE E. DEUTSCH

I REGARD the brotherhood of mankind as the basis of any true religion—and for that matter, the basis of any true democracy. Belief in the worth and dignity of the individual is entwined with the idea of human brotherhood.

The differences between us, I feel certain, are mainly accidental. We have no choice as to either the colour of the skin or the place of birth. Despite these differences over which no one of us has control, we are all brothers in spirit. Some of us have advantages that others lack, but character is by no means determined by our advantages or the lack of them.

The doctrine of human brotherhood, if really practised by mankind, would fundamentally change the aspect of the world and make wars and persecutions impossible. And if the world really accepted the principle that all human beings are brothers, and should be treated with the respect due to members of one great family, then a vast number of the problems confronting mankind would be solved. Significant it is that this doctrine which would revolutionize our society, should have been laid down as one of the cardinal principles of both Christianity and Judaism.

Moreover, I find it impossible to conceive of the creation of this complex universe with all its wonders as purely the result of material forces. Somehow, somewhere, there must be a power that has brought into being the principles which govern this world. That power we term God.

Assuredly some force must have given the initial impulse that brought the universe into being. But even beyond this, I cannot feel that that power merely existed at the time the world began to be created; it did not disappear with that first impulse, but has continued throughout the ages.

If one accepts, as I do, the view that some power must have started the creation of all that we are and see about us, then it is hard to understand how one can but believe that that power still exists.

It is also impossible for me to accept the view that the spirit of man, capable of so much that is great and noble, is wholly extinguished at the death of the body. Exactly how its existence is continued, I have no

precise conception—but I do feel that the breaking up of the body cannot end that which was encased within it.

To those who believe in immortality, life (as we term it) becomes but one stage in the cycle of existence. Thus, Cicero in his essay on old age says, 'I depart from life as from an inn, not as from a home. For nature has given us a caravansary in which to tarry, not to abide.'

My own faith rests, therefore, on belief in the dignity and worth of the individual, in human brotherhood, and in the existence of a power that is greater than mankind and greater than the forces that shape our physical environment.

I believe in the immortality of the spirit of man and the continuance of the development of what has gone on during what we call life.

And finally I am convinced that religion (whatever its form may be) is indispensable in the life of a people.

Above all stands the fundamental injunction that we believe in one God and recall that He is the father of us all and that we are brothers.



MONROE E. DEUTSCH served for forty years on the faculty of the University of California, the last seventeen as vice-president and provost. A native Californian, he holds three earned degrees from this institution, in addition to several honorary degrees. His academic field was classical languages and literature.

Among Dr. Deutsch's non-academic interests are international affairs and inter-racial relations. A founder of the World Affairs Council of Northern California, he served as its first president. In addition to other diversified activities, he has been a member of the State Commission on the needs of California in the field of higher education.

He has written extensively on the life of Julius Cæsar and on Suetonius. Editor of *The Abundant Life*, he has himself written *Our Legacy of Religious Freedom*, *The Letter and the Spirit*, and, most recently, *The College From Within*. Since his retirement in 1947, Dr. Deutsch lives in Santa Barbara, California.

JAMES Q. DU PONT

EVER SINCE one midnight, in nineteen hundred and nine—when I first heard my mother crying—I have been groping for beliefs to help me through the rough going and confusions of life. My dad's voice was low and troubled as he tried to comfort Mother—and in their anguish they both forgot the nearness of my bedroom. I overheard them. I was only seven then, and while their problem of that time has long since been solved and forgotten, the big discovery I made that night is still right with me—life is not all hearts and flowers. It's hard and cruel for most of us much of the time. We all have troubles—they just differ in nature, that's all. And that leads to my first belief.

I believe the human race is very, very tough—almost impossible to discourage. If it wasn't, then why do we have such words as 'laugh' and 'sing' and 'music' and 'dance'—in the language of all mankind since the beginning of recorded time? This belief makes me downright proud to be a human being.

Next, I believe there is good and evil in all of us. Thomas Mann comes close to expressing what I'm trying to say with his carefully worded sentence about the 'frightfully radical duality' between the brain and the beast in man—in all of us.

This belief helps me because so long as I remember that there are certain forces of evil ever present in me—and never forget that there is also a divine spark of goodness in me, too—then I find that the 'score' of my bad mistakes and regrets at the end of each day is greatly reduced. 'Forewarned of evil is half the battle against it.'

I believe in trying to be charitable, in trying to understand and forgive people, especially in trying to forgive very keen or brilliant people. A man may be a genius but he can still do things that practically break your heart.

I believe most if not all of our very finest thoughts and many of our finest deeds must be kept to ourselves alone—at least until after we die. This used to confuse me. But now I realize that by their very nature, these finest things we do and cannot talk about are a sort of secret preview of a better life to come.

I believe there is no escape from the rule that we must do many,

many little things to accomplish even just one big thing. This gives me patience when I need it most.

And then I believe in having the courage to be myself. Or perhaps I should say, to be honest with myself. Sometimes this is practically impossible, but I'm sure I should always try.

Finally, and most important to me, I do believe in God. I'm sure there is a very wise and wonderful Being who designed, constructed and operates this existence as we mortals know it: this universe with its galaxies and spiral nebulae, its stars and moons and planets and beautiful women, its trees and pearls and deep green moss—and its hopes and prayers for peace.

JAMES Q. DU PONT, of the Du Pont Company's Public Relations Department, might seem to have wandered far afield from his Massachusetts Institute of Technology engineering training. Actually, as friends point out, his experience as engineer, industrial photographer and speaker have combined to give him an excellent background for his work.

Mr. du Pont has been associated with the Du Pont Company since 1940. His work has included construction and engineering jobs on a cellophane plant at Clinton, Iowa, and assignments with the early atomic energy programme at the University of Chicago and Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

Mr. du Pont is a native of Johnstown, Pennsylvania. He is married and now lives, with his wife and four children, close by the old site where his great-grandfather established the Du Pont Company in 1802. He has reached nation-wide audiences with his talent for explaining complex subjects in down-to-earth terms.

DR. WILL DURANT

I FIND in the universe so many forms of order, organization, system, law, and adjustment of means to ends, that I believe in a cosmic intelligence, and I conceive God as the life, mind, order, and law of the world.

I do not understand this God; and I find in nature and history many instances of apparent evil, disorder, cruelty and aimlessness. But I realize that I see these with a very limited vision, and that they might appear quite otherwise from a cosmic point of view. How can an infinitesimal part of the universe understand the whole? We are drops of water trying to comprehend the sea.

I believe that I am the product of a natural evolution. The logic of evolution seems to compel determinism, but I cannot overcome my direct consciousness of a limited freedom of will.

I believe that if I could see any form of matter from within, as I can see myself through introspection, I should find in all forms of matter something akin to what in ourselves is mind and freedom.

I define virtue as any quality that makes for survival; but as the survival of the group (therefore of many individuals) is more important than the survival of the average individual, the highest virtues are those that make for group survival—love, sympathy, kindliness, co-operation.

If my life lived up to my ideals I would combine the ethics of Confucius and Christ—the virtues of a developing individual with those of the member of a group.

I was a Socialist in my youth, and sympathized with the Soviet regime until I visited Russia in 1932; what I saw there led me to deprecate the extension of that system to any other land, though I know that to the hungry poor anything seems better than what they have. Experience and history have taught me the instinctive bases and economic necessity of competition and private property.

I am not so fanatical a worshipper of liberty as some of my radical or conservative friends. When liberty exceeds intelligence it begets chaos, which begets dictatorship. We had too much economic liberty in the nineteenth century, due to our free land and our relative exemption from external danger; we have too much moral liberty to-day, due

to increasing wealth and diminishing religious belief. The age of liberty is ending, under the pressure of external dangers; the freedom of the part varies with the security of the whole.

I do not resent the conflicts and difficulties of life. In my case they have been far outweighed by good fortune, reasonable health, faithful friends, and a happy family life. I have met so many good people that I have almost lost my faith in the wickedness of mankind.

I suspect that when I die I shall be dead. I would look upon endless existence as a curse—as did the Flying Dutchman and the Wandering Jew. Death is life's greatest invention, perpetually replacing the worn with the new. After twenty volumes it will be sweet to sleep.

WILL DURANT, now a resident of Los Angeles, California, was born in North Adams, Massachusetts, in 1885. He received his Bachelor's degree from Saint Peter's College, Jersey City, and his Doctor's degree from Columbia University. After teaching Latin and French for a time, he returned to Columbia to teach philosophy. In 1935, Dr. Durant became professor of philosophy at the University of California.

Although he began writing at the age of eighteen, he did not publish any of his works until he was forty. Among his many books are *The Story of Philosophy* and *On the Meaning of Life*. He is now engaged in writing the monumental 'Story of Civilization' Series and has published to date *Our Oriental Heritage*, *The Life of Greece, Caesar and Christ*, and *The Age of Faith*. The next volume of this world history, *The Renaissance*, is scheduled to appear late in 1953.

MARTHA GRAHAM

I AM a dancer. I believe that we learn by practice. Whether it means to learn to dance by practising dancing or to learn to live by practising living, the principles are the same. In each it is the performance of a dedicated precise set of acts, physical or intellectual, from which comes shape of achievement, a sense of one's being, a satisfaction of spirit. One becomes in some area an athlete of God.

Practice means to perform, over and over again in the face of all obstacles, some act of vision, of faith, of desire. Practice is a means of inviting the perfection desired.

I think the reason dance has held such an ageless magic for the world is that it has been the symbol of the performance of living. Many times I hear the phrase . . . the dance of life. It is close to me for a very simple and understandable reason. The instrument through which the dance speaks is also the instrument through which life is lived . . . the human body. It is the instrument by which all the primaries of experience are made manifest. It holds in its memory all matters of life and death and love. Dancing appears glamorous, easy, delightful. But the path to the paradise of that achievement is not easier than any other. There is fatigue so great that the body cries, even in its sleep. There are times of complete frustration, there are daily small deaths. Then I need all the comfort that practice has stored in my memory, and a tenacity of faith. But it must be the kind of faith that Abraham had wherein he 'Staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief'.

It takes about ten years to make a mature dancer. The training is twofold. There is the study and practice of the craft in order to strengthen the muscular structure of the body. The body is shaped, disciplined, honoured and in time, trusted. The movement becomes clean, precise, eloquent, truthful. Movement never lies. It is a barometer telling the state of the soul's weather to all who can read it. This might be called the law of the dancer's life . . . the law which governs its outer aspects.

Then there is the cultivation of the being. It is through this that the legends of the soul's journey are retold with all their gaiety and their tragedy and the bitterness and sweetness of living. It is at this point that the sweep of life catches up the mere personality of the performer

and while the individual (the undivided one) becomes greater, the personal becomes less personal. And there is grace. I mean the grace resulting from faith . . . faith in life, in love, in people, in the act of dancing. All this is necessary to any performance in life which is magnetic, powerful, rich in meaning.

~ In a dancer there is a reverence for such forgotten things as the miracle of the small beautiful bones and their delicate strength. In a thinker there is a reverence for the beauty of the alert and directed and lucid mind. In all of us who perform there is an awareness of the smile which is part of the equipment, or gift, of the acrobat. We have all walked the high wire of circumstance at times. We recognize the gravity pull of the earth as he does. The smile is there because he is practising living at that instant of danger. He does not choose to fall.



MARTHA GRAHAM, a tenth generation American and a direct descendant of Miles Standish, was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. When she was ten, her father, a prominent physician, moved his family to Santa Barbara, California. She was educated in private schools there and in Los Angeles.

Always deeply interested in the dance, when she was sixteen she attended a dance concert of Ruth St. Denis and, as a consequence, resolved to be a dancer. She started at once to study dancing at the Denishawn school in Los Angeles, and in 1926 made her New York debut.

In 1932 and in 1939, the Guggenheim Foundation awarded her a scholarship, the first dancer to be so honoured. Since 1939, she has toured the United States, winning both popular and critical acclaim. Her repertoire includes such brilliant compositions as 'Death and Entrances', 'Cave of the Heart', and 'Appalachian Spring'. She conducts a school of contemporary dance in New York and has formed a company composed of former pupils.

WARD GREENE

WHEN A man is ten, he has a boy's faith in almost everything; even Santa Claus is a belief he is not quite ready to give up so long as there is a chance the old gentleman may really live and deliver. When a man is twenty, he is closer to complete disillusion and stronger conviction than he will probably ever be in his life. This is the age of atheists and agnostics; it is also the age of martyrs. Jesus Christ must have been a very young man when He died on the cross; Joan of Arc, they say, was only nineteen as the flames consumed her. It is in the later years—oh, anywhere from thirty to fifty—that a man at some time stands with the tatters of his hopes and dreams fallen from him and asks himself, 'What, indeed, do I believe?'

He is very apt, then, to cling to the words of other men who have written for him the shadowy signposts that come as close as anything to pointing pathways he found best in the past and roads he will trust on the way ahead. These words may be mere copybook maxims: that honesty is the best policy, or haste makes waste. They may be a line from Shakespeare—'To thine own self be true'—or from the Bible—'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them'—or from the poets—'I myself am Heav'n and Hell.' They may seem a sort of hodgepodge in a man's mind, yet they can make a pattern not inconsistent and not weak.

So if I believe that I myself am Heaven and Hell, that anything less than honesty to myself and others is a boomerang on them and me; if my translation of the Golden Rule is simple acts of kindness and understanding and compassion, practised in the hope that they will be shown to me, then I have a way of life that is a sort of unselfish selfishness. The bald statement may sound cynical, but if I can follow that way, I shall not be too unhappy here and I may face death with regret but with an untroubled face and a stout heart.

But there are blocks and pitfalls in a way of life, even assuming that a man can adhere to it steadfastly despite his own inclinations to deviate. These obstacles are the work of other men who adhere to other ways. Hence kindness and compassion are not enough.

A man, I believe, must have courage and fortitude and a burning sense of justice, too. There are times we should turn the other cheek,

but there are likewise times when we must fight the good fight. When? Well, if a fellow can't find the answer on the signposts or in his heart, I guess he has just got to pray.

WARD GREENE is editor and general manager of one of the world's great newspaper syndicates, King Features. He was born in Asheville, North Carolina, and has spent most of his life opposing sham and being curious about people.

During the twenties he wrote novels in New York. Of the heroine of his *Cora Potts*, H. L. Mencken once wrote: 'That gal is one of my favourites in American fiction.' In addition to seven novels he has written two plays, a children's book and a Disney movie. Mr. Greene commenced his journalistic career as a reporter for the *Atlanta Journal* in 1913. He returned to this paper as a foreign correspondent after a brief period with the *New York Tribune*. Following the war, he began his long association with King Features syndicate.

All his life he has never wanted to be anything but a newspaperman. He says that he would like to have as his epitaph: 'Ward Greene: A good reporter.'

HELEN HAYES

ONCE, YEARS ago, I got into a dogfight. I was wheeling a baby carriage, my pet cocker spaniel trotting beside me. Without warning, three dogs—an Afghan, a St. Bernard and a Dalmatian—pounced on the cocker and started tearing him to pieces. I shrieked for help. Two men in a car stopped, looked, and drove on.

When I saw that I was so infuriated that I waded in and stopped the fight myself. My theatrical training never stood me in better stead. My shouts were so authoritative, my gestures so arresting, I commanded the situation like a lion-tamer and the dogs finally slunk away.

Looking back, I think I acted less in anger than from a realization that I was on my own, that if anybody was going to help me at that moment, it had to be myself.

Life seems to be a series of crises that have to be faced. In summoning strength to face them, though, I once fooled myself into an exaggerated regard of my own importance. I felt very independent. I was only distantly aware of other people. I worked hard and was 'successful'. In the theatre, I was brought up in the tradition of service. The audience pays its money and you are expected to give your best performance—both on and off the stage. So I served on committees, and made speeches, and backed causes. But somehow the *meaning* of things escaped me.

When my daughter died of polio, everybody stretched out a hand to help me, but at first I couldn't seem to bear the touch of anything, even the love of friends; no support seemed strong enough.

While Mary was still sick, I used to go early in the morning to a little church near the hospital to pray. There the working people came quietly to worship. I had been careless with my religion, I had rather cut God out of my life, and I didn't have the nerve at the time to ask Him to make my daughter well—I only asked Him to help me understand, to let me come in and reach Him. I prayed there every morning and I kept looking for a revelation, but nothing happened.

And then, much later, I discovered that it *had* happened, right there in the church. I could recall, vividly, one by one, the people I had seen there—the solemn labourers with tired looks, the old women with gnarled hands. Life had knocked them around, but for a brief moment

they were being refreshed by an ennobling experience. It seemed as they prayed their worn faces lighted up and they became the very vessels of God. Here was my revelation. Suddenly I realized I was one of them. In my need I gained strength from the knowledge that they too had needs, and I felt an interdependence with them. I experienced a flood of compassion for people. I was learning the meaning of 'Love thy neighbour . . .'

Truths as old and simple as this began to light up for me like the faces of the men and women in the little church. When I read the Bible now, as I do frequently, I take the teachings of men like Jesus and David and St. Paul as the helpful advice of trusted friends about how to live. They understand that life is full of complications and often heavy blows and they are showing me the wisest way through it. I must help myself, yes, but I am not such a self-contained unit that I can live aloof, unto myself. This was the meaning that had been missing before: the realization that I was a living part of God's world of people.

HELEN HAYES, a first lady of the American theatre, began to act almost as soon as she could walk. While doing an impersonation at a ball when she was still a child, she was observed by Producer Lew Fields, who later gave her a part in one of his musicals.

Sometime afterwards she appeared in Sir James M. Barrie's *Dear Brutus* and was immediately acclaimed 'the greatest young actress in New York City'. During a rehearsal of *We Moderns* in 1924, she met the playwright Charles MacArthur, whom she later married.

Particularly remembered for her illustrious performance in *Victoria Regina*, she has more recently appeared on the New York stage in *Mrs. McThing*. She has also made many memorable films. More than one young actress to-day has a helping hand from Helen Hayes to thank for her success. She lives with her family in Nyack, New York.

ROBERT HILLYER

'I FEEL the coming glory of the light.' This last line of Edwin Arlington Robinson's sonnet 'Credo' expresses the general basis of my belief. It is my task to clear away the debris of dead emotions, regrets and petty ambitions that the quickening light may come through. The five senses and the mystery of the breath draw in the wonder of the world, and, with that, the glory of God. I may seldom rise to moments of exaltation, but I try to keep myself prepared for them. Thus I oppose the desire for oblivion that gnaws at our roots even as the light is summoning us to bloom.

The desire for oblivion conspires against the soul from outer circumstances and also from within oneself. Its agents are worry and resentment, envy and show. Its impulse is to seek things that are equally disappointing whether they are missed or acquired. Its result is an abject conviction that everything is futile. By meditation and prayer I can escape that dark, destructive force and win my way back to the beauties of the world and the joy of God.

I believe in my survival after death. Like many others before me, I have experienced 'intimations of immortality'. I can no more explain these than the brown seed can explain the flowering tree. Deep in the soil in time's midwinter, my very stirring and uncase seem a kind of growing pain toward June.

As to orthodox belief, I am an Episcopalian, like my family before me. I can repeat the Creed without asking too much margin for personal interpretation. To me it is a pattern, like the sonnet form in poetry, for the compact expression of faith. There are other patterns for other people, and I have no quarrel with these. 'By many paths we reach the single goal.'

I believe in the good intentions of others, and I trust people instinctively. My trust has often been betrayed in petty ways, and, once or twice, gravely. I cannot stop trusting people because suspicion is contrary to my nature. Nor would I, because the number of people who have justified my trust are ten to one to those who have abused it. And I know that on occasion I have myself, perhaps inadvertently, failed to live up to some trust reposed in me.

That the universe has a purposeful movement toward spiritual per-

fection seems to me logical, unless we are all cells in the brain of an idiot. A belief in spiritual as well as physical evolution has sustained me in an optimism still unshaken by cynics. There may be setbacks of a century or even centuries, but they seem small reverses when measured against the vast prospect of human progress or even the record of it to this point.

I am blest with a buoyant temperament and enjoy the pleasures of this earth. For daily living I would say: One world at a time. I do not wish my life to be cluttered with material things; on the other hand, I do not wish to anticipate, by fanatical self-denial, the raptures to come. Sufficient unto the day is the good thereof.

ROBERT HILLYER, Pulitzer Prize winner in poetry, was born in East Orange, New Jersey, in 1895. Following his graduation from Harvard in 1917, he was commissioned in the A.E.F. and served two years. On his return to America he taught at Harvard. Later the University honoured him by making him Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, a chair he continues to occupy.

His first book, *Sonnets and Other Lyrics*, was published when he was twenty-two. Various volumes of verse followed, along with a novel, *Riverhead*, in 1932. His *Collected Verse* in 1933 won him the Pulitzer Prize the following year.

Mr. Hillyer is now President of the Poetry Society of America. His work is considered to be in the sound tradition of English verse. His most recent book is a volume of lyrics, *The Suburb by the Sea*.

DR. ALVIN JOHNSON

I BELIEVE that the life of human societies is governed by a law of progress. And I believe that progress in all times has had one single moral objective, to establish the rights of man, of all men to equality of opportunity under the sun and to the generous solicitude of the better equipped, the more fortunate.

We are warned that civilization after civilization has risen to glory and has decayed and perished. No civilization based soundly on the moral law has perished. There has been no such civilization in history. Great pyramids and towers have been reared and left to us by civilizations sunken under the waves of history. Great moments of art and poetry and philosophy have shone upon the world, to grow dim and flicker out. All these achievements have been built upon a base of slavery, of exploitation of the common man. They stand out as historic relics, but the civilizations that produced them have fallen, like buildings resting on foundations of rotten rock.

Can our civilization endure? We have discovered Welfare, and we work for it. Are our people perishing for want of bread? We set myriad abilities at work to entice bread from the willing soil, which has in its bosom bread for all, and to spare. Is our brother suffering from wasting disease for which he knows no cure? We have thousands of our ablest minds working on his problem. Is our brother living miserably in the dark of the mind, pernicious illusion crowding upon pernicious illusion? We put at his disposal abilities once reserved for the sons of kings.

Yet, we are still afflicted with the evil ideas of an era that by the grace of God is liquidating. We have Victorian economics and Marxian economics spitting fire at each other over the trembling peoples. That will pass.

I believe in my fellow men. In a lifetime considerably exceeding the Psalmist's three score years and ten, I have met no man or woman whom I could set down as hopelessly devoid of moral possibilities. I have known persons driven to crime by insecurity and fear. Our society is rapidly developing power to abate insecurity and fear.

I have tried, in my small way, to be helpful to my fellow men. To

accomplish my purposes I have needed help. And I have never failed to find it.

I believe that a better era of the world is dawning. I shall not see it in its full light, but I am indifferent to that. My interests, my hopes, my ideals will live on in the bosom of time; and these are the really essential parts of my own being.

ALVIN JOHNSON was born and raised on a farm in north-eastern Nebraska. When he was thirteen, he made an agreement with his father which allowed him, by working the farm, to make enough money to finance his college education. As a result, he was able to graduate from the University of Nebraska.

So began his career as a scholar. After serving with the Army during the Spanish-American war, he taught successively at colleges and universities located all the way across the United States from Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, to Stanford, California. In 1919, he joined a group of educators who founded the New School for Social Research.

From 1922 until 1945, Dr. Johnson was active director of this institution, which became one of the moving forces in the field of American adult education. He also was editor of the voluminous *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences*. Now retired, he lives at his home on the Hudson River, above New York.

HELEN KELLER

I CHOOSE for my subject faith wrought into life, apart from creed or dogma. By faith I mean a vision of good one cherishes and the enthusiasm that pushes one to seek its fulfilment regardless of obstacles. Faith is a dynamic power that breaks the chain of routine and gives a new, fine turn to old commonplaces. Faith reinvigorates the will, enriches the affections and awakens a sense of creativeness.

Active faith knows no fear, and it is a safeguard to me against cynicism and despair. After all, faith is not one thing or two or three things; it is an indivisible totality of beliefs that inspire me. Belief in God as infinite good will and all-seeing Wisdom whose everlasting arms sustain me walking on the sea of life. Trust in my fellow men, wonder at their fundamental goodness and confidence that after this night of sorrow and oppression they will rise up strong and beautiful in the glory of morning. Reverence for the beauty and preciousness of earth, and a sense of responsibility to do what I can to make it a habitation of health and plenty for all men. Faith in immortality because it renders less bitter the separation from those I have loved and lost, and because it will free me from unnatural limitations and unfold still more faculties I have in joyous activity. Even if my vital spark should be blown out, I believe that I should behave with courageous dignity in the presence of fate and strive to be a worthy companion of the Beautiful, the Good and the True. But fate has its master in the faith of those who surmount it, and limitation has its limits for those who, though disillusioned, live greatly. True faith is not a fruit of security, it is the ability to blend mortal fragility with the inner strength of the spirit. It does not shift with the changing shades of one's thought.

It was a terrible blow to my faith when I learned that millions of my fellow creatures must labour all their days for food and shelter, bear the most crushing burdens and die without having known the joy of living. My security vanished for ever, and I have never regained the radiant belief of my young years that earth is a happy home and hearth for the majority of mankind. But faith is a state of mind. The believer is not soon disheartened. If he is turned out of his shelter, he builds up a house that the winds of the earth cannot destroy.

When I think of the suffering and famine, and the continued slaughter of men, my spirit bleeds, but the thought comes to me that, like the little deaf, dumb and blind child I once was, mankind is growing out of the darkness of ignorance and hate into the light of a brighter day.

HELEN KELLER has been blind and deaf since she was nineteen months old. By slow stages she painfully learned to appreciate a world more fortunate people take for granted. Aided by her friend and teacher, the late Anne Sullivan Macy, she was able to sharpen her other senses to the point where they helped to compensate for her loss of sight and hearing. Thus she was able to gain an education and graduated from Radcliffe College *cum laude* in 1904.

Even before that she had begun to write, and her autobiography, *The Story of My Life*, was published in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Since then she has written steadily. Her numerous books include *The World I Live In*.

When she is not travelling, this remarkable woman, now in her seventies, lives in a white frame house in Westport, Connecticut, with Polly Thomson. For nearly forty years, Miss Thomson has been her constant companion and has helped her emerge from a blind and deaf-mute's prison to communicate so richly with the world.

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ

ON EASTER SUNDAY, 1945, the last year of the war, my wife and I were in Marseilles. We had just arrived for four days' rest, after a tour of entertaining the troops in Burma. It was a wonderful morning, sparkling but not too warm, there were no tourists of course, and we decided to drive along the Riviera to Vence and call on Matisse. We had never met the painter, but we knew well his son Pierre in New York.

We found Matisse living in a small house, with a magnificent, sweeping view beyond his vegetable garden. In one room there was a cage with a lot of fluttering birds. The place was covered with paintings, most of them obviously new ones. I marvelled at his production and I asked him: 'What is your inspiration?'

'I grow artichokes,' he said. His eyes smiled at my surprise and he went on to explain: 'Every morning I go into the garden and watch these plants. I see the play of light and shade on the leaves and I discover new combinations of colours and fantastic patterns. I study them. They inspire me. Then I go back into the studio and paint.'

This struck me forcefully. Here was perhaps the world's most celebrated living painter. He was approaching eighty and I would have thought that he had seen every combination of light and shade imaginable. Yet every day he got fresh inspiration from the sunlight on an artichoke; it seemed to charge the delicate dynamo of his genius with an effervescent energy almost inexhaustible.

I wondered what might have happened if Matisse had never taken that morning stroll in the garden. But such a withdrawal is not in his character. Sometimes a man builds a wall around himself, shutting out the light. Not Matisse. He goes out to meet the world, discovers it and seems to soak up the discoveries in his very pores.

In such a process, man inhales the chemicals of inspiration, so to speak. As a musician, inspiration is vital to me but I find it hard to define what it is. It is more than just drinking in a view or being in love. It is, I think, a sense of discovery, a keen appetite for something new. There goes with it a certain amount of discipline, of control, coupled with a reluctance to accept a rigid, preconceived pattern. Someone has described this whole feeling as a divine discontent.

The source of this capacity for thrilling, explanatory wonder at life rests, I believe, above man himself in something supreme. I sense this in regarding nature, which stimulates me in all my creative work. There are a host of things about the universe which I do not clearly understand, any more than I can understand, for example, the technicalities of the process by which we can be heard and seen in this new dimension, the miraculous television screen. Such finite things as these inventions were inconceivable mysteries a few years ago. The reason for life may be obscure to me, but that is no cause to doubt that the reason is there. Like Matisse with his artichoke, I can regard the infinite number of lights and shades of a piece of music and know that this is true.

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ is a name that means many things to many people. To a vast audience in many lands, he is among the most listened-to conductors on gramophone records. To American veterans of World War II, he was the man who organized and conducted orchestras on every fighting front from Germany to the Pacific. To concert-goers he is one of the most popular conductors ever to lead such orchestras as the New York Philharmonic, the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Boston Symphony.

Above all he is revered by contemporary American composers as a champion who has laboured constantly to bring their works before the musical world. His enthusiasm and foresight led him to commission many compositions which have now taken their place in the standard American repertoire.

Mr. Kostelanetz is married to Lily Pons, celebrated opera star. Literature and art, philosophy and sports all fascinate him, but music has always come first with this Russian-born maestro.

MRS. JOHN G. LEE

I THINK the most profound influence in my life was my father. He was an inventor and a scientist with a most inquisitive mind. He loved and was greatly stimulated by the beauty and the design he found in nature. He believed in people and was himself a completely honest person. His sense of humour was keen though kindly and his energy was inexhaustible. Once he was asked how he got the idea for the Maxim Silencer. He answered, 'By watching the way water behaved when it went down a drain.' This simple statement opened up for me a whole realm of ideas which led to a firm belief that human intelligence need recognize no bounds; that through the use of our intelligence we will move progressively closer to an understanding of man and of the universe around us; that this knowledge will bring a closer harmony between man and his surroundings; and that this way lies the chance to make the world a better place to live in.

Then I remember sitting with him on the deck of his boat one night in early September. We were anchored in a secluded cove. The breeze was light and very salty. We could hear across a little strip of land the pounding of the surf. The stars were brilliant and every now and then a shooting star would streak across the sky. He was deeply interested in astronomy and he led my mind into unforgettable speculation as we explored the grandeur of that night. I think from this I came to understand that there must be law and order in our universe. There is design. Man can observe, he can learn to understand, he can apply. The secret is to apply in the interests of the common good; not for one or for a few; not to destroy but to build for all peoples.

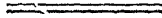
My mother and father each had an acute social conscience. They believed that because good fortune had endowed them with better than average opportunity, they had a duty to perform in their communities. From this no doubt came my own conviction that I must give more than I receive and that a satisfactory life must be measured by its usefulness to others.

I remember the excitement engendered by the conversation in our home. All kinds of ideas were explored; all sorts of prejudices were challenged; penetrating minds were brought to bear on every problem of the day. I learned that each one of us has a right to his own beliefs,

that prejudice perverts truth and that violence in the long run gains us nothing. From this understanding I moved into the belief that people everywhere must learn how to work together for the common purpose of the betterment of mankind.

I believe one of the greatest ideas of all times, one that is a compelling moral force, is the concept of the dignity and worth of the human individual. From this idea there develops a sense of devotion to the common good.

I believe that if we pull these rather simple but fundamental things together and tie them up with honesty and truth, there are no visible limits to the heights to which mankind can rise.



MRS. JOHN G. LEE, mother of four and grandmother of two, commutes nearly every week from her home in Farmington, Connecticut, to her work in Washington. She is President of the League of Women Voters of the United States.

Her husband, an aeronautical engineer who specializes in military aviation, completely agrees with Mrs. Lee that someone in the family should concentrate on more strictly peaceful pursuits. Now with many years of work in the League behind her, she heads the national organization of 106,000 women who work in 848 communities to encourage more citizens to take an active interest in the affairs of government.

Her grandfather was Sir Hiram Maxim, the inventor of the Maxim gun, who was knighted by Queen Victoria. Mrs. Lee's deep interest in peoples from all lands was amply demonstrated during the last war when she gave refuge to many evacuees, including two children from Oxford.

SENATOR HERBERT H. LEHMAN

SO MANY things affect a man's philosophy and his life that I find it difficult to put into words my personal beliefs. I hesitate to speak of them publicly for fear of giving the appearance of preaching.

Two convictions, however, I believe have more than any others influenced my thinking both in private and in public life.

First, commonplace as it may sound, I am convinced that what we get out of life is in direct proportion to what we put into it. Second, I must respect the opinions of others even if I disagree with them.

Throughout my long and rather busy career I have always held firmly to the belief that I owe life as much as it owes to me. If that philosophy is sound, and I believe it is, it applies, I hope, to all of my activities—to my home, to my daily work, to my politics, and above all things to my relationships to others.

Life is not a one-way street. What I do, what I say, even what I think, inevitably has a direct effect on my relationships with others. I am certain that in the degree that my attitude towards others has given convincing proof of loyalty, sincerity, honesty, courtesy and fairness, I have encouraged in others the same attitude toward me. Respect begets respect, suspicion begets suspicion, hate begets hate. It has been well said that 'The only way to have a friend is to be one'.

None of the blessings of our great heritage of civil liberties is self-executing. To make effective such things as brotherhood, kindness, sympathy, human decency, the freedom of opportunity, the very preciousness of life—to make these things real requires respect and constant vigilance. This is the core of my faith.

As I have said, I believe I must help to safeguard to all men free expression of their views even though I may be in disagreement with them. I must listen to and study *responsible* views; sometimes I will learn much from them. No individual and no nation has a monopoly of wisdom or talent. When an individual or a nation becomes self-satisfied or complacent, it is time, I believe, to be deeply concerned. He who closes his ears to the views of others shows little confidence in the integrity of his own views.

There can be no question with regard to the inherent rights of citizens to enjoy equal economic opportunity in every field, to secure

decent living conditions, adequate provision for the moral and spiritual development of their children, and free association with their fellow men as equals under the law and equals in the sight of God. These rights can be safeguarded and advanced only where men may think and speak freely. I reject a fundamental principle of democracy if I seek to prevent a fellow citizen of different background from fully expressing his thoughts on any subject. I have tried to express a few of my own thoughts on this subject which is very close to me. I think that we will have good reason for optimism about the future as long as men can and will say, without fear, what they believe.

HERBERT H. LEHMAN has had a long and distinguished career in business and public life. For thirty years after his graduation from Williams College, Massachusetts in 1899, he engaged in commercial, industrial, and banking activities. In 1928 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of New York, serving for four years. He was elected Governor and served ten years.

In 1943 he was chosen Director-General of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration by the unanimous vote of forty-four nations. This organization dispensed over three and a half billion dollars and saved millions of people from starvation. Decorated by many foreign governments for his services to humanity, he also holds the American Distinguished Service Medal.

In 1949 he was elected United States Senator from New York to fill an unexpired term, and in 1950 was re-elected for a full six-year term.

MRS. MARTY MANN

I AM an alcoholic—one of the fortunate ones who found the road to recovery. That was thirteen years ago, but I haven't forgotten. I remember what it was like to be hopelessly in the grip of the vicious disease of alcoholism, not knowing what was wrong with me. I remember my desperate search for help. Failing to find it, I remember my inner despair—my outer defiance.

I remember the arrogance and pride with which I faced the non-understanding world, in spite of my terrible hidden fears—my fear of life and my fear of death. At times I feared life so much more than death that twice I sought death. Suicide seemed a welcome release from a terror and agony past bearing.

How grateful I am now that I didn't succeed. But I believed in nothing, then. Not in myself, nor in anything outside myself. I was walled in with my suffering—alone and, I thought, forsaken.

But I wasn't forsaken, of course. No one is, really. I *seemed* to suffer alone, but I believe now that I was never alone—that none of us are. I believe, too, that I was never given more to bear than I could endure, but rather that my suffering was necessary, for me. I believe it may well have taken that much suffering, in my case, to break down my wall of self, to crush my arrogance and pride, to let me seek and accept the help that was there.

For in the depths of my suffering I came to believe. To believe that there was a Power greater than myself that could help me. To believe that because of that Power—God—there was hope and help for me.

I found my help through people—doctors whose vocation it is to deal with suffering, and other human beings who had suffered like myself. In the depths of my personal abyss I received understanding and kindness and help from many individuals. People, I learnt, can be very kind. I came to believe deeply in this—in people and the good that is in them.

I came to realize that suffering is universal. It lies behind much apparent harshness and irritability, many of the careless, even cruel, words and acts which make our daily lives difficult so much of the time. I learned that if I could understand this, I might not react so often with anger or hurt. And if I learned to react to difficult behaviour with

understanding and sympathy, I might help to bring about a change in that behaviour. My suffering helped me to know things.

I do not believe that everyone *should* suffer. But I do believe that suffering can be good, and even necessary, *if*—and only if—one learns to accept that suffering as part of one's essential learning process, and then to use it to help oneself and one's fellow sufferers.

Don't we all endure suffering, one way or another? This fact gives me a deep sense of kinship with other people and a consequent desire to help others in any and every way I can.

It is this belief that underlies my work, for alcoholism is the area in which I feel best fitted, through my own experience, to help others. And I believe that trying to help my fellow men is one of the straightest roads to spiritual growth. It is a road everyone can take. One doesn't have to be beautiful or gifted, or rich or powerful, in order to offer a helping hand to one's fellow sufferers. And I believe that one can walk with God by doing just that.

MRS. MARTY MANN is executive director of the National Committee on Alcoholism. The daughter of an executive of Marshall Field's Chicago department store, she returned from a European education in 1926 to find America in the midst of Prohibition. Not realizing that alcohol was physically dangerous to her, she fell into the then fashionable habit of visiting 'speakeasies'. The affliction became worse and she had to give up a promising career. After her recovery at a sanitarium she became the first woman member of Alcoholics Anonymous.

In 1944 she helped found the National Committee on Alcoholism in association with Yale University. The primary function of this group is to change public opinion regarding alcoholism and to establish a programme for its treatment. Their basic premise is that alcoholism is a disease and must be treated as such.

Mrs. Mann has written extensively on this subject, and is the author of *Primer on Alcoholism*. She also travels widely in connection with her work and delivers as many as 250 lectures annually.

THOMAS MANN

WHAT I BELIEVE, what I value most, is transitoriness.

But is not transitoriness—the perishableness of life—something very sad? No! It is the very soul of existence. It imparts value, dignity, interest to life. Transitoriness creates *time*—and ‘time is the essence’. Potentially at least, time is the supreme, most useful gift.

Time is related to—yes, identical with—everything creative and active, every progress toward a higher goal.

Without transitoriness, without beginning or end, birth or death, there is no time, either. Timelessness—in the sense of time never ending, never beginning—is a stagnant nothing. It is absolutely uninteresting.

Life is possessed by tremendous tenacity. Even so its presence remains conditional, and as it had a beginning, so it will have an end. I believe that life, just for this reason, is exceedingly enhanced in value, in charm.

One of the most important characteristics distinguishing man from all other forms of nature is his knowledge of transitoriness, of beginning and end, and therefore of the gift of time.

In man transitory life attains its peak of animation, of soul power, so to speak. This does not mean man alone would have a soul. Soul quality pervades all beings. But man’s soul is most awake in his knowledge of the interchangeability of the terms ‘existence’ and ‘transitoriness’.

To man time is given like a piece of land, as it were, entrusted to him for faithful tilling; a space in which to strive incessantly, achieve self-realization, move onward and upward. Yes, with the aid of time, man becomes capable of wresting the immortal from the mortal.

Deep down, I believe—and deem such belief natural to every human soul—that in the universe prime significance must be attributed to this earth of ours. Deep down I believe that creation of the universe out of nothingness and of life out of inorganic state ultimately aimed at the creation of man. I believe that man is meant as a great experiment whose possible failure of man’s own guilt would be paramount to the failure of creation itself.

Whether this belief be true or not, man would be well advised if he behaved as though it were.

THOMAS MANN, the novelist, has been variously referred to as 'the last great European' and 'the heir of Goethe'. He was born in Lübeck, Germany, of an old and influential mercantile family. He showed his genius at an early age. *Buddenbrooks*, published while he was still in his middle twenties, made him a world figure. More than a million copies of this classic were sold in pre-Hitler Germany.

In 1927 he published his second great novel, *The Magic Mountain*, which consolidated his reputation. In 1929 he received the Nobel Prize for Literature and in 1937 the Cardinal Newman Award. A militant anti-Fascist, he was forced to leave his country and was deprived of his citizenship. He settled in America.

Another famous work, *Joseph and His Brothers*, has been hailed as one of the masterpieces of all time. Dr. Mann now lives and works in Santa Monica, California. He has three sons and three daughters.

MARGARET MEAD

CHILDREN USED to play a game of pointing at someone suddenly, saying: 'What are you?' Some people answered by saying: 'I am a human being,' or by a nationality, or by religion. When this question was put to me by a new generation of children, I answered: 'An anthropologist.' Anthropology is the study of whole ways of life, to which one must be completely committed, all the time. So that when I speak of what I believe, as a person, I cannot separate this from what I believe as an anthropologist.

I believe that to understand human beings it is necessary to think of them as part of the whole living world. Our essential humanity depends not only on the complex biological structure which has been developed through the ages from very simple beginnings, but also upon the great social inventions which have been made by human beings, perpetuated by human beings, and in turn give human beings their stature as builders, thinkers, statesmen, artists, seers and prophets. I believe that each of these great inventions—language, the family, the use of tools, government, science, art and philosophy—has the quality of so combining the potentialities of every human temperament, that each can be learnt and perpetuated by any group of human beings, regardless of race, and regardless of the type of civilization within which their progenitors lived, so that a new-born infant from the most primitive tribe in New Guinea is as intrinsically capable of graduation from Harvard, writing a sonnet or inventing a new form of radar as an infant born on Beacon Hill. But I believe also that once a child has been reared in New Guinea or Boston or Leningrad or Tibet, he embodies the culture within which he is reared, and differs from those who are reared elsewhere, so deeply, that only by understanding these differences can we reach an awareness which will give us a new control over our human destiny.

I believe that human nature is neither intrinsically good nor intrinsically evil, but individuals are born with different combinations of innate potentialities, and that it will depend upon how they are reared—to trust and love and experiment and create, or to fear and hate and conform—what kind of human beings they can become. I believe that we have not even begun to tap human potentialities, and that by a con-

tinuing humble but persistent study of human behaviour, we can learn consciously to create civilizations within which an increasing proportion of human beings will realize more of what they have it in them to be.

I believe that human life is given meaning through the relationship which the individual's conscious goals have to the civilization, period and country within which he lives. At times the task may be to fence a wilderness, bridge a river, or rear sons to perpetuate a young colony. To-day it means taking upon ourselves the task of creating one world in such a way that we both keep the future safe and leave the future free.

MARGARET MEAD, a native of Philadelphia and now a resident of New York, has roamed the world in her study of races and peoples. Her educational background includes De Pauw University, Barnard College, and Columbia University, from which she received her Doctor's degree.

From 1929 to 1933 she lived in the Admiralty Islands and in New Guinea, participating in the community life and speaking the native dialects. The period 1936 to 1939 she spent in Bali and again New Guinea. *Coming of Age in Samoa*, *An Inquiry into the Question of Cultural Stability in Polynesia*, and *Keep Your Powder Dry* are the titles of some of her books. She is that always rare person, a scientist and scholar who writes entertainingly for the layman.

Dr. Mead is now Associate Curator of Ethnology at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, and Professor of Anthropology at Columbia University.

LAURITZ MELCHIOR

I BELIEVE that a human being can do a lot himself to shape his life. For me, the most important thing is to work hard when I work and acquire all possible knowledge in my line of work . . . and then learn how to relax in between.

My greatest relaxation is nature. I mean by that to disappear into nature—to go out in the forest with my gun, my dog, or a friend. There I will hear no telephones, receive no mail. There I can sit down and live with nature . . . feel God around me.

I feel God most when I am out in the forest and sit down on an old tree stump and see the little insects, animals and flowers around me. There I see the meaning of life and death. I see them fight each other, kill each other for existence or love and I feel the greatness of the Creator. It is the greatest way to know that there is something more than myself, over me, guiding me. It takes away one's fear for death. I know that when my time is up, I should be ready to quit—as long as I have lived happily.

And I have lived happily, because I have had a wonderful companion at my side—my wife—and we have learned to square ourselves with each other. We know that in order to have a real partnership in marriage we must each have our own individuality. If she is better able to do a certain thing, I let her take over—and she lets me do what I am better able to do. We took up our life structure hand in hand, and my darling Kleinchen has been my inspiration, my comrade, my love and my guiding angel now for over twenty-six years.

It takes many small opportunities, and friends who believe in you, as well as your own energy and will to build a career. But as an artist, my first belief must be in myself. Talent in a person is a touch of God's finger; yet any artist must work hard to grow up into his art—going slowly—acquiring all possible knowledge going with it. Only then can you stay in your art for a long period of years.

A singer must know his stage. He is, shall I say, a painter with tones for colour. When I paint an operatic picture, I use a big brush with a lot of paint and a lot of colours—loud and bright—to be looked at from a distance. Now concert art is another sort of painting. In every song I must create for the listener the spirit of the music and its words,

and this piece of art is to be looked at from a close distance, so I have to work out the little details musically as well as in the feeling and meaning of the words.

We all know what power there is in music—it is able to pat our heads and get our tears to flow when we are in great sorrow or pain, and it is able to magnify our happiness and joy. I think a better medicine doesn't exist in the world.

LAURITZ MELCHIOR, one of the great dramatic tenors of this century, has sung the roles of Tristan, Siegfried, and Tannhäuser more often than any other artist. Although now renowned as a true Wagnerian *Heldentenor*, he began his operatic career in his native Copenhagen as a baritone. In 1919, he made one of his initial appearances at Queen's Hall in London. Among those who heard him there was Hugh Walpole who subsequently encouraged him to go to Bayreuth and study the Wagnerian tradition under Anna Bahr-Mildenburg.

A Metropolitan Opera star since 1926, he has also sung in opera houses the world over. His American and foreign honours are many and include the title of 'Singer to the Royal Court at Denmark', and membership of the French Legion of Honour.

Now living in a beautiful glass-walled house in the San Fernando Valley, he is a popular guest artist on radio and television, and has undertaken still another career in the movies.

JOE J. MICKLE

I MUST plead guilty to being an optimist—a long-range optimist. I like to view human progress in centuries rather than in years. I do not believe progress is automatic, nor does my optimism relieve me of a sense of urgency in working for human betterment; but a long, backward glance at the human races always reassures me.

This means that I am enthusiastic about life. Henry Chester has said: 'Enthusiasm is the greatest asset in the world. It is nothing more or less than faith in action.'

The most difficult person for me to understand is one who is bored; yet each day I encounter those who seem dead to the glamour and challenge of life. Life has so many sides that I cannot imagine why it should ever appear tedious or uninteresting. I'd like nine lives, each in a different activity.

In Peking I once saw a sign near the railway station which read, 'Your baggage forwarded in all directions.' To me, life is so interesting that enthusiasm has come naturally and I've wanted to run off in a lot of directions all at once. Fortunately, my own work has been big enough to merit my full enthusiasm. This is my 'faith in action'.

But for me, optimism and enthusiasm can be deeply rooted and continuous only if they spring from an inner sense of the presence of God and faith in His spirit at work in the world. The 139th Psalm is my inspiration, for it expresses this faith: 'Oh, Lord, thou hast searched me and known me—Though I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me.' This faith makes life more orderly and simple, yet more complete.

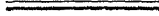
Thankfulness, too, is my 'faith in action'. I am thankful for past generations which have paid the price of human progress. I try not to take them for granted. To those who through much suffering have brought us greater freedom, broader visions and better living conditions, I feel undying gratitude. I like to turn back the hands of time to study their lives and struggles. Also, I am thankful to those of my generation, particularly to those of talents different from and greater than mine, who have picked up where others left off and are carrying on toward that 'far-off, divine event toward which all creation moves'.

But the spirit of thankfulness to my own and past generations cannot

be complete without frequently lifting the face upward simply to say, 'Thank You, God.' In fact, with me at least, it is here that the spirit of thankfulness finds its first expression. From there I want it to flow outward toward my fellow men of whatever race, colour, creed or talent.

I knew a four-year-old girl in Japan who, at the end of a wonderful day of play with her American and Japanese friends, asked permission to say her evening prayers in her own words. Then she said: 'Thank You, God, for a pleasant day,' hesitated a moment while she thought what should come next, then in complete sincerity added: 'I hope You've had a good time, too.'

That prayer implies that if thankfulness is genuine it must be linked to life's actions. It is thankfulness which says to God: 'I hope that this day my actions have brought You only pleasure.'



JOE J. MICKLE, born and raised in Texas and educated at Southern Methodist and Columbia Universities, has been president of Centenary College of Louisiana, in Shreveport, since 1945. His primary field is history and political science, although for twenty years he taught commercial subjects at Kwansei Gakuin University in Japan.

While in Japan he closely observed the rise of militarism in that country from 1931 to 1941. This revealed to him the true nature of totalitarian governments and intensified his interest in international political organizations. In the belief that a strong federation of the leading democracies is necessary to achieve peace, he supports the work of the Atlantic Union Committee.

From 1941 to 1945, Dr. Mickle served as Associate Executive Secretary of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America. He is a member of the Foreign Policy Association and the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences. In 1946, Southwestern University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

EDWARD P. MORGAN

WHEN I was a small boy, I believed in God the same way I believed in Santa Claus; my mother told me it was so. The process of growing up—of sorting out mature convictions from the world of make believe—this has been a painful thing for me.

I still have my guard up against what might be termed professional religion. It is so easy for us to press ourselves into a pattern—to learn to say pious things self-righteously without really believing in them or acting upon them. How can I profess a belief in what we call a Supreme Being without showing an honest faith in the human being—the ordinary mortal?

Of all times, I think, now is the time when men must believe in men, or they can believe in nothing. If I cannot believe in the man next door and recognize and respect the human dignity which is his birthright as intimately as his skin, what valid connection can I claim with a Presence in whose image I am supposed to be cast? But if I believe in humanity, then I come to know, inevitably, that there is something bigger than myself.

If I couldn't figure this out in the spinning urban world where life is swift and often ruthless, I like to think that a kind of instinctive humility would come to me as I, a man, walked along, say, in a deep green forest. Past the temples of trees, through the canyons of rocks and beside the avenues of shining rivers. Perhaps that is the time when a man's mind can best reach out and grasp the stars.

I have a feeling that the world is bigger than we imagine—that we are on the brink of great discoveries—not only in science but in people.

We are only at the frontier of humanity. We are just beginning to poke into the fascinating recesses of the consciousness and attempt, somehow, to measure that non-dimensional organ called the human soul. In other words, we are on the verge of discovering ourselves. This excites me. This will prove that the world is not only big—it is also small, a cosy place where people can extend their minds, as easily as they extend a hand, and touch each other with understanding.

I believe people must have nourishment for their minds and spirits, just as we need pork chops and potatoes and vitamin C for our bodies. Malnutrition of the mind means a warped character as surely as rickets

mean puny bones. There is a certain rich sustenance of beauty which has helped me overcome this disease. For me, beauty is one of the most important things in life. Or perhaps I mean an awareness of beauty. It is everything from the warm, sensuous beauty of woman, who is life itself, to the liquid rhythm of music, the fragile, fleeting loveliness of daybreak, the terrible majesty of a storm. A picture, a poem, the open look of a child.

In our frenetic existence to-day, these things seem like a blur glimpsed through the window of a speeding train. Our very velocity adds to our uneasiness—uneasiness about ourselves. About how long we are going to live. About death. But the good things are there, I think, if we pause to find them. And I believe that as for himself, a man lives in the faces and the hearts of his children, and in the friendships and the memories of his friends. I believe that all the permanence I need is floating there, on the stream of life.

EDWARD P. MORGAN, news commentator for the Columbia Broadcasting System, radio and television, has been a reporter for twenty years. His broadcasting and his writing have been called 'dimensional', owing perhaps to the importance he attaches to perspective in reporting the news.

Mr. Morgan was born in Walla Walla, Washington, in 1910. He has worked with the United Press, the *Chicago Daily News*, *Collier's Weekly*, and C.B.S. in Hawaii, Mexico, Europe, the Middle East, and in America, reporting such important events as Trotsky's assassination, the Nuremberg trials, and the founding of Israel. During the war, he did several B.B.C. broadcasts to North America from London.

In 1952, Mr. Morgan covered the Presidential campaign for C.B.S., travelling with both the Eisenhower and Stevenson parties, and crossing the continent six times. He has contributed to a number of American periodicals, including the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *New York Times*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*.

CHARLES NAEGELÉ

It's FUNNY how you can keep on losing, having to give things up in life and yet find you're really gaining all the time.

The first half of my life has seemed so rich; oh, not money, but I had health, youth, people I loved around me, talent, and an absorbing virtuoso's career, intensely sacrificed and worked for from my tenth year. I was *fired with enormous joy in my music, intoxicated with the power of emotional utterance which came with playing, and with the power of giving pleasure to others.*

Then arthritis struck. No use of my hands for one year, followed by ten years of only partial recovery during which I forced myself to play publicly, but with the frustration of severe handicap. With World War II, I stopped this to become a voluntary Supervisor for the U.S.O. Servicemen's Lounges (at Grand Central and Pennsylvania Stations in New York). There at last I was happy again, because I could give freely, as I was trained to do with my playing. So my own defeats were forcing me to look outward for relief, and already other people's happiness and problems had become more important to me than my own.

Last year, facing an emergency operation, I was told I might live only another hour or two. Suddenly I saw how great the feast had been, how much kindness, how much love, great and small had been showered upon me, the courage, loyalty and idealism I had met and shared, the wonderful, beautiful people I had known—their human foibles, their great generosity, and their immortal spirits! A sense of incredible richness overwhelmed me, and I realized that right then I loved everyone so much I was not a bit concerned for myself, past, present or future. I had learned not to care. This was crazy, but it was good medicine too. Where were the losses borne through all those years? There had never really been any, and I was finally richer for being stripped of everything, even the prospect of life just as the Bible had promised.

All the treasure of this world lies in the human heart and spirit. But for many years I refused to accept happiness or perfection which could not be related to my art. Now the pattern created by any single life is more important to me than the greatest art. The twinkle of light

in a friendly eye is brighter than the flash of jewels. It can be lost and never replaced; it is beyond price. So is the beauty of a smile and every other human thing. And so is the secret thread of happiness upon which each human heart depends. However poor, we each have something unique within ourselves to give to a particular need—a gift of the human spirit itself, and so a spark of the divine. Perhaps a moment of pleasure, a story or tune for forgetfulness, or a reminder that someone cares; whatever it takes to bring happiness to another's face, that's what makes me feel like a king. But I'm beggar and king in one, for the supreme law and need of my existence turns out to be not talent or achievement, nor success, nor even health, but simply love as Jesus meant it.

So I believe that we need each other more than anything else in this world, and that the Kingdom of Heaven is right here, now, inside us.



CHARLES NAEGELÉ, noted American pianist, was born in New York City. His father was Charles Frederick Naegelé, distinguished portrait painter (one of his portraits of the pianist as a small child hangs in the National Museum in Washington). Mr. Naegelé learned to play 'by ear' when he was five and by fifteen he had played for Paderewski.

At sixteen he appeared as soloist with a symphony orchestra. After service during the First World War, he attended Yale University and graduated in 1923. Four years of intensive piano study in Europe followed, first with Isidor Philip, head of the Paris Conservatoire, with Vincent D'Indy, and finally with Artur Schnabel in Berlin where he made his professional debut.

Returning to America, he began to build an ever-increasing reputation. He has played with most of the principal orchestras in the country, including the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, the Boston Symphony, and the Philadelphia Orchestra.

ALBERT J. NESBITT

ONE DAY about fifteen years ago I suddenly came face to face with myself and realized there was something quite empty about my life. My friends and associates perhaps didn't see it. By the generally accepted standards, I was 'successful', I was head of a prosperous manufacturing concern and I led what is usually referred to as an 'active' life, both socially and in business. But it didn't seem to me to be adding up to anything. I was going around in circles. I worked hard, played hard, and pretty soon I discovered I was hitting the highballs harder than I needed. I wasn't a candidate for Alcoholics Anonymous, but to be honest with myself I had to admit I was drinking more than was good for me. It may have been out of sheer boredom.

I began to wonder what to do. It occurred to me that I might have gotten myself too tightly wrapped up in my job, to the sacrifice of the basic but non-materialistic values of life. It struck me abruptly that I was being quite selfish, that my major interest in people was in what they meant to me, what they represented as business contacts or employees, not what I might mean to them. I remembered that as my mother sent me to Sunday school as a boy, and encouraged me to sing in the church choir, she used to tell me that the value of what she called a good Christian background was in having something to tie to. I put in a little thought recalling the Golden Rule and some of the other first principles of Christianity. I began to get interested in Y.M.C.A. work.

It happened that just at this time we were having some bitter fights with the union at our plant. Then one day it occurred to me: What really *is* their point of view, and why? I began to see a basis for their suspicions, their often chip-on-shoulder point of view, and I determined to do something about it.

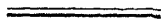
We endeavoured to apply—literally apply—Christian principles to our dealings with employees, to practise, for example, something of the Golden Rule. The men's response, once they were convinced we were sincere, was remarkable. The effort has paid for its pains, and I don't mean in dollars. I mean in dividends of human dignity, of a man's pride in his job and in the company, knowing that he is no longer just a cog but a live personal part of it and that it doesn't matter

whether he belongs to a certain church or whether the pigmentation of his skin is light or dark.

But I can speak with most authority on how this change of attitude affected me and my personal outlook on life. Perhaps, again, many of my friends did not notice the difference.

But I noticed it. That feeling of emptiness, into which I was pouring cocktails out of boredom, was filling up instead with a purpose: to live a full life with an awareness and an appreciation of other people. I do not pretend for a second that I have suddenly become a paragon. My faults are still legion and I know them.

But it seems to me better to have a little religion and practise it than think piously and do nothing about it. I feel better adjusted, more mature than I ever have in my life before. I have no fear. I say this not boastfully but in all humility. The actual application of Christian principles has changed my life.



ALBERT J. NESBITT is a Philadelphia industrialist—the president of John J. Nesbitt, Inc. His home is in suburban Ambler. During the Second World War, he served as adviser to the War Production Board and as a representative of industry on the Regional National War Labour Board.

Mr. Nesbitt devotes much of his spare time to raising funds for charitable causes. At present he is President of the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia and vicinity and is also President of the United Fund. Another presidency he holds is that of the Philadelphia Council of Churches. He is the first layman to hold this office.

A member of the Board of Trustees of the Pennsylvania State College, he holds honorary degrees from both Drexel Institute of Technology and Ursinus College, near Philadelphia. He is at once a hard-headed businessman and a warm-hearted human, who believes strongly in the continuing power of the Golden Rule.

PROFESSOR HARRY A. OVERSTREET

EVER SINCE Socrates was introduced to my adolescent mind, he has been one chief master of my thinking. What he believed still seems to me to be indispensable for carrying on an intelligent and responsible life. He believed *that he did not know*. For myself, I have come to change his negative into a positive. I know that there is far more in this universe for me to know than I now know.

I recently had a dramatic illustration of this. My wife and I, driving through Arizona, stopped at a 'collector's shop' in Tucson, where stones and minerals of many kinds were on display. In the course of the visit, we were taken into a small room where rocks were laid out on shelves. They were quite ordinary-looking rocks. Had I seen them on some hillside, I would not have given them a second thought. Then the man closed the door so that the room was in total darkness and turned on an ultra-violet lamp.

Instantly the prosaic rocks leaped into a kind of glory. Brilliant colours of an indescribable beauty were there before our eyes.

A very simple thing—and yet a very tremendous thing—had happened. A certain power had been snapped on; and a hidden world leaped into life.

As I look at my universe and walk among my fellow humans, I have the deep belief that hidden realities are all around us. These hidden realities are there in the physical world; and they are there, also, in the human world. If I am foolish enough to think that I see all there is to be seen in front of my eyes, I simply miss the glory.

I believe, then, that my chief job in life—and my astonishing privilege—is to snap on an extra power so that I can see what my naked eyes—or my naked mind—cannot now see. I believe that I have to do this particularly with my human fellows. My ordinary eyes tend to stop short at those opaque envelopes we call human bodies. But we have learned that by turning on a certain power we can penetrate to the inside of these envelopes.

We call this extra power 'imagination'. At its highest, we call it 'empathy', the power to see through and to feel through to the inner life of other human beings. It is a kind of ultra-violet lamp of

our psychic life. When we turn on this lamp of imaginative sensitivity, we make the prosaic human beings around us come excitingly alive.

Zona Gale once set down as the first article of her creed: '*I believe in expanding the areas of my awareness.*' I'd do the same. If I expand the areas of my awareness, I move understandingly into realities beyond me. When I move into them understandingly, I know what I can do and what I should do. If I don't move in understandingly, if I stay in ignorance on the outside, then, in all likelihood, I will do mistaken things.

The great principle of love depends upon this. He who loves another tries truly to understand the other. We can reverse this: he who tries truly to understand another is not likely to hate that other.

Socrates gave no finished catalogue of the 'truths' of the world. He gave, rather, the impulse to search. This is far better, I feel, than dogmatic certainty. When we are aware that there are glories of life still hidden from us, we walk humbly before the Great Unknown. But we do more than this: we try manfully to increase our powers of seeing and feeling so that we can turn what is still unknown into what is warmly and understandingly known. . . . This, I believe, is our great human adventure.

HARRY A. OVERSTREET spent his undergraduate days at the University of California before moving on to do graduate work at Balliol College, Oxford. Upon his return to America he taught philosophy at his Alma Mater and later headed the Department of Philosophy and Psychology at the College of the City of New York. Retiring some years before the normal time, he decided to use the United States as his classroom.

Lecturing to adults and discussing ideas with them has been one of his richest experiences. In recent years, he has appeared jointly with his wife, sharing with her equally both platform and ideas. Out of these shared experiences they have individually written their many books on the growth possibilities of the human personality. Mr. Overstreet's best-known works are *Influencing Human Behaviour*, *The Mature Mind*, and the recently published *The Great Enterprise*.

He has also collaborated with his wife on several books, including *Leaders for Adult Education*.

CHARLES H. PERCY

A GREAT American industrial statesman, Clarence Francis, once said: 'You can buy a man's time; you can buy a man's physical presence at a given place; you can even buy a measured number of skilled muscular motions per hour or day. But you cannot buy enthusiasm; you cannot buy initiative; you cannot buy loyalty; you cannot buy the devotion of hearts, minds and souls. You have to earn these things . . .'

This, I believe, illustrates a great truth. We can earn human affection and respect only through understanding. It is our relationship with people, not people in a mass, but as individuals, which makes our own world rich or poor.

We cannot truly understand everyone. But we can learn an amazing number of things about people if, when we look at them, we really see them; if when we listen to them, we really hear them; and if when we talk to them, we speak from our hearts.

The most commonplace person becomes extraordinary when we understand him. The gruffest manner may conceal the kindest heart, the most practical man may be the most idealistic; the quietest, the possessor of the most sparkling intellect. The most unlikely exterior may hide the greatest ability. The qualities of charm, warmth, wit; integrity and unselfishness abound in people around us.

During the Battle of Britain we Americans were amazed at the courage and stamina of the British people, who withstood month after month of heavy bombing without a lessening of their morale. It was not so much the R.A.F. as the tenacity of the British which enabled England to remain undefeated. People who had never faced danger or discomfort endured it heroically. Yet their courage was nothing new. They had always had it, but they had never needed to use it before.

I believe that faith is seldom disappointed—whether it be faith in God or faith in our fellow man. To expect the best of a man is almost assurance that you will receive it. When I give a man a job to do, I leave that job to him. It is his responsibility—his is the credit or the blame for what he makes of it. Generally, no two people do a thing in the same way. Every man brings to a problem a fresh point of view and a new approach. The value of individual effort and thinking can never be overestimated.

At Bell & Howell Company our production workers have often solved problems on the job that management has wrestled with unsuccessfully. Once a man knows that his opinions are respected, that his ideas are valued, his energy and mind are turned to constructive interest in his work. I do not believe in men doing the work that machines can do. Nor do I believe in hiring only the work of a man's hands when he is eager to give his heart and his mind to his job. I have never known—really known—a man or woman I couldn't like and respect. I hope I never do. Once we recognize the fact that every individual is a treasury of hidden and unsuspected qualities, our life becomes richer, our judgment better, and our world is more right.

This I believe—it is not love that is blind; it is only the unnoticing eye that cannot truly see the real qualities of man.

CHARLES H. PERCY worked his way through both high school and the University of Chicago where he had an exceptionally distinguished undergraduate record. In addition to other achievements, he held the post of university marshal to the chancellor, the highest honour accorded a member of the senior class.

While still at the University, he entered the co-operative training programme of the Bell & Howell Company, makers of optical and photographic equipment. Upon his graduation, he joined the company. In 1942, when he was only twenty-three, he was elected to its Board of Directors.

The Second World War interrupted his business career and he served with the Navy, attaining the grade of lieutenant. Returning to Bell & Howell, he was made secretary and then president. In 1949, he was named one of the ten outstanding young men in the country by the Junior Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Percy lives with his family in Kenilworth, Illinois.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS

IF I WERE A DICTATOR the first book I would burn would be the Bible. I'd burn it because I'd realize that the whole concept of democracy came out of that book. 'Democracy' is a Greek word which means rule by the people, but even at the height of its ancient glory Athens was not a democracy. The Greeks gave us the word for it but the Bible gave us the philosophy and the way which we call democracy.

Remember the story of young David the shepherd boy as told in the Book of Samuel. David came to the sorely pressed army of Israel bringing supplies to his brothers. Now for forty days the arrogant Goliath, champion of the Philistines' army, had challenged any single man of Israel to combat but none had been able to prevail against him. Young David asked permission of King Saul to try *his* luck. There was no other volunteer so Saul accepted his services. And Saul fitted David out in his own armour, his own coat of mail and helmet of brass, and gave him a huge sword. But this heavy array of armour and weapons didn't fit the shepherd boy and he had the good sense to know it. He dropped the sword and slipped out of the heavy armour. The one weapon he knew how to use was the slingshot. So, choosing five smooth stones from a brook, he advanced upon Goliath and slew him. David in Saul's armour meant defeat; David fighting his own way and with weapons he knew meant victory. Young David was an individualist, in a real sense of nonconformer, for he refused to use the traditional weapons. And wise King Saul did not confuse conformity and loyalty.

Nor did the Saviour. When Jesus chose twelve men to be with Him and carry on His mission after He was gone He didn't select a group of rubber stamps. There was Peter, the impetuous; Andrew, the plodder; John, the poet; Simon, the fiery zealot; Thomas, the melancholy. They were not stereotyped 'yes' men. He put a premium on their infinite variety. They were united by their very differences. He encouraged them to question His most fundamental beliefs and in open discussion their doubts were resolved and their faith strengthened.

You don't have to read political science or study constitutional law to understand democracy or to realize that, when individuality is suppressed, society suffers; when originality is thwarted, progress is halted.

You only have to read the Bible to provide understanding. Let Saul have his heavy armour if he wishes and let David have his slingshot and his five smooth stones. Let each of us be as impetuous as Peter, or as slow and plodding as Andrew. From the point of view of a dictator who can rule only as long as individual thoughts and ideas and conduct are suppressed, these are dangerous thoughts to be lurking in the mind of man. Yes, if I were a dictator the first book I would burn would be the Bible.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS, who entered journalism as a sports writer for the *New York World*, has recently served as editor of *United Nations World*. Upon his graduation from Brown University, in Rhode Island, he enrolled in law school at night while he worked during the day. By the time he had earned his degree, he was an experienced reporter. Subsequently, his university honoured him with the degree of Doctor of Literature. Other of his honours include a Doctor of Laws degree from the University of Western Ontario.

As a war correspondent, he saw the Battle of Britain. From his experiences he wrote *The Wounded Don't Cry* and *London Diary*. Since 1941, he has written a book almost every year. One of them, *Courtroom*, is the biography of Judge Samuel Leibowitz of New York. For many years, Mr. Reynolds was associated with *Collier's* magazine in an executive capacity. An author of short stories, his contributions have appeared frequently in various publications.

RALPH RICHMOND

JUST TEN years ago I sat across the desk from a doctor with a stethoscope. 'Yes,' he said, 'there is a lesion in the left upper lobe. You have a moderately advanced case. . . .' I listened, stunned, as he continued: 'You'll have to give up work at once and go to bed. Later on, we'll see. . . .' He gave me no assurance.

Feeling like a man who, in mid-career, has suddenly been placed under sentence of death with an indefinite reprieve, I left the doctor's office, walked over to the park and sat down on a bench—perhaps, as I then told myself, for the last time. I needed to think.

In the next three days I cleared up my affairs. Then I went home, got into bed and set my watch to tick off not the ~~next~~ ^{next} minutes but the months.

Two and a half years, and many dashed hopes later, I left my bed and began the long climb back. It was another year before I made it.

I speak of this experience because these years that passed so slowly taught me what to value and what to believe. They said to me: Take time before time takes you.

I realize now that this world I'm living in is not my oyster to be opened, but my opportunity to be grasped. Each day to me is a precious entity. The sun comes up and presents me with twenty-four brand-new, wonderful hours—not to pass but to *fill*. I've learned to appreciate those little *all-important* things I never thought I had the time to notice before—the play of light on running water, the music of the wind in my favourite pine tree.

I seem now to see and hear and feel with some of the recovered freshness of childhood. How well, for instance, I recall the touch of the springy earth under my feet the day I first stepped upon it after the years in bed. It was almost more than I could bear. It was like regaining one's citizenship in a world one had nearly lost.

Frequently I sit back and say to myself: Let me make note of this moment I'm living right now. Because in it I'm well, happy, hard at work doing what I like best to do. It won't always be like this; so while it is, I'll make the most of it. And afterwards, I'll remember and be grateful.

All this I owe to that long time spent 'on the sidelines' of life.

Wiser people come to this awareness without having to acquire it the hard way. But I wasn't wise enough. I'm wiser now—a little—and happier.

'Look thy last on all things lovely—every hour!' With these words Walter de la Mare sums up for me my philosophy and my belief. God made this world—in spite of what man now and then tries to do to *un*-make it—a dwelling-place of beauty and wonder, and He filled it with more goodness than most of us suspect. And so I say to myself: Should I not pretty often take time to absorb the beauty and the wonder . . . to contribute at least a little to the goodness? And should I not then, in my heart, give thanks? Truly I do. This I believe.

RALPH RICHMOND, poet and author, leads a busy nine-to-five life as a senior copywriter with a large national advertising agency. Although his forte is verse and the essay, he was a prize winner in the *Saturday Review of Literature's* contest for a conclusion to Joseph Conrad's last, unfinished novel, *Suspense*. He has also written much for children.

Mr. Richmond's studies at the School of Journalism, Columbia University, were interrupted by World War I and a tour of duty in the Navy. He has travelled extensively in Europe and the Near East, but to-day lives quietly with Mrs. Richmond in the country near Philadelphia.

He has a wide-ranging interest in all the arts, and has contributed articles on the craft of writing to numerous publications. He has also lectured on the subject at Syracuse University School of Business.

MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

IT SEEMS to me a very difficult thing to put into words the beliefs we hold and what they make you do in your life. I think I was fortunate because I grew up in a family where there was a very deep religious feeling. I don't think it was spoken of a great deal. It was more or less taken for granted that everybody held certain beliefs and needed certain reinforcements of their own strength and that that came through your belief in God and your knowledge of prayer.

But as I grew older I questioned a great many of the things that I knew very well my grandmother who had brought me up had taken for granted. And I think I might have been quite a ~~different~~ person to live with if it hadn't been for the fact that my husband once said it didn't do you any harm to learn those things, so why not let your children learn them? When they grow up they'll think things out for themselves.

And that gave me a feeling that perhaps that's what we all must do—think out for ourselves what we could believe and how we could live by it. And so I came to the conclusion that you had to use this life to develop the very best that you could develop.

I don't know whether I believe in a future life. I believe that all that you go through here must have some value, therefore there must be some *reason*. And there must be some 'going on'. How exactly that happens I've never been able to decide. There is a future—that I'm sure of. But how, that I don't know. And I came to feel that it didn't really matter very much because whatever the future held you'd have to face it when you came to it, just as whatever life holds you have to face it in exactly the same way. And the important thing was that you never let down doing the best that you were able to do—it might be poor because you might not have very much within you to give, or to help other people with, or to live your life with. But as long as you did the very best that you were able to do, then that was what you were put here to do and that was what you were accomplishing by being here.

And so I have tried to follow that out—and not to worry about the future or what was going to happen. I think I am pretty much of a

fatalist. You have to accept whatever comes and the only important thing is that you meet it with courage and with the best that you have to give.



MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT is the widow of the four-times President of the United States. The daughter of Elliott and Anna (Hall) Roosevelt, she was educated privately. Subsequently, she has received honorary degrees from a host of American, European and Asian universities. She is of course known to millions through her newspaper columns and radio broadcasts.

During World War II, she worked in the Office of Civilian Defence. She also made trips to Great Britain, the South Pacific, New Zealand, Australia, and the Caribbean to visit servicemen. Undoubtedly she is the best-travelled First Lady in American history.

Until recently, Mrs. Roosevelt was a delegate to every General Assembly of the United Nations. In the United States she was a member of the Human Rights Commission, having served as its chairman continuously until 1951. A prolific writer, she has published many books, including *My Days*, *If You Ask Me*, and *This I Remember*.

CARL SANDBURG

THE MAN who sits down and searches himself for his answer to the question, 'What Do I Believe?' is going to write either a book or a few well-chosen thoughts on what he thinks it might be healthy for mankind to be thinking about in the present tribulations and turmoils.

I believe in getting up in the morning with a serene mind and a heart holding many hopes. And so large a number of my fellow worms in the dust believe the same that there is no use putting stress on it. I can remember many years ago, a beautiful woman in Santa Fe saying: 'I don't see how anybody can study astronomy and have ambition enough to get up in the morning.' She was putting a comic twist on what an insignificant speck of animate star dust each of us is amid cotillions of billion-year constellations.

I believe in humility, though my confession and exposition of the humility I believe in would run into an old-fashioned two- or three-hour sermon. Also I believe in pride, knowing well that the deadliest of the seven deadly sins is named as pride. I believe in a pride that prays ever for an awareness of that borderline where, unless watchful of yourself, you cross over into arrogance, into vanity, into mirror gazing, into misuse and violation of the sacred portions of your personality. No single brief utterance of Lincoln is more portentous than the line he wrote to a federal authority in Louisiana: 'I shall do nothing in malice, for what I deal with is too vast for malicious dealing.'

Now I believe in platitudes, when they serve, especially that battered and hard-worn antique: 'Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.' Hand in hand with freedom goes responsibility. I believe that free men the world over cherish the earth as cradle and tomb, the handiwork of their Maker, the possession of the family of man. I believe freedom comes the hard way—by ceaseless groping, toil, struggle—even by fiery trial and agony.

CARL SANDBURG, the poet and biographer of Lincoln, is one of America's most revered men of letters. He was born in Galesburg, Illinois, the son of a

Swedish immigrant. After serving in the Spanish-American War, he worked his way through Lombard College in Galesburg. In 1913, he began his long career.

As early as 1914 the excellence of his poetry was recognized and he was awarded the Levinson Prize by *Poetry Magazine*. In 1919 and 1921, he shared a prize of the Poetry Society of America. He was honoured with the Pulitzer Prize in 1951.

Mr. Sandburg is known now throughout the world for his verse and for his great life of Abraham Lincoln. Among his numerous volumes are *Chicago Poems*; *Cornhuskers*; a novel, *Remembrance Rock*; *Complete Poems*, and the recently-published *Always the Young Strangers*. The compiler of *The American Songbag*, he has frequently appeared on the lecture platform, interpreting ballads and accompanying himself on the guitar.

DR. LEON J. SAUL

I BELIEVE the immediate purpose of life is to live—to survive. All known forms of life go through life cycles. The basic plan is: birth—maturing—mating—reproducing—death.

Thus the immediate purpose of human life is for each individual to fulfil his life cycle. This involves proper maturing into the fully developed adult of the specie.

The pine tree grows straight unless harmful influences warp it. So does the human being. It is a finding of the greatest significance that the mature man and woman have the nature and characteristics of the good spouse and parent: the ability to enjoy responsible working and loving.

If the world consisted primarily of mature persons—loving, responsible, productive, toward family, friends and the world—most of our human problems would be resolved.

But most people have suffered in childhood from influences which have warped their development. Hence, as adults they have not realized their full and proper nature. They feel something is wrong without knowing what it is. They feel inferior, frustrated, insecure, and anxious. And they react to these inner feelings just as any animal reacts to any hurt or threat: by readiness to fight or to flee. Flight carries them into alcoholism and other mental disorders. Fight impels them to crime, cruelty, war.

This readiness to violence, this inhumanity of man to man, is the basic problem of human life—for, in the form of war, it now threatens to extinguish us.

Without the fight-flight reaction, man would never have survived the cave and the jungle. But now, through social living, man has made himself relatively safe from the elements and wild beasts. He is even learning to protect himself against disease. He can produce adequate food, clothing and shelter for the present population of the earth. Barring a possible astronomical accident, he now faces no serious threat to his existence, except one—the fight-flight reaction within himself. This jungle readiness to hurt and to kill is now a vestigial hangover like the appendix, which interferes with the new and more powerful means of coping with nature through civilization. Trying to

solve every problem by fighting or fleeing is the primitive method, still central for the immature child. The later method, understanding and co-operation, requires the mature capacities of the adult. In an infantile world, fighting may be forced upon one. Then it is more effective if handled maturely for mature goals. Probably war will cease only when enough people are mature.

The basic problem is social adaptation and biologic survival. The basic solution is for people to understand the nature of their own biological emotional maturity, to work toward it, to help the children in their development toward it.

Human suffering is mostly made by man himself. It is primarily the result of the failure of adults, because of improper child-rearing, to mature emotionally. Hence instead of enjoying their capacities for responsible work and love, they are grasping, egocentric, insecure, frustrated, anxious and hostile.

Maturity is the path from madness and murder to inner peace and satisfying living for each individual and for the human species.

This I believe on the evidence of science and through personal observation and experience.



DR. LEON J. SAUL is professor of clinical psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine.

Born in New York in 1901, he received his Bachelor's and Master's degrees from Columbia University. He then attended Harvard Medical School where he gained his Medical degree. From 1932 until 1946, he was a member of the staff of the Chicago Institute of Psychoanalysis.

He currently acts as psychiatric consultant at Swarthmore College and lectures at Bryn Mawr College. During the Second World War, he was in charge of the combat fatigue programme at the Philadelphia Naval Base, with the rank of Commander. Author of two recent and important books on psychoanalysis—*Emotional Maturity* and *Bases of Human Behaviour*—and after several decades devoted to studying people's motivations, Dr. Saul terms himself a 'professional understander'.

LOUIS B. SELTZER

EACH DAY I have a special appointment.

Unfailingly, I have kept it, since a small boy.

I intend to keep it every day for the rest of my life.

I meet my God.

With His help, I take an inventory of myself, just before I release my mind to sleep.

The measure by which He and I judge me is simple.

It is a blunt, searching, severe inventory.

It covers thoughts, and acts, and impulses, and temptations, and even tentative inclinations.

In what respects have you failed? What thoughts had you that were not good? What man did you ignore? Were you completely honourable in all you did that day?

I believe God gives us something to begin with.

It is not much. In my case, I know it was not much. I am not sure to-day it is much.

It is, however, up to me, with God's help, to fashion myself of that clay, and those chemicals, and that tentative personality, and that spirit, into something approximating what He would like me to be.

In my wallet I have three pieces of paper. They are yellowed and frayed. I refer to them constantly.

One says: 'What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with Thy God.'

Did I do so that day?

Another says: 'I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.'

Did I measure up to that—this day?

Another says: 'Make big plans; aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram once recorded will never die.'

At the end of the day, in communion with God—what of that?

I believe, profoundly, that each of us has a mission to perform so long as he lives.

It is to take the foundation God gives us at birth, and make of it,

by discipline, such light as we let into our soul, such reason as we cultivate by maturing our minds with the good thoughts and distilled wisdom of others, and our own; by consciously lifting ourselves to the spiritual summits achieved by God and His good people—thus to make and strengthen ourselves so that in our time on this troubled planet we will have given to it something more than just our labour, and our material accomplishments—something that can be measured as good in the sight of our God.

LOUIS B. SELTZER is editor of the Scripps-Howard *Cleveland Press* and of the Scripps-Howard newspapers of Ohio.

He began his journalistic career as an office boy, and then reporter, with the *Cleveland Leader*. After a period with the *Cleveland News*, he joined the staff of the *Cleveland Press*, ultimately becoming editor. He is usually to be found in the City Room rather than in his private office.

He is one of Cleveland's first citizens, and belongs to nearly every club in the city. He is always in great demand for civic drives and as a speaker. Co-founder of the American Press Institute at Columbia University, in 1951 he received the award of the National Conference of Christians and Jews for his thirty years spent in promoting better relations among all races and religions.

WILLIAM L. SHIRER

IT'S RATHER difficult in these noisy confusing, nerve-racking days to achieve the peace of mind in which to pause for a moment to reflect on what you believe in. There's so little time and opportunity to give it much thought—though it is the thing we live by; and without it, without beliefs, human existence to-day would hardly be bearable.

My own view of life, like everyone else's, is conditioned by personal experience. In my own case, there were two experiences, in particular, which helped to shape my beliefs: years of life and work under a totalitarian regime, and a glimpse of war.

Living in a totalitarian land taught me to value highly—and fiercely—the very things the dictators denied: tolerance, respect for others and, above all, the freedom of the human spirit.

A glimpse of war filled me with wonder not only at man's courage and capacity for self-sacrifice, but at his stubborn, marvellous will to preserve, to endure, to prevail—amidst the most incredible savagery and suffering. When you saw people—civilians—who were bombed out, or who, worse, had been hounded in the concentration camps or worked to a frazzle in the slave-labour gangs—when you saw them come out of these ordeals of horror and torture, still intact as human beings, with a will to go on, with a faith still in themselves, in their fellow man and in God, you realized that man was indestructible. You appreciated, too, that despite the corruption and cruelty of life, man somehow managed to retain great virtues: love, honour, courage, self-sacrifice, compassion.

It filled you with a certain pride just to be a member of the human race. It renewed your belief in your fellow men.

Of course, there are many days (in this Age of Anxiety) when a human being feels awfully low and discouraged. I myself find consolation at such moments by two means: trying to develop a sense of history, and renewing the quest for an inner life.

I go back, for example, to reading Plutarch. He reminds you that even in the golden days of Greece and Rome, from which so much that is splendid in our own civilization derives, there was a great deal of what we find so loathsome in life to-day: war, strife, corruption, treason, double-crossing, intolerance, tyranny, rabble-rousing. Read-

ing history thus gives you perspective. It enables you to see your troubles relatively. You don't take them so seriously then.

Finally, I find that most true happiness comes from one's inner life; from the disposition of the mind and soul. Admittedly, a good inner life is difficult to achieve, especially in these trying times. It takes reflection and contemplation. And self-discipline. One must be honest with oneself, and that's not easy. (You have to have patience and understanding. And, when you can, seek God.)

But the reward of having an inner life, which no outside storm or evil turn of fortune can touch, is, it seems to me, a very great one.



WILLIAM L. SHIRER, foreign correspondent and radio commentator, is the author of *Berlin Diary*, *End of a Berlin Diary*, *Midcentury Journey*, and a novel, *The Traitor*. A recipient of both earned and honorary degrees from Coe College, Iowa, his awards include the Peabody Award in Radio, the Wendell Wilkie One World Award, and the Legion of Honour.

In 1925 he went abroad for two months and stayed for more than two decades. Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin, Rome, and Spain were some of the places where his assignments called him. He had the unusual experience of being bombed in Berlin by the British and bombed in London by the Germans.

His latest book, *Midcentury Journey*, was written during the mid-century year. Notes for it were scribbled in many places: on a plane over the ocean, in Salzburg, Paris, Bonn, London, and all over the United States. The book itself was written in his apartment in New York and at his farm in Connecticut.

MRS. VERONA WYLIE SLATER

MY EARLY life was spent in Presbyterian parsonages, where I learnt a great deal about the 'Thou shalt nots' of this world. In those days his parishioners' personal problems were often brought to the minister for settlement. He was supposed to be their spiritual adviser, marriage counsellor, economic stabilizer, and psychiatrist. Sometimes Father referred to conferences with his flock, saying he had been 'wrestling with men's souls'. In these mysterious matches, I thought of God as a giant referee, who spoke through Father.

My brothers and I held long conversations about what might be true or false in Christian teachings. One evening during a thunderstorm, my eldest brother was inspired to make an unholy experiment. He stood on a long sloping rock, which jutted out into the lake near our summer home. Holding his face upward, he defied the Almighty to strike him with a bolt of lightning. The storm was loud and close. The skies opened with a terrifying flash, but the bolt flew across the dark waters a mile away. We felt relieved, foolish, and very insignificant. I have felt unimportant many times since that night, and remembered with a smile the bolt of lightning which scorned the parson's children. It took many years to recover from the idea that God was a figure of personal vengeance. Now I think of God as a spirit of goodness reflected in sane human beings everywhere.

In much the way I look through the pantry shelves to see what is needed for dinner, I have frequently taken inventory of my thoughts, searching for a simple philosophy by which I might live.

The status of women has changed dramatically in the last one hundred years. To-day a woman may vote and enter politics, take a place in men's professions, have an active business career, as well as marry and have children. In the early 1920's, when I was trying to resemble a flapper, my own confusion reached a peak. I longed to be glamorous and began to doubt everything established by my forebears. We wanted boyish figures and equal rights for women. Instead of taking on the attributes of men along with their privileges, I think we would have been far happier had we doubled our efforts to be feminine. I believe we are still floundering in this freedom.

My philosophy embraces three things I would like to be as a woman—wise, gentle, and brave.

To be truly wise would take more than one lifetime, perhaps, but achievable wisdom implies the use and enjoyment of my five senses.

I can observe. I can read and gather at least a partial understanding of the world. I can learn by listening to others. I can enjoy music. I can taste what is sweet or bitter. I am warned by the smell of smoke and pleased by the fragrance of flowers. With my fingers I may stroke the silken hair on the head of a little child, but these same nerve ends keep my fingers from the fire. Feeling is the physical and psychic core of our being.

Gentleness is the sort of kindness which accumulates with wisdom. This is a big watchword in my book. It is so easy to become an opinionated monster after forty. With age, I want to preserve a benevolent attitude. Children need tenderness to combat their natural savagery and to comfort them in distress. A soothing manner is an important ingredient in any formula dealing with men; it lightens the tensions that shorten men's lives. A gentle approach toward other women is a vital necessity if I hope to accomplish anything in group projects, and if I wish to have friends.

The real value of gentleness is lost if it is not fortified with bravery. Knowing only the kind of fears a woman has, I cannot speak for warriors and heroes of history. When I am afraid, I am paralysed and ashamed. Women who show a quiet courage in grief and disaster, women who do mountains of work without flinching, and women who plod cheerfully through all manner of emotional upheaval around them, fill me with admiration. I have to evaluate and control fear. In order to reason clearly, I must be brave. Courage which is calm and constructive is contagious.

Rather than a monument to my own failings, I want my children to be a credit to the society in which they live. All the wisdom I can glean, all the gentleness I can maintain, all the courage I can command, I want for them.

VERONA WYLIE SLATER, of Penn Valley, Pennsylvania, is the daughter of Edmund Melville Wylie, Pastor Emeritus of the Park Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, and the late Edna Edwards Wylie. She is the sister of the writers Philip and Max Wylie. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, Mrs. Slater was raised in Montclair, New Jersey. In 1928 she received her music degree from the School of Fine Arts at the University of Pennsylvania.

For twenty-five years she has been a housewife devoted to her job, to her husband, John Hunter Slater, and to her three children, Roxanne, Jonathan, and Michael. She has found time, however, to serve as vice-president of the Pennsylvania State League for Planned Parenthood and is a member of the Board of Directors of the National Federation of Planned Parenthood. She is also active in the work of the American Red Cross as a nurse's aide and works at the Blood Donor Centre.

SENATOR MARGARET CHASE SMITH

MANY NIGHTS I go home from the office or the Senate floor tired and discouraged. There's lots of glory and prestige and limelight for a United States Senator that the public sees. But there's just as much grief and harassment and discouragement that the public doesn't see.

Of course, like everyone else, I went into public service and politics with my eyes wide open. I knew that any public official is fair game for slander and smear and carping criticism. I knew that ingratitude was to be expected. I knew that fair weather friends would turn on me when they felt I no longer served their purposes. I knew that I would be called all sorts of names from crook on down. I should have known that chances were good that I would even be accused of being a traitor to my country.

These things I knew. But I never knew how vicious they could get and how deeply they could cut.

It is these things I think of when I'm tired and discouraged and when I wonder if being a Senator is worth all that I put into it. These are the times when I consider quitting public life and retreating to the comforts and luxury of private life.

But these times have always been the very times when I became all the more convinced that all the sorrow, abuse, harassment and vilification was not too high a price or sacrifice to pay. For it is then that I ask myself: 'What am I doing this for?'

I realize that I am doing it because I believe in certain things—things without which life wouldn't mean much to me.

This I do believe, that life has a real purpose, that God has assigned to each human being a role in life, that each of us has a purposeful task, that our individual roles are all different but that each of us has the same obligation to do the best we can.

I believe that every human being I come in contact with has a right to courtesy and consideration from me. I believe that I should not ask or expect from anyone else that which I am not willing to grant or do myself. I believe that I should be able to take anything that I can dish out. I believe that every living person has the right to criticize constructively, the right honestly to hold unpopular beliefs, the right to protest orderly, the right of independent thought.

I believe that no one has a right to own our souls except God.

I believe that freedom of speech should not be so abused by some that it is not exercised by others because of fear of smear. But I do believe that we should not permit tolerance to degenerate into indifference. I believe that people should never get so indifferent, cynical and sophisticated that they don't get shocked into action.

I believe that we should not forget how to disagree agreeably and how to criticize constructively. I believe with all my heart that we must not become a nation of mental mutes blindly following demagogues.

I believe that in our constant search for security we can never gain any peace of mind until we secure our own soul. And this I do believe above all, especially in my times of greater discouragement, that I must *believe*—that I must believe in my fellow men—that I must believe in myself—that I must believe in God—if life is to have any meaning.



MARGARET CHASE SMITH, United States Senator, is the first woman to represent the state of Maine in Congress. A life-long resident of Skowhegan, Maine, she began her career by teaching.

When she was twenty-one, she was appointed a business executive for the Maine Telephone and Telegraph Company. Following this, she was associated with a newspaper, the *Independent Reporter*, and with several business concerns. From 1930 until 1936, she was a member of the Republican State Committee of Maine.

When her husband, Clyde H. Smith, was elected to Congress, she served as his secretary. When he was stricken in 1940, a special election was held and she was chosen to complete his unexpired term. She sat in the House of Representatives for eight years. In 1948, she was elected to the Senate. Among her many awards for distinguished service, Mrs. Smith counts the Award for Eminent Achievement, presented to her by the American Women's Association.

HAROLD E. STASSEN

AS I WALKED with Dr. Albert Schweitzer through his remarkable hospital deep in the African jungle at Lambarene in French Equatorial Africa and watched his expressive kindly face as he paused and talked with an elderly native patient and again as he looked in on a tiny newborn native baby, the central thought of his philosophic writings came again and again to my mind. 'Reverence for Life' is the phrase which this great man, now in his seventy-sixth year of life and in his thirty-sixth year in the African jungle, has used to tell the world of his philosophy of life. It is a phrase which occurred to him years ago as he was travelling up the Ogowe river in a dugout canoe *en route* to minister to an ill family in the jungle. He speaks and writes of all life as having the 'will to live' and of each one living in the midst of others with a 'will to live'. From this beginning he follows with his view that 'reverence for life' is the basis for civilization, it is the ethics for a desirable way of life.

Dr. Schweitzer has read and written about most of the philosophers of all history from Socrates and Aristotle to Gandhi and Marx. He is also an authority on the music of Bach and has written a number of volumes of interpretation of Bach's chorales. He played a brief Bach concert for me on his small organ before seven o'clock in the morning.

I believe he has come closer to interpreting the teachings of Christ into a guiding philosophy of civilization than anyone has ever done. Perhaps the combination of his medical practice in the jungle and his musical ability have together had a part in shaping his understanding of this philosophy.

Thus in this modern atomic age with all of its uncertainties and dangers and confusions, I believe that faith in God and in the value and worth of a human being is the solid rock upon which to build a happy and well-spent life.

I hold that every man has within him a regard for the well-being and the dignity of his fellow men. At times this might be pretty well covered over. At times it might be encased in a hard shell built up by bitter experiences or by evil objectives. But I believe it is always there, deep down inside.

This is the 'Reverence for life' of which Albert Schweitzer writes

from Africa. It is a sentiment inborn in man which even the most ruthless dictators cannot completely wipe out.

Thus I believe that man was meant to be free. Throughout history most of mankind has been ruled and dominated by other men. There have been many cruel and oppressive governments. Even at this time, half-way through the twentieth century, one-third of the peoples of the world are living under dictatorships. But history also shows that even when people have been dominated for centuries, they continue to have an intense personal desire to be free. I believe this too is an inborn part of man himself.

Above all I believe there is a God. There is a power beyond all of mankind and all of this earth. This faith and this belief are the foundation for a worthwhile life. This I believe.

HAROLD E. STASSEN, at 45, is one of America's leading younger statesmen. He is a lawyer and was three times Governor of his native Minnesota. He first took office in 1928 at the age of 31, becoming the youngest Governor in American history.

He resigned during his third term to take up active duty in the United States Navy, serving on the staff of Admiral William F. Halsey in the Pacific theatre from July 1943 to the end of the war. In 1948 he was placed in nomination for the Republican candidacy for President, withdrawing in favour of Thomas E. Dewey. Until recently president of the University of Pennsylvania, he is now Mutual Security Administrator, a post to which he was appointed by President Eisenhower. Thus he is enabled to give practical application to his interest in world affairs.

WALLACE STEGNER

It is terribly difficult to say honestly, without posing or faking, what one truly and fundamentally believes. Reticence or an itch to make public confession may distort or dramatize what is really there to be said, and public expressions of belief are so closely associated with inspirational activity, and in fact so often stem from someone's desire to buck up the downhearted and raise the general morale, that belief becomes an evangelical matter.

In all honesty, what I believe is neither inspirational nor evangelical. Passionate faith I am suspicious of because it hangs witches and burns heretics, and generally I am more in sympathy with the witches and heretics than with the sectarians who hang and burn them. I fear immoderate zeal, Christian, Moslem, Communist, or whatever, because it restricts the range of human understanding and the wise reconciliation of human differences, and creates an orthodoxy with a sword in its hand.

I cannot say that I am even a sound Christian, though the code of conduct to which I subscribe was preached more eloquently by Jesus Christ than by any other. About God I simply do not know; I don't think I can *know*.

However far I have missed achieving it, I know that moderation is one of the virtues I most believe in. But I believe as well in a whole catalogue of Christian and classical virtues: in kindness and generosity, in steadfastness and courage and much else. I believe further that good depends not on things but on the use we make of things. Everything potent, from human love to atomic energy, is dangerous; it produces ill about as readily as good; it becomes good only through the control, the discipline, the wisdom with which we use it. Much of this control is social, a thing which laws and institutions and uniforms enforce, but much of it must be personal, and I do not see how we can evade the obligation to take full responsibility for what we individually do. Our reward for self-control and the acceptance of private responsibility is not necessarily money or power. Self-respect and the respect of others are quite enough.

All this is to say that I believe in conscience, not as something implanted by divine act, but as something learnt from infancy from the

tradition and society which has bred us. The outward forms of virtue will vary greatly from nation to nation; a Chinese scholar of the old school, or an Indian raised on the *Vedas* and the *Bhagavad Gita*, has a conscience that will differ from mine. But in the essential outlines of what constitutes human decency we vary amazingly little. The Chinese and the Indian know as well as I do what kindness is, what generosity is, what fortitude is. They can define justice quite as accurately. It is only when they and I are blinded by tribal and denominational narrowness that we insist upon our differences and can recognize goodness only in the robes of our own crowd.

Man is a great enough creature and a great enough enigma to deserve both our pride and our compassion, and engage our fullest sense of mystery. I shall certainly never do as much with my life as I want to, and I shall sometimes fail miserably to live up to my conscience, whose word I do not distrust even when I can't obey it. But I am terribly glad to be alive; and when I have wit enough to think about it, terribly proud to be a man and an American, with all the rights and privileges that those words connote; and most of all I am humble before the responsibilities that are also mine. For no right comes without a responsibility, and being born luckier than most of the world's millions, I am also born more obligated.

WALLACE STEGNER is both a teacher and a writer. Professor of English at Stanford University, he directs its writing programme, and in his 'think house' in the hills behind the University he continues to produce books, stories, and articles. His novels include *The Big Rock Candy Mountain*, *Second Growth*, and *The Preacher and the Slave*.

His literary career began with a prize-winning novel, *Remembering Laughter*. More recent awards include Houghton Mifflin's Life in America Award, the *Saturday Review's* Anisfield Wolfe Award, and three O. Henry Prizes for short stories. His stories have appeared in magazines both in America and abroad, some of them having been collected in the volume, *The Woman on the Wall*.

In 1950 Mr. Stegner and his wife spent seven months making a literary exploration of Asia. Recently, he has been on a Guggenheim Fellowship, completing a biography of John Wesley Powell.

LELAND STOWE

FOR THE things I believe in I must give a reporter's answer. Like everyone else, it's out of my own experience. For twenty-four years I've been up to my neck in the world's troubles . . . meeting people in dozens of foreign countries . . . watching nations drift into war. It's convinced me that one of the most important things in life—for every one of us—is understanding . . . trying to see the other fellow's point of view. I've often thought—if I could really put myself in the other person's shoes, see things the way he sees them, feel what he feels, how much more tolerant and fair I'd be. I remember, back in the 'twenties, the bitter arguments between Europeans and Americans about reducing the war debts. I had to explain what the Europeans felt, and why. I learned then that there's almost always some right, and some wrong, on both sides. Americans didn't think enough about the Europeans' point of view. They didn't think enough about the Americans'. When lack of understanding becomes pronounced, it leads to hatred and war. But it's like that in our daily life, too. If I talk disparagingly about any racial group, I promote hatred—dissension in our society. I haven't thought how I would feel if I belonged to that group. In Berlin I saw Hitler's thugs beating up helpless Jews. Then, back home, sometimes I heard people say: 'Well, it's their affair.' They forgot that freedom and fair play belong to all human beings—not to lucky Americans only. They forgot that people are *people*—of whatever creed, colour or nationality. I remember the poor Spanish and Greek peasants who shared their bread and cheese with me—all they had! . . . The old Russian woman who made me take her bed, while she slept on the floor. . . . So many simple people who couldn't speak my language—but spoke with their hearts. One of the happiest things in my life is this. My best friends are like a roster of the United Nations—Europeans, Asians, Latin Americans, North Americans—just *people*, from all over the world. The best part is discovering how much we have in common—the constant reminder that friendship has no national barriers—the knowledge that all kinds of people really can understand each other. We all have to live in this world. But we are all a mixture of good and bad. But I've found more of the good than the bad in most people—in every country. I think you only have to look. Understand-

ing is a flower blossoming. But you have to water the plant. Then, when it blossoms, what a wonderful feeling! You feel that way when you make a new friend. I guess understanding really is charity and love. I know it gives a new meaning to our lives. When I die I wish people might say: 'He helped people to understand each other better.' Of course, I often fail. But just trying makes living seem worth while.

LELAND STOWE, born in Southbury, Connecticut, in 1899, has spent the past quarter of a century as a foreign correspondent, in peace and war, in five continents. A Pulitzer prize winner for dispatches from Europe between the wars, he was correspondent with the armies of seven different nations and colonies in the last war. He is also a recipient of the medal for outstanding war correspondence from the University of Missouri School of Journalism.

His dispatches on the German occupation of Oslo and the British operations in Norway have been cited as examples of war reporting at its best. He has written several best-sellers based on his world observations; his latest book, *Conquest by Terror*, is the story of satellite Europe. Other of his more recent books include *While Time Remains* and *Target: You*.

A graduate of Wesleyan University, he has received from that institution the honorary degrees of M.A. and LL.D.

CHARLES P. TAFT

OCCASIONALLY IN old speech notes I find a few persistent threads of ideas which I still use. Are these beliefs, or are they merely a crystallization of past preaching? One of those ideas seems to me a basic premiss of my beliefs. I must be ready to sift out from the expressions of others whatever may have come to them from God's inspiration. It's easy for me to spout; it is far harder to cultivate a truly listening ear.

The listening ear implies humility, for it assumes a readiness to accept upsetting new ideas. The listening ear in which I believe also implies an eagerness for the participation of others, in both discussion and action.

These qualities, the ear that listens with humility, and the eagerness for participation of others are the essential lubricants of our lives as social animals, in families, or groups, or communities, and in all our organizations. They also represent a complete denial of absolutism in any form, including the hard and fast party line.

But how can one be humble and receptive, and yet have convictions that are worth anything?

There is one standard of absolute love, and I do have convictions about how it affects me. This is the spirit of God, a Person of generous love and affection whose characteristics I can see in Jesus. For me God does no self-starting miracles while I sit quiescent, for He does His work only through people. When we suffer or cause suffering, through either our own perversity, or ignorance or some unexplained residue of evil, He suffers with us. Always He welcomes us, and gives us free choices but the initiative has to come from us and we have to approach Him with full understanding of how far short of His perfect ideal we have fallen. I think of God, therefore, as essentially democratic, seeking our participation in His love, not as an autocrat.

But I live usually on a level far below that, where I act by more matter-of-fact rules of thumb. I find in myself the desire to excel by hard work, which I try to make creative by using all my acquired know-how, and all the ingenuity I can muster, with a taking of risks that I try to calculate. That adds up to a determination not to be stopped by the usual obstructions, or the unusual ones either. I try to find the tie between this commonplace and the sublime by subjecting these rules of thumb to God's standard of love and generous spirit.

I try to test my course of action and my decisions by these refined rules of thumb. Every so often I stop to wonder whether the turning I took last year, or many years back, under the impulse of one of those incentives was the right turn. And I may occasionally get that sinky feeling at the pit of the stomach at the thought of where I go at death, quite irrespective of what turns I took.

But this fear of death, and perhaps also the urge for personal salvation seem to me essentially selfish, however natural and human. Our goal is the accomplishment of God's broad purpose in friendly souls working without haste and without rest. This I believe, and I believe in it above all for any one who has had more than his share of God's blessings.

CHARLES P. TAFT was born in Cincinnati in 1897, the son of William Howard Taft, who became the twenty-seventh President. Now a distinguished lawyer, he lives in his native Cincinnati with his wife, Eleanor. They have six children and nine grandchildren.

At the outbreak of the First World War, he enlisted in the Army and served overseas, where he won a commission. Returning to America, he enrolled in the law school at Yale. He played in the University's championship football team and captained the basketball squad. After his graduation, and in association with his brother Robert, he formed the widely known law firm of Taft, Stettinius and Hollister.

For his contribution to the war effort during the Second World War, he received the Medal of Merit. Active in many charities, he has been a national leader in the Community Chest. He is also a past president of the Federal Council of Churches.

DR. HAROLD TAYLOR

WE ARE living in one of those periods in human history which are marked by revolutionary changes in all of man's ideas and values. It is a time when every one of us must look within himself to find what ideas, what beliefs, and what ideals each of us will live by. And unless we find these ideals, and unless we stand by them firmly, we have no power to overcome the crisis in which we in our world find ourselves.

I believe in people, in sheer, unadulterated humanity. I believe in listening to what people have to say, in helping them to achieve the things which they want and the things which they need. Naturally, there are people who behave like beasts, who kill, who cheat, who lie and who destroy. But without a belief in man and a faith in his possibilities for the future, there can be no hope for the future, but only bitterness that the past has gone. I believe we must, each of us, make a philosophy by which we can live. There are people who make a philosophy out of believing in nothing. They say there is no truth, that goodness is simply cleverness in disguising your own selfishness. They say that life is simply the short gap in between an unpleasant birth and an inevitable death. There are others who say that man is born into evil and sinfulness and that life is a process of purification through suffering and that death is the reward for having suffered. There are others who say that man is a kind of machine which operates according to certain laws, and that if you can learn the laws and seize the power to manipulate the machine, you can make man behave automatically to serve whatever ends you have in mind.

I believe these philosophies are false. The most important thing in life is the way it is lived, and there is no such thing as an abstract happiness, an abstract goodness or morality, or an abstract anything, except in terms of the person who believes and who acts. There is only the single human being who lives and who, through every moment of his own personal living experience, is being happy or unhappy, noble or base, wise or unwise, or simply existing.

The question is: How can these individual moments of human experience be filled with the richness of a philosophy which can sustain the individual in his own life? Unless we give part of ourselves away, unless we can live with other people and understand them and help

them, we are missing the most essential part of our own human lives. The fact that the native endowment of the young mind is one of liberalism and confidence in the powers of man for good is the basis of my philosophy. And if only man can be given a free chance to use his powers, this philosophy will result in a boundless flow of vital energy and a willingness to try new things, combined with a faith in the future.

There are as many roads to the attainment of wisdom and goodness as there are people who undertake to walk them. There are as many solid truths on which we can stand as there are people who can search them out and who will stand on them. There are as many ideas and ideals as there are men of good will who will hold them in their minds and act them in their lives.

HAROLD TAYLOR became president of Sarah Lawrence College when he was thirty. Best known as a vigorous spokesman for liberal thinking about modern education, his opinions on intellectual freedom and experimental education have attracted wide attention. Despite his busy administrative life, his early interests in philosophy, literature and the arts have remained alive and active.

Born in Toronto, Canada, he gained two degrees from the University of Toronto and his Doctorate from the University of London. After a year of travelling and writing in Europe, he joined the philosophy department of the University of Wisconsin. Here he coached the tennis team and played clarinet with the University orchestra, besides teaching a variety of stimulating courses. He became an American citizen in 1947.

A member of the American Philosophical Association, he is a contributor to various philosophical and educational journals. Dr. Taylor is married and has two daughters, Mary Elizabeth and Jennifer Thorne.

ELIZABETH GRAY VINING

WHEN I WAS young I thought that beauty and courage and human love were the enduring values by which I could live. The beauty of nature, of an apple-green sky in a December twilight, of sunshafts through trees, of distant mountains, the beauty of words in poetry or fine prose, fed my spirit. Courage—even a little of it—enabled me to face the disappointments that come to all young writers and to weather the disasters of the Great Depression. Human love meant for me a circle of friends and family and, above all, my brilliant and adored husband, Morgan Vining.

In 1933 he was killed in an automobile accident and I was seriously injured myself. I had nine weeks in bed to contemplate the wreckage of my world. I realized then that beauty and courage and human love, though indispensable, were not enough. During a long winter I sought desperately for the rock of truth on which to build my life anew and found it in the silent worship of the Quaker meeting. In discovering there the love of God, I found the love of neighbour infinitely widened and deepened. The realization that there is a spark of the divine in every human soul draws together people of all races, all creeds, all nations, all classes. This is why war is evil, and social injustice unendurable, why religion is incomplete without service.

I am a Christian, but I believe that all religions are pathways to God and become closer to one another as they mount nearer to Him. As William Penn said: 'The humble, meek, merciful, just, pious, and devout souls are everywhere of one religion; and when death has taken off the mask, they will know one another, tho' the divers liveries they wear here make them strangers.'

I have come to understand that we see only a small part of the whole pattern of existence. Sorrow and suffering give opportunities for growth. Disappointment often opens doors to wider fields. The tragedy of death, as someone wiser than I has said, is separation, but even separation may not be permanent. The sense of continuing companionship with those who have gone beyond the horizon which comes to me occasionally makes me confident that some day we shall see beyond the mystery which now we must accept. Often it seems that those who have most to give to the world are the very ones who are taken from

it in the flower of their youth and vigour. It is hard to understand why this should be so, unless—and this I believe to be true—they have done whatever it was they had to do here, have fulfilled their secret contract with this world, and have been released for more important work elsewhere.

I believe in the power of prayer. I know something of this power through having been on the receiving end. After the war I was asked to be the tutor to the Crown Prince of Japan. In this fascinating but delicate and sometimes difficult work I was doing, situations arose in which I had no precedent to follow, no rules that I could consult. I had to depend more than I had ever done before on intuition. I used to hear again and again of people who were praying for me.

More than once I found myself lifted up and carried over the critical point, and it may well be that the prayers of unknown people in far places were helping me in ways I could not know. We understand very little about this power of prayer, and it is possible to misuse it even with the highest motives. I think that I can only ask that God's will be done in regard to any situation and that people whom I want to help may come to seek Him and know His love and truth directly. But by the very act of asking, if I do it sincerely and without reserve, I open myself as a channel for God's healing action.

ELIZABETH GRAY VINING, author of the best-selling *Windows for the Crown Prince*, has written a number of books for young people under the name of Elizabeth Janet Gray. One of these, *Adam of the Road*, received the Newbery Medal for the most distinguished children's book of the year 1943. Another, *Sandy*, won a *Herald Tribune* Spring Festival Award in 1945. For adults she has written *Anthology with Comments and Contributions of the Quakers*.

Windows for the Crown Prince is the account of her four years in Japan as private tutor to Crown Prince Akihito and English coach to the Empress of Japan. She was appointed Imperial tutor upon the recommendation of the American Friends Service Committee, with which she worked during World War II.

Elizabeth Vining is a member of the Society of Friends and has an immense respect for the worth and dignity of the individual. She lives near Philadelphia.

PEGGY WOOD

OCCASIONALLY MY mother used to announce that she was going to take time out from the day's activities 'to rest,' she would say, 'and to invite my soul.' She always put the phrase in quotes, in order, I expect, to divert the facetious remarks which might arise from the worldly or practical-minded folk within earshot or to disarm those who might feel 'soul' was a Sunday word not to be used in everyday conversation.

But she meant to do exactly what she said, 'invite my soul.'

The pressure of the modern world is so great upon us to-day that we find little time for rest, physical rest, let alone leisure for spiritual reception. Thus, when we take the word 'soul' out of its Sunday clothes it is unfamiliar to us, we don't know it very well. We may have different interpretations of the meaning of the word; to some it may mean 'conscience', to others that part of our being given us with life. I believe with Dr. Schweitzer in the sanctity of life, that the miracle called life, which cannot be manufactured by man, does come from a source which we call God, and that life and soul are the same. And yet when I am asked point-blank: 'What do you believe?' I hedge and play for time in my confusion by saying: 'Well, now, that's a pretty big question.'

It is not altogether the pressure of the modern world which has clouded our comprehension; 'the simple faith of our fathers' got a nasty jolt when Copernicus propounded his theory that the sun and stars did not revolve around the earth and that therefore man was not the sole object of celestial concern. Darwin dealt another blow and Freud's search into the operations of our hidden selves shook our conviction that man could be made in the image of God.

It might be said that such matters affect only dogma and not belief, and yet the mounting complexities of man's discoveries about himself and the world he lives in increase so with the years it is little wonder man cries out for something simple and enduring in which to believe.

As in moments of great grief the reeling emotions steady themselves by concentrating upon small physical occupations—the careful tying of a shoelace, the straightening of a crooked picture on the wall, the tidy folding of a napkin—so I believe, in this heartbreaking world, in tending to the simple familiar chores which lie at hand. I believe

I must keep my doorstep clean, I must tidy up my own backyard. I need keep only the two great commandments to live by: to respect the Giver of Life, and my duty toward my neighbour.

I believe that people deeply revere these two commandments (upon which hang all the law and the prophets) and suffer personal distress when they are broken. When the property owners in South San Francisco refuse to let a Chinese family move into their district, when flaming crosses are burnt and when the homes of decent people are bombed, we are all aware that our own doorsteps have been sullied and the human neighbourhood besmirched.

If I am too puny to grasp the cosmic contours I believe I can at least live my faith within my own small orbit, gaining in strength from others until that time when all men can rest—and invite their souls.



PEGGY WOOD, actress and author, was born in Brooklyn. Often type-cast in mother roles, she was recently awarded the Royal St. Olav Medal of Norway, for bettering American-Norwegian cultural relations in her leading television role, 'Mama.'

Her father, a magazine writer who loved music, wanted his only child to be an opera singer. She started her career in the chorus of a Broadway musical. Six years later, she was a star, in *Maytime*. Between musical successes, she appeared in dramatic productions, including *Candida*, *Bliithe Spirit* and *Trelawney of the Wells*. Her literary career started with a diary she kept while on tour with the late John Drew, which developed into a book entitled *The Splendid Gypsy*. She has published four other books.

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THE EDITORIAL BOARD, who run 'This I Believe' in its entirety, have thanks to give to many for its development, dissemination, and usefulness.

Our greatest thanks to the many hundreds who accepted our invitation to write the hardest thing in the world (600 words of one's beliefs)—with a special bow to the 100 co-authors of this book.

And then thanks . . . to W.C.A.U. of Philadelphia for their pioneering in broadcasting T.I.B. . . . to the 196 radio station owners who later gave free time as a public service . . . to the 85 newspapers which run T.I.B. weekly, especially to Mrs. Helen Rogers Reid and George A. Cornish who published it first in the New York *Herald Tribune* . . . to the Armed Forces Radio Service who broadcast T.I.B. six times weekly on 140 overseas stations . . . to Voice of America, especially Alfred Puhon, for translating and broadcasting T.I.B. weekly in six languages . . . to the State Department, especially Edward W. Barrett, Dr. Wilson Compton, Charles P. Arnot, and Thomas R. Nickels, for selecting T.I.B. as a major State Department project, and for all the work they did in presenting it to the leading newspapers of the world in each of the 97 countries or principalities where the State Department has representation . . . to the B.B.C., especially Basil Thornton, for their interest and work in getting guests from Great Britain, also for broadcasting T.I.B. from England to Australia . . . to the hundreds of educators who have worked on T.I.B. for school use, especially the 100 who do use it regularly in class work . . . to Help Inc., a charitable non-profit corporation, who thought T.I.B. worthy and supplied the money to make it possible . . . to the hundreds who through encouragement, ideas, and work helped develop T.I.B., especially the early ones—Richard E. Berlin, Dr. Greville Haslam, Leslie R. Severinghaus, Erwin D. Canham, Carroll Binder, Dr. William G. Carr, and many others . . . to the many thousands who have written what T.I.B. means to them . . . to William S. Paley and Donald W. Thornburgh who were at the birth of T.I.B. and have been of inestimable help in its growth . . . to the hard-working staff who have done a prodigious job, especially Ernest Chappell, Alice E. Colgan, Donald J. Merwin, Gladys Chang, Ralph Richmond, William L. Thomas, Alice D. Brown, Robert De Pue Brown, and Joseph W. Savage . . . and last but not least, the T.I.B. representatives in each of the 196 cities who have secured local guests and represented us in many ways.

Without this unselfish and hard work, 'This I Believe' and this book would not be. This is very heartening to us—and greatly appreciated.

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